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THE
SELECT
MISCELLANIES

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

FOR THE

IMPROVEMENT

AND

ENTERTAINMENT

OF SUCH, AS HAVE A MIND TO LEARN

THIS LANGUAGE

COMPILED

By B. TANNER, Prof. L. A.

J E N A

PRINTED FOR THE WIDOW CROEKER.

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EDITED

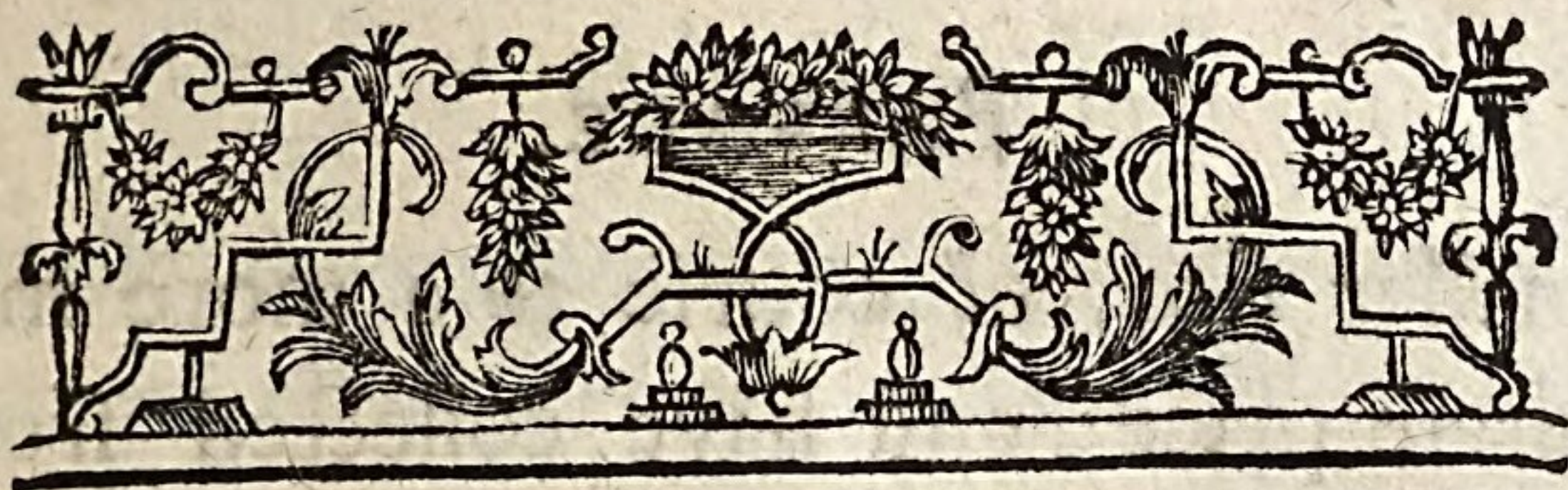
S. E. TAYLOR, EDITOR. L. A.

NEW YORK

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1840

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
HONOURABLE,
REVEREND AND WORTHY
STUDENTS
AT JENA,
AND MORE ESPECIALLY TO THE
LOVERS
OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE,
THESE MISCELLANIES
ARE HUMBL Y INSCRIBED
AND ADDRESSED
BY
THEIR MUCH OBLIGED, AND
VERY HUMBLE SERVANT
BARTH. TANNER.



P R E F A C E.

IT is not my intention to take up the Reader's time in enlarging upon the necessity and usefulness of these Miscellanies; and I think it both vain and ill-natured, (how common soever the practice of the world may have made it,) to attempt the raising of a work by debasing and shaking others of the same nature, which were published before. The chief inducement to this was, to remedy the fault found with other Miscellanies, as being so high-priced, that not every one could afford to buy them. I have for this reason endeavoured, to reduce these to a

PREFACE.

smaller size, of course to a more moderate price; and have collected from the most approved Authors, and best Originals, only such parts, as to me seemed best calculated to learn this language thoroughly, to entertain the Reader, and at the same time to convey, in the most agreeable manner, proper sentiments into the minds of young Gentlemen.

Some pieces moreover are purposely inserted, partly on account of the copiousness and variety of words and peculiarity of style; and partly for the clearness and elegance of expression, in order to make the Reader not only acquainted with the free way of writing of the English, but also with the genius, beauty, conciseness and strength of the language; so that I am confident, that any person understanding once this
book

PREFACE.

book throughout, will be able readily to read any one whatever in this tongue.

It was besides judged expedient to place and digest all the pieces, in prose as well as in verse, into such order, that, by gradually proceeding from the beginning to the end, the Learner may, in an easy way, be brought to the understanding of the whole.

Particular care was also taken not to choose any pieces already found in former Miscellanies, lest any one possessed of them, and having a mind of buying these too, for to have more variety of English Literature, might be disappointed, and at double expences for the same thing.

PREFACE.

Yet after all I make no doubt, but some of my Readers will object against some of the very best pieces here inserted, as being either too easy, or too difficult. Others will, perhaps, find fault with my not having put the Authors names to every piece, nor added Notes enough. — To those I answer, that I did my best endeavours to make such a collection, as I judged, by my long course of teaching, most conducive no less for the Beginner, than the Proficient, so that either might find his accounts: I would have them besides consider, that in general the compiling of such a work, trifling as it may be thought, is at best but a difficult task to hit every body's humour. To please every one would be a new thing, and to please no body would be as new. To these I could alledge many things in my defence; but

PREFACE.

but let it suffice to tell them, that, having gathered several pieces out of Magazines and Originals, I did not myself find the authors names to all the pieces, and some only marked with initial letters. As for the Notes, had I made more, the book would have exceeded the quantity of sheets designed, and possibly the price of the Buyer.

I cannot conclude without begging the Reader's indulgence for the faults of the press, which, notwithstanding the utmost care I took to prevent, what I well knew was the general blemish in English books, printed in these countries, happened to my great mortification to escape my observation, and tho' comparatively few, and but consisting in literals, consequently easily to be perceived as such, and recti-

PREFACE.

fied, I have nevertheless pointed out, at the end, the most material ones.

Of a production of this kind I did not think it requisite to say more; and it will not, I hope, be found that truth required me to say less. If it proves useful to the Lovers of the English tongue, and meets with a favourable reception among the JUDICIOUS, it will be an ample reward to me, who shall ever be ambitious to make myself worthy of THEIR approbation.

Jena
the 15th April
1769.



THE



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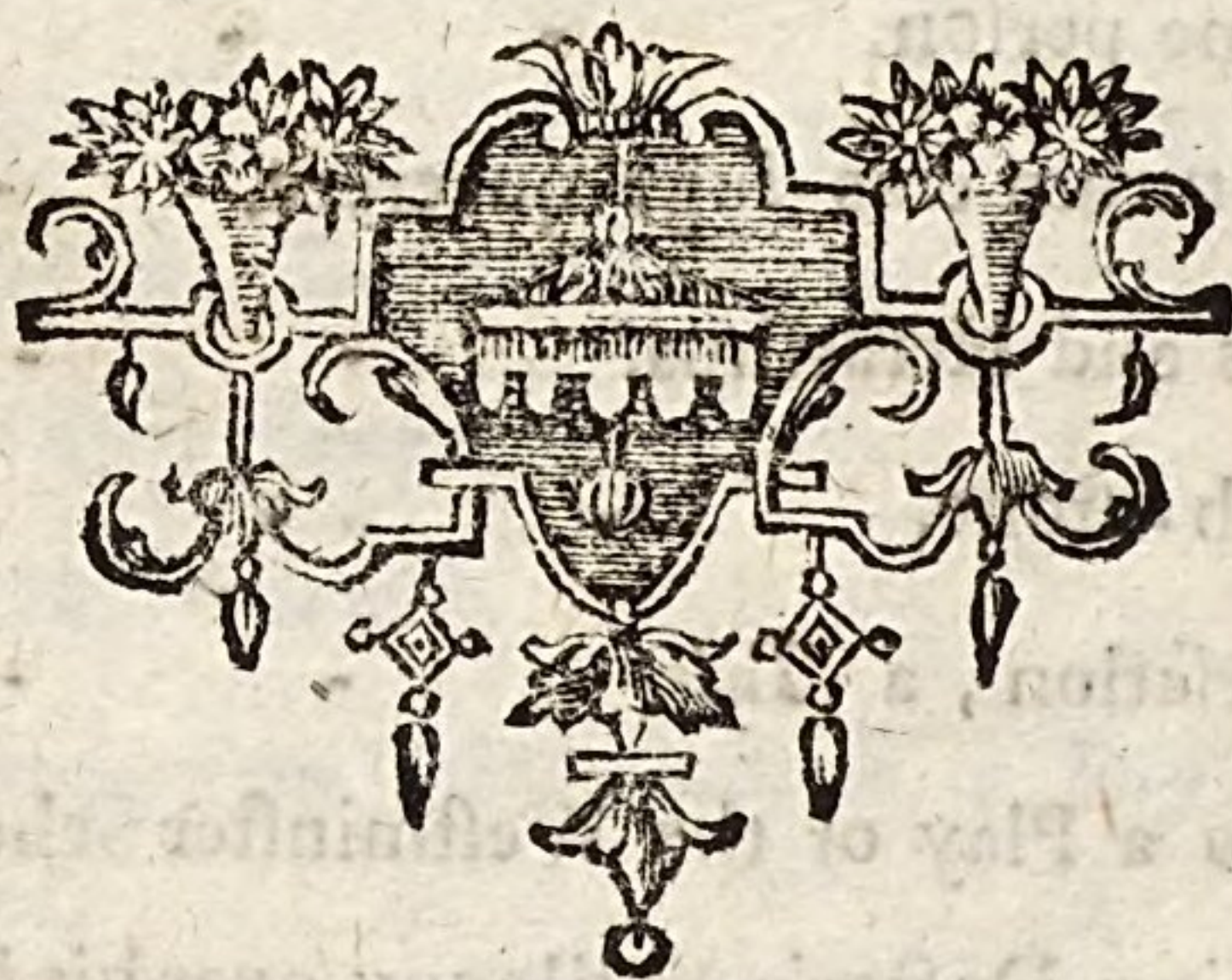
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MAXIMS

and

THOUGHTS

on various Subjects
collected out of the works
of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE
and Dean SWIFT.



A man's wisdom is his best friend; folly, his worst enemy.

A thinking man can never live well, unless he be content to die.

Many friends may do one little good; one enemy much hurt.

The wisest men are easiest to hear advice, and least apt to give it.

A good man ought to be content, if he have nothing to reproach himself.

2 THE SELECT MISCELLANIES.

Ill company is like a dog, who dirts those most, whom he loves best.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the publick for being eminent.

Some people take more care to hide their Wisdom than their folly.

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.

All fits of pleasure are balanced by an equal degree of pain or languor; 'tis like spending this year part of the next year's revenue.

When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

Love of flattery in most men proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women from the contrary.

It is in no man's power to avoid enemies; they injure by chance, in a crowd sometimes, and without design; they hate always, whom they have once injured.

Truth will be uppermost, one time or other, like cork, though kept down in the water.

We ought to abstain from those pleasures, which, upon thought, we conclude, are likely

ly to end in more trouble or pain, than they begin in joy or pleasure.

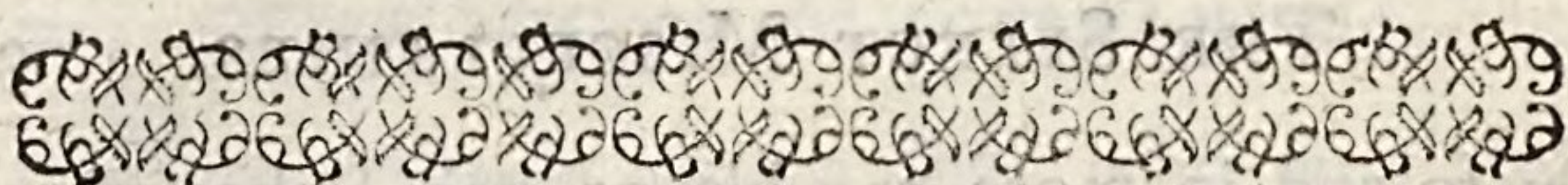
The greatest pleasure of life, is love: the greatest treasure, is contentement: the greatest ease, is sleep: and the greatest medicine, is a true friend.

The best rules to form a young man are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it.

It is in disputes as armies, where the weaker side sets up false lights, and makes a great noise, to make the enemy believe them more numerous and stronger than they really are.

To submit blindly to none, to preserve the liberty of one's own reason, to dispute for instruction, not victory, and yield to reason as soon as it appears to us, from whence soever it comes.

There are but three ways for a man to revenge himself of the censure of the world; to despise it, to return the like, or to endeavour to live so as to avoid it: the first of these is usually pretended; the last is almost impossible; the universal practice is for the second.



A D I A L O G U E

of the dead

by Lord LITTLETON

MERCURY — An English DUELLIST —
A North-American SAVAGE.

The DUELLIST.

MERCURY, Charon's Boat is on the other side of the Water. Allow me before it returns, to have some conversation with the North-American Savage, whom you brought hither with me. I never before saw one of that *Species*. He looks very grim. — Pray, 'Sir, what is your Name? I understand you speak English.

SAVAGE.

Yes, I learnt it in my Childhood, having been bred for some years among the English of New York. But, before I was a Man, I returned to my valiant Countrymen, the *Mohawks*; and having been villainously cheated by one of yours in the sale of some Rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the Hatchet for them with the rest of my Tribe in the late War against France, and was killed while I was out upon a Scalping Party.

Party. But I died very well satisfied : for my Brethren were victorious ; and, before I was shot ; I had gloriously scalped seven Men, and five Women and Children. In a former War I had performed still greater Exploits. My Name is *the bloody Bear* : it was given me to express my Fierceness and Valour.

DUELLIST.

Bloody Bear, I respect you, and am much your humble Servant. My Name is Tom Pushwell, very well known at *Arthur's* *. I am a Gentleman by my Birth, and by Profession a Gamester and Man of Honour. I have killed Men in fair Fighting, in honourable single combat, but don't understand cutting the Throats of Women and Children.

SAVAGE.

Sir, that is our way of making War. Every Nation has its Customs. But, by the Grimness of your Countenance, and that Hole in your Breast, I presume you were killed, as I was, in some scalping Party. How happened it that your Enemy did not take off your Scalp?

DUELLIST.

Sir, I was killed in a Duel. A Friend of mine had lent me a sum of Money. After two or three years, being in great Want himself, he asked me to pay him. I thought his Demand, which was somewhat peremptory, an

A 3

Affront

* *A Coffee house at London, noted for gaming.*

6 THE SELECT MISCELLANIES.

Affront to my Honour, and sent him a Challenge. We met in Hide-Park *. The Fellow could not fence: I was absolutely the adroiteſt Swordsman in England. So I gave him three or four Wounds; but at laſt he run upon me with ſuch Imperuofity, that he put me out of my Play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the Lungs. I died the next day as a Man of Honour ſhould, without any ſnivering Signs of Contrition or Repentance and he will follow me ſoon; for his Surgeon has declared his Wounds to be mortal. It is ſaid, that his Wife is dead of Grief, and that his Family of ſeven Children will be undone by his Death. So I am well revenged, and that is a Comfort. For my Part, I had no Wife. — I always hated Marriage: my Whore will take good care of herſelf, and my Children are provided for at the Foundling-Hoſpital.

S A V A G E.

Mercury, I won't go in a Boat with that Fellow. He has murdered his Countryman: he has murdered his Friend: I ſay poſitively, I won't go in a Boat with that Fellow. I will ſwim over the River: I can ſwim like a Duck.

M E R C U R Y.

Swim over the Styx! it muſt not be done; it is againſt the Laws of Pluto's Empire. You muſt go in the Boat, and be quiet.

S A V A -

* large piece of ground incloſed and ſtored with deers, joyning to London, where generally the troops are reviewed, and moſt duels fought.

S A V A G E.

Don't tell me of Laws: I am a Savage: I value no Laws. Talk of Laws to the Englishman: there are Laws in his Country, and yet you see he did not regard them. For they could never allow him to kill his Fellow subject, in time of Peace, because he asked him to pay a Debt. I know indeed, that the English are *a barbarous Nation*; but they can't possibly be so brutal as to make such things lawful.

M E R C U R Y.

You reason well against Him. But how comes it that you are so offended with Murder; you who have frequently massacred Women in their Sleep, and Children in the Cradle?

S A V A G E.

I killed none but my Enemies: I never killed my Friend: — Here, take my Blanket, and let it come over in the Boat; but see that the Murderer does not sit upon it, or touch it. If he does, I will burn it instantly in the Fire I see yonder. Farewell. — I am determined to swim over the Water.

M E R C U R Y.

By this touch of my Wand I deprive thee of all thy Strength. — Swim now if thou canst.

S A V A G E.

This is a potent Enchanter. — Restore me my Strength, and I promise to obey thee.

8 THE SELECT MISCELLANIES.

M E R C U R Y.

I restore it ; but be orderly. and do as I bid you : Otherwise worse will befall you.

D U E L L I S T.

Mercury , leave him to me. I'll tutor him for you. Sirrah Savage, dost thou pretend to be ashamed of my company ? Dost thou know that I have kept the best company in England ?

S A V A G E.

I know thou art a Scoundrel. — Not pay thy Debts ! kill thy Friend who lent thee Money for asking thee for it ! Get out of my sight. I will drive thee into Styx.

M E R C U R Y.

Stop. — I command thee. No Violence. — Talk to him calmly.

S A V A H E.

I must obey thee. — Well, Sir, let me know what Merit you had, to introduce you into good company ? What could you do.

D U E L L I S T.

Sir, I gamed, as I told you. — Besides, I kept a good table. — I *eat* as well as any Man either in England or France.

S A V A G E.

Eat ! did you ever eat the liver of a Frenchman, or his Leg, or his Shoulder ! There *is fine Eating !*

Eating ! I have eat twenty. — My table was always *well served*. My Wife was esteemed the best Cook for the dressing of Man's Flesh in all North - America. You will not pretend to compare your *Eating* with mine?

D U E L L I S T.

I danced very finely.

S A V A G E.

I'll dance with thee for thy Ears. — I can dance all day long. I can dance the *War-Dance* with more Spirit than any Man of my Nation. Let us see thee begin it. How thou standest like a Post ! Has Mercury struck thee with his enfeebling Rod ? Or art thou ashamed to let us see how awkward thou art ? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou hast never yet learnt. But what else canst thou do, thou bragging *Rascal*?

D U E L L I S T.

O Heavens ! must I bear this ! What can I do with this Fellow ? I have neither Sword, nor Pistol. And his shade seems to be twice as strong as mine.

M E R C U R Y.

You must answer his Questions. It was your own Desire to have a conversation with him. He is not well bred ; but he will tell you some truths which you must necessarily hear, when you come before Rhadamanthus. He asked you

A 5

what

what you could do besides Eating and Dancing.

D U E L L I S T.

I sung very agreeably.

S A V A G E.

Let me hear you sing your *Death Song*, or the *War Whoop*. I challenge you to sing. — Come, begin. — The Fellow is mute. — Mercury, this is a *Liar*. — He has told us nothing but *Lies*. Let me pull out his tongue.

D U E L L I S T.

The Lie given me! — and alas! I dare not resent it. What an indelible Disgrace to the family of the Pushwells! This indeed is *Damnation*.

M E R C U R Y.

Here, Charon, take these two Savages to your Care. How far the Barbarism of the Mohawk will excuse his horrid Acts I leave Minos to judge. But what can be said for the other, for the Englishman? The Custom of Duelling? A bad Excuse at the best! but here it cannot avail. The Spirit that urged him to draw his Sword against his Friend is not that of *Honour*; it is the Spirit of the Furies, and to them he must go.

S A V A G E.

If he is to be punished for his wickedness turn him over to me. I perfectly understand the Art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin my Work with this *kick on your Breech*.

DUEL-

DUELLIST.

Oh my Honour, my Honour, to what Infamy art thou fallen!

Adventure of a young English officer among the Abenakee savages.

During the last war in *America*, a band of savages having surpris'd and defeated a party of the *English*, such as those as were not actually killed on the spot had very little chance of getting away from enemies who were much more quick of foot than they, and who, pursuing them with unrelenting fury, used those whom they overtook with a barbarity almost without example, even in those countries.

A young *English* officer, pressed by two savages, who were making at him with uplifted hatchets, had not the least hope of escaping death, and thought of nothing now but to sell his life as dear as he could. Just then, an old savage, armed with a bow, drew near him, in act to pierce him with an arrow; but after taking aim at him, all on a sudden he drops his point, and runs to throw himself between the young *Englishman* and the two barbarians, who were going to massacre him. These drew back out of respect to the motions of the old man

man, who, with signs of peace, took the officer by the hand, after removing his apprehensions by friendly gestures, and carried him home with him to his hut. There he treated him with great humanity and gentleness, less like his slave than his companion. He taught him the *Abenakee* language, and the coarse arts in use among those people. They lived very well satisfied with each other. One only point of the old man's deportment could not but give the young officer some uneasiness; he would sometimes surprize the savage fixing his eyes upon him, when after looking long and steadfastly at him, he would let fall some tears.

However, on the return of the spring, the *Abenakees* took to the field again, and proceeded in quest of the *English*.

The old man, who had still remains of vigour enough to bear the fatigues of war, went along with his countrymen, not forgetting to take his prisoner with him. They made a march of above two hundred leagues, through the trackless wilds and forests of that country, till at length they came within view of a plain, in which they discovered an *English* camp. This the old savage shew'd to his young companion, at the same time eyeing him wishfully, and marking his countenance. "There (says he) are thy brothers waiting to give us battle. What sayest thou? I preserved thee from death. I have

have taught thee to build canoes; to make bows and arrows; to catch the deer of the forest; to wield the hatchet; with all our arts of war. What wast thou when I took thee home to my dwelling? Thy hands were as the hands of a mere child, they could serve thee but little for thy defence, and less yet for providing the means of sustenance. Thy soul was in the dark: thou wert a stranger to all necessary knowledge. To me thou owest life, the means of life, every thing. . . Couldst thou then be ungrateful enough to go over to join thy countrymen, and to lift the hatchet against us?

The young *Englishman* made answer, that he should, it was true, have a just repugnance to the carrying arms against those of his own nation, but that he would never turn them against the *Abenakees*, whom so long as he should live, he would consider as his brothers.

At this the savage dejected his head, and lifting up his hands, he covered his face with them, as it were, in a deep meditation. After he had remained sometime in this attitude, he looked earnestly at the *English* officer, and said to him in a tone of grief, mixed with tenderness, "Hast thou a father?," — He was alive, answered the young man, when I left my country. "Oh, how unhappy must he be!" said the savage — After a moments pause he added, "dost thou not know that I too was once a father?"
Alas

Alas I am no longer one. No : I am no longer a father ! I saw my son fall in battle. He fought by the side of me. I saw him die like a man, die, covered with wounds as he fell. But I revenged him.

As he pronounced these words with the most pathetic emphasis, he shuddered; he seemed to breathe with pain, choaked with *inward croans*, which he was endeavouring to stifle. His eyes looked wild, but no tears came from them. Little by little the violence of his agitations ceased : He grew calm, and turning towards the east, he pointed to the rising sun, and said to the young *Englishman*, "Seest thou yon beauteous luminary, the sun in all its splendor ? Does the sight of it afford thee any pleasure ?" — "Undoubtedly," answered the officer, "who can behold so fine a sky without delight ? — "And yet to me it no longer gives any !" says the savage. After pronouncing these few words he turned, and casting his eye on a bush in full flower, "See !" said he, young man, does not that gay appearance of flowers give thee a sort of joy to look at it ?" It does, indeed, replied the officer ; "And yet," says the old man, "it delights not me !" adding with some degree of impetuosity, "Depart, — Haste, — fly to yon camp of thy friends. Get home, that thy father may still see, with pleasure, the rising of the sun, and the flowers of the spring.

A remark-

A remarkable dying speech of Mr. Cusse, Secretary to the Earl of Essex, who was executed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for the same offence which brought his master to the block.

I am here adjudged to die for acting an act never plotted, for plotting a plot never acted. Justice will have her course; accusers must be heard; greatness will have the victory; scholars and martialists (though learning and valour should have the pre-eminence) in England must die like dogs, and be hanged. To mislike this were but folly: to dispute it, but time lost: to alter it, impossible: but to endure it, is manly; and to scorn it, magnanimity. The Queen is displeased, the lawyers injurious, and death terrible: but I crave pardon of the Queen; forgive the lawyers, and the world; desire to be forgiven: and welcome death.

An extract from a Dedication to King WILLIAM III. which was wrote with the freedom of an honest and sagacious Englishman, and to a great Prince, who was not displeased with the liberty taken in it.

When our Prince's palace is on fire, and his sacred person in the midst of the flames,

flames, the meanest of his subjects hath the privilege to give him warning of his danger: And this, I am afraid, Sir, is too near our case, or I would not have assumed the boldness to disturb your People, or have placed myself so disadvantageously before your Majesty, as I must expect to appear under the character of a publick censor of Your ministers. I know the common answer to these kinds of complaints is, that it is more easy to find faults than remedies. If you please, Sir, we will consider of remedies: first, be pleased to remove from your perion, council, and offices of trust, men bred up and confirm'd in principles destructive to our *English* government, and hateful to your people. Throw out, Sir, these to be ston'd by the people, who will otherwise, I fear, prevent God's favour to you, blast your success abroad, and rob you of the affections of your subjects at home.

An *English* King is the greatest Monarch upon earth, when he reigns in the hearts of his subjects; and all other methods to power and greatness have been found ineffectual in *England*.

Purgatives will not alone perfect the cure of your government, and restore it to perfect health; you must make use of alteratives too; there must be a change of measures, as well as a discharge of men; and the method which I would humbly offer is this: first, to make the interest of *England* your chief aim, and, since
you

you are an *english* King, to become entirely an *Englishman*. In the next place, Sir, let me desire you to avoid concerning yourself in election of members in parliament, or influencing them when chosen: the parliament is a sacred part of the *english* constitution, and, like the Israelites Ark of old, is not to be touched profanely; therefore, Sir, it will be your true interest to leave the people free to their choice, and the members free to their opinion when chosen. It is still fresh in our memories, how much the practices of the late reigns in corrupting Elections, and closeting members of Parliament, enraged the nation: And they had reason to resent it; all these things therefore are to be most carefully avoided by your Majesty. You must by no means, Sir, give this occasion of clamour and recrimination to your enemies; but be pleased to follow this general rule, always to beware of the ministers, and to avoid the schemes and counsils of King Charles and King James's Government, and then you can scarce err; for whatever is opposite to their practices is the direct road to your security and success.

Examples of the same King's generosity.

His Majesty having receiv'd some papers concerning a plot, and in perusing one of them found reason to suspect, that some of his

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cour-

courtiers had been concerned : whereupon he threw them all into the flames, that they might not furnish him with suspicions against those he took to be his friends.

A post in the army having fallen vacant, the gentleman who had the next right to it, happened to be a member of parliament, and one that had opposed the court, (which few officers do nowadays) : the ministers as usual, were against his preferment, because he had opposed the King's measures in Parliament : but the King told them, the gentleman had always behaved well as an officer, and he had nothing to do with his behaviour in parliament ; so gave him the commission he had by his rank a right to.

Of humorous Bills put up at the Street doors. From the WORLD ; a periodical paper.

The expediency of people's putting up bills at their doors, who have houses or lodgings to let, is so very apparent, that as often as I walk the streets of this metropolis, I wonder that the same practice has not prevailed in other instances, and that we do not see it written at every door, as often as there is occasion, *Wanted a coachman, butler, cook, chambermaid, &c.* By such a method the expence of publick advertissiments would be saved, and every body accomodated in the most expeditious manner.

But

But I would by no means confine these bills to lodgers and servants ; there are other wants which are at least equally pressing, and which it might be proper to signify in the same publick manner. Thus for instance, at the door of an attorney, or solicitor, it would not be amiss if we were to read in large letters, *Wanted honesty*. At the door of a new beneficed parson, *Wanted humility*. At the garret window of a poet or author, *Wanted a Dinner*. At the door of a man of quality, *Wanted Credit*. At the door of a patriot, *Wanted a Place*. At the door of a Bishop, *Wanted a House at Lambeth* *. And at the doors of all great men *Wanted Sincerity*.

By this method, the wants of all mankind would be known, and in all probability be relieved more expeditiously than by any other means.

Part of a Speech of King Charles II.

There is a sort of rough, manly eloquence, which has a lively and natural energy, and affects more than the most elaborate periods that smell strong of the lamp. Of this kind particularly are the publick speeches of K. *Charles II.* in the beginning of his reign, after

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his

* The place, where the Archbishop of Canterbury resides at London, is called Lambeth.

his restoration. This Prince is allow'd to have had as much good sense, good nature, and wit as any person in his dominions; it is a pleasure to see with what a frank, artless and unreserv'd air, he addresses his first parliament. After the punishment of the chiefs of the regicides, it was highly necessary, in order to quiet the minds of the people, that an act of oblivion and indemnity should pass; he begins with this, and presses it warmly, and then delivers himself in the following remarkable blunt piece of oratory.

“ Never King valued himself more on the affections of his people than I do; nor do I know a better way to make myself sure of your affections, than by being just and kind to you all: and while I am so, I pray let the world see, that I am posses'd of your affections. For your *Poll - Bill* I thank you as much as if the money were to come into my own coffers; and wish with all my heart it may amount to as much money, as you reckon upon. . . . I pray very earnestly, that as fast as money comes in, you will discharge the great burden of the navy, and disband the army as fast as you can, and till you can disband them, make provision for their supply. I conjure you, as you love me, let me no more hear the noise of *Free Quarter*, which will be imputed to my want of care and government, how innocent soever I am. I am so confident of your affections, that I will not move you in any thing
that

that immediately relates to myself: and yet I must tell you, that I am not richer, that is, I have not so much money in my purse as when I came to you. The truth is, I have lived principally ever since upon what I brought with me, which was indeed your money; you sent it me, and I thank you for it. The weekly expence of the navy eats up all you have given me by the bill of tonnage and poundage: Nor have I been able to give my brothers one shilling since I came into *England*, nor keep any table in my house, but where I eat myself. And that which troubles me most, is to see many of you come to me at *whitehall* *, and to think you must go somewhere else to seek a dinner. I do not mention these things as what very much troubles me: Do but take care of the publick, and for what is necessary for the peace and quiet of the kingdom, and take your own time for my own particular, which I am sure you will provide for, with as much affection and frankness as I can desire.

This plain, manly address, wherein the sentiments of his heart are laid before his parliament without any reserve, differs very widely from the art and craft, he was forced to make use of in the middle and latter part of his reign.

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* Formerly a Royal Palace, and constant place of residence of the Kings and Queens from Henry VIIIth's time to the reign of King William III. when the greatest part of it was consumed by fire.

A melancholy Story of a pliable youth.
(World No. 161.)

S I R,

By a very tender letter, in one of your papers from an officer's wife, we have seen the distresses of a father and mother, and the misconduct of a daughter, whose meekness and gentleness of temper have drawn upon herself and family the utmost misery and distress. Give me leave to lay before you a character of another kind; the too great gentleness and weakness of a son.

In the forty second year of my age, I was left a widower with an only son of seven years old, who was so exact a likeness of his mother, both in person and disposition, that from that circumstance alone I could never prevail upon myself to marry again. The image of the excellent woman I had lost was perpetually before my eyes, and recalled to my memory the many endearing scenes of love and affection that had past between us. I heard her voice, I saw her mien, and I beheld her smiles in my son. I resolved therefore to cultivate this tender plant with more than common care, and I determined to take such proper advantages of his puerile age and hopeful temper, as might engage him to me, not more from moral duty, than from real inclination and attachment. My point was to make him my friend; and I so far succeeded in that point, that till he was seventeen years old he constantly chose my company preferable to any other.

I should

I should have told you, that I placed him early at a very great school ; and to avoid the mischiefs that sometimes arise from boarding at a distance from parents, I took a house near the school, and kept him under my own eye, inviting constantly such of his school-fellows to amuse him, as were pointed out to me by the master, or were chosen by my own discernment, in consequence of my son's recommendation. All things went on in the most promising train ; but still I saw in him a certain easiness of temper, and an excess of what is falsely called good nature, but is real weakness, which I feared must prove of dreadful consequence to him, whenever he should tread the stage of the great world. However, it now grew time to advance him to the University ; and he went thither, I can with truth say it, as free from vice, and as full of virtue, as the fondest parent could desire. What added farther to my hopes, was his strength of body and the natural abhorrence which he had to wine, even almost to a degree of loathing.

When he was settled at college, I insisted upon his writing to me once a week ; and I constantly answered his letters in the style and manner which I thought most conducive to the improvement of his knowledge, and the extension and freedom of his thoughts. During some time our mutual correspondence was kept up with great punctuality and chearfulness ; but in less than two months it drooped and grew languid on his side ; and the letters I received from

him contained feldom more than three lines, telling me “ that he was much engaged in his studies, and that the departing postboy hindred him from adding more than that he was my dutiful son.”

Not to trouble you with too many particulars, in six months after he had been at the University I paid him a visit; but I cannot find words to express the astonishment I felt, in discovering my gentle, easy, sweet-natured son, not only turned into a Buck *, but a Politician. Never was any young man less fitted for either of those characters: Never any young man entered deeper into both. He was a Buck without spirit or ill nature, and a Politician without the least knowledge of our laws, history or constitution. His only pretence to buckism was his affected love of wine; his only skill in politicks was the art of jumbling a parcel of words together, and applying them, as he imagined, very properly to the times. By this means he became distinguished among his associates as the jolliest, honestest toast-master in the University. But, alas! this was a part assumed by my son, from a desire of pleasing, mixed with a dread of offending the persons into whose clubs and bumper-ceremonies he had unhappily enlisted himself. Poor miserable youth! he was acting in opposition to his own nature, of which had he followed the dictates, he would neither have medled

* wanton and mischievous young fellows are ludicrously called Bucks.

meddled with party, politicks, nor wine; but would have fulfilled, or at least have aimed at, that beautiful character of Pamphilus in Terence, so well delineated in the Bevil of Sir Richard Steele's *Conscious Lovers*.

To preserve his health, I withdrew him from the University as expeditiously and with as little noise as I could, and brought him home, perfectly restored, as I vainly imagined, to himself. But I was mistaken. The last person who was with him always commanded him. The companions of his midnight hours obliterated his duty to his father, and, notwithstanding his good sense, made him, like that simple beast in the fable, fancy himself a lion, because he had put on the lion's skin. With the same disposition, had he been a woman, I am persuaded he must have been a prostitute, not so much from evil desires, as from the impossibility of denying a request. He worshipped vice as the Indians adore the devil, not from inclination but timidity. He bought intemperance at the price of his life; his health paid the interest money during many months of a miserable decay; at length his death, little more than two years ago, discharged the sad consolation of having performed my duty to him, from the time I lost his mother till the time he expired in my arms.

I have born my loss like a man; but I have often lamented the untowardness of my fate, which snatched from me an only child, whose disposition was most amiable, but whose virtues

had not sufficient strength to support themselves. He was too modest to be resolute; too sincere to be wary; too gentle to oppose; and too humble to keep up his dignity. This perhaps was the singular part of his character; but he had other faults in common with his contemporaries: He mistook prejudices for principles: he thought the retraction of an error a deviation from honour: His aversions arose rather from names than persons: He called obstinacy steadiness; and he imagined that no friendship ought ever to be broken, which had begun, like the orgies of Bacchus, amidst the frantick revels of wine.

Thus, Sir, I have set before you, I hope without any acrimony, the source and progress of my irreparable misfortune. It will be your part to warn the rising generation in what manner to avoid the terrible rocks of mistaken honour and too pliant good-nature.

In the last century the false notions of honour destroyed our youth by fashionable duels, and they were induced to murder each other by visionary crowns of applause. The false notions of honour in the present age destroy our youth by the force of bumpers, and the mad consequences arising from every kind of liquor that can intoxicate and overturn sense, reason and reflection. Why are not healths to be eaten as well as drank? Why may not the spells and magick arising from mouthfuls of beef and mutton, be as efficacious towards the accomplishments

ments of our wilhes, as gallons of port or overflowing bowls of punch? Certainly they might. I hope therefore, that by your publick admonition the young men of our days, who eat much less than they drink, may drink much less than they eat: And I must farther add, that as it may be dangerous to abolish customs so long established, I humbly advise that you permit them to eat as many healths as they please.

I am, S I R,

Your constant reader, and most humble
servant.

I. M.

The ill effects of drunkenness

(*Spect. No. 569.*)

NO vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how drunkenness should have the good luck to be of this number. *Anacharsis*, being invited to a match of drinking at *Corinth*, demanded the prize very humorously, because he was drunk before any of the company; for, says he, when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal first is intitled to the reward: on the contrary, in this thirsty generation, the honour falls upon him who carries off the greatest quantity of liquor, and knocks down the rest of the company. I was the other day with honest *Will Funnell* the *West Saxon*, who was rekoning up how much liquor had passed through him in the last twenty years of his life, which;

which, according to his computation, amounted to twenty-three hogheads of October*, four ton of Port, half a kilderkin of small beer, nineteen barrels of cyder, and three glasses of Champaign; besides which he had assisted at four hundred bowls of punch, not to mention sips, drams, and whets without number. I question not but every reader's memory will suggest to him several ambitious young men, who are as vain in this particular as *Will Funnell*, and can boast of as glorious exploits.

OUR modern philosophers observe, that there is a general decay of moisture in the globe of the earth. This they chiefly ascribe to the growth of vegetables, which incorporate into their own substance many fluid bodies that never return again to their former nature; but, with submission, they ought to throw into their account those innumerable rational beings which fetch their nourishment chiefly out of liquids; especially when we consider that men, compared with their fellow-creatures, drink much more than comes to their share.

BUT however highly this tribe of people may think of themselves, a drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the eyes of all reasonable

* a particular strong beer, so called on account of its being brewed in that month. It keeps many years,

sonable persons, than that of a drunkard. *Bonofus*, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the *Roman* empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging upon the tree before them was not a man but a bottle.

THIS vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune of the person who is devoted to it.

IN regard to the mind, it first of all discovers every flaw in it. The sober man, by the strength of reason, may keep under and subdue every vice or folly to which he is most inclined; but wine makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul, and shew itself; it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them. When a young fellow complained to an old philosopher that his wife was not handsome, put less water in your wine, says the philosopher, and you will quickly make her so. Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

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NOR does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and shew them in the most odious colours, but often occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of *Seneca*, That drunkenness does not produce, but discover faults. Common experience teaches us the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind, which she is a stranger to in her sober moments. The person you converse with, after the third bottle, is not the same man who at first sat down at table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettiest sayings I ever met with, which is ascribed to *Publius Syrus*, *Qui ebrium ludificat, lædit absentem*: 'He who jests upon a man that in drunk, injures the absent.'

THUS does drunkenness act in direct contradiction to reason, whose business it is to clear the mind of every vice which is crept into it, and to guard it against all the approaches of any that endeavours to make its entrance. But besides these ill effects which this vice produces in the person who is actually under its dominion, it has also a bad influence on the mind even in its sober moments, as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual which are produced by frequent excesses.

*Motives to Temperance.**(Spect. No. 195.)*

THERE is a story in the *Arabian Nights Tales*, of a king who had languished under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpose. At length, says the fable, a physician cured him by the following method: he took an hollow ball of wood, and filled it with several drugs; after which he closed it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a mallet, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which strikes the ball, he inclosed in them several drugs after the same manner as in the ball itself. He then ordered the sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these rightly prepared instruments, till such time as he should sweat: when, as the story goes, the virtue of the medicaments perspiring through the wood, had so good an influence on the sultan's constitution, that they cured him of an indisposition which all the compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove.

THIS eastern allegory is finely contrived to shew us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exercise is the most effectual physick. I have described in my hundred and fifteenth paper, from the general structure and mechanism of an human body, how absolutely necessary exercise is for its preservation: I shall in this place

place recommend another great preservative of health, which in many cases produces the same effects as exercise, and may in some measure, supply its place, where opportunities of exercise are wanting. The preservative I am speaking of is temperance, which has those particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himself, without interruption to business, expense of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them, if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starveth it.

PHYSICK, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health; but, did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy, where they subsist by the chase; and that men lived longest when their lives were employed in hunting,

hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering, cupping, bleeding, are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate; as all those inward applications which are so much in practice among us, are, for the most part, nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and vintner. It is said of *Diogenes*, that meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street, and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had he not prevented him. What would that philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal? would he not have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to have tied down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices; throw down salads of twenty different herbs, sauces of an hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavours? What unnatural motions and counter-ferments must such a medley of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

NATURE delights in the most plain and simple

ple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way, not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one may be temperance in another: but there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own constitutions, so far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my readers as my patients, and to prescribe such a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our climate, and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician. Make your whole repast out of one dish. If you indulge a second, avoid drinking any thing strong, till you have finished your meal; at the same time abstain from all sauces? or at least such as are not the most plain and simple. A man could not well be guilty of gluttony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easy rules. In the first case there would be no variety of tastes to solicit his palate, and occasion excess; nor in the second any artificial provocatives to relieve satiety, and create false appetite. Were I to prescribe a rule for drinking it should be formed on a saying quoted by *Sir William Temple*, *The first glass for*

for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth for mine enemies. But because it is impossible for one who lives in the world, to diet himself always in so philosophical a manner, I think every man should have his days of abstinence, according as his constitution will permit. These are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for struggling with hunger and thirst, when ever any distemper or duty of life may put her upon such difficulties; and at the same time give her an opportunity of extricating herself from her oppressions, and recovering the several tones and springs of her distended vessels. Besides that, abstinence well timed often kills a sickness in embryo, and destroys the first seed of an indisposition. It is observed by two or three antient authors, that *Socrates*, notwithstanding he lived in *Athens* during that great plague, which has made so much noise through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by such eminent hands; I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring pestilence, he never caught the least infection, which those writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

AND here I cannot but mention an observation which I have often made, upon reading the lives of the philosophers, and comparing them with any series of kings or great men of the same number. If we consider these

antient sages, a great part of whose philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious course of life, one would think the life of a philosopher and the life of a man were of two different dates. For we find that the generality of these wise men were nearer an hundred than sixty years of age, at the time of their respective deaths. But the most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little book published by *Lewis Cornaro* the *Venetian*; which I the rather mention, because it is of undoubted credit, as the late *Venetian* ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once in conversation, when he resided in *England*. *Cornaro*, who was author of the little treatise I am mentioning, was of an infirm constitution, till about forty, when, by obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health; inso-much that at fourscore he published his book, which has been translated into *English*, under the title of *Sure and certain methods of attaining a long and healthy life*. He lived to give a 3d or 4th edition of it, and after having passed his hundreth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep. The treatise I mention has been taken notice of by several eminent authors, and is written with such a spirit of chearfulness, religion and good sense, as are the natural concomitants of temperance

perance and sobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a discredit to it.

HAVING designed this paper as the sequel to that upon exercise, I have not here considered temperance as it is a moral virtue, which I shall make the subject of a future speculation, but only as it is the means of health.

*An account of the magnificent
table kept in the reign of King Charles.I.
before his troubles.*

There were daily in his court 86 tables well furnished each meal, whereof the king's table had 28 dishes, the queen's 24; four other tables 61 dishes each; three other 10 dishes each; 12 other had 7 dishes each; 17 other tables had each of them five dishes; three other had 4 each; thirty two other tables had each three dishes; and thirteen other had each 2 dishes; in all, about 500 dishes each meal, with beer, wine, and all other things necessary. All which was provided most by the several purveyors, who by commission, legally and regularly authorized did receive those provisions at a moderate price, such as had been formerly agreed upon in the several counties of England, which price (by reason of the value of money much altered) was become low, yet [a very

inconsiderable burden to the kingdom in 'general but thereby was greatly supported the dignity royal in the eyes of strangers as well as subjects. The english nobility and gentry, according to the king's example, were excited to keep a proportionable hospitality in their several country mansions, the husbandman encouraged to breed cattle, all tradesmen to a chearful industry; and there was then a free circulation of monies throughout the whole body of the kingdom. There was spent yearly in the king's house of gross meat 1500 oxen, 7000 sheep, 1200 veals (calfs), 300 porkers (hogs), 400 sturks or young beefs, 6800 lambs, 300 flitches of bacon, and 26 boars; also 140 dozen of geese, 250 dozen of capons, 470 dozen of hens, 750 dozen of pullets, 1470 dozen of chickens: for bread, 3600 bushels of wheat; and for drink 600 tun of wine, and 1700 tun of beer, moreover, of butter 46. 640 pounds, together with fish, and fowl, venison, fruit, and spice proportionably. This prodigious plenty in the king's court, caused foreigners to put a higher value upon the king, and caused the natives, who were there freely welcome, to increase their affection to the king, it being found as necessary for the king of England this way to endear the english, who ever delighted in feasting; as for the Italian princes by fights and shews to endear their subjects, who as much delighted therein.

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Therefore, by special order of the king's house, some of his majesty's servants, men of quality, went daily to Westminster-hall in term-time, between eleven and twelve of the clock, to invite gentlemen to eat of the king's viands, (viſtuals) and in parliament time to invite the parliamentmen thereto.

But the circumstances of times being much altered, and the nobility, Judges, and parliament-men, having mostly town-houses, the necessity for keeping the above grand table ceases, and the striking off the supernumerary officers, appears to be an act of the highest wisdom as well as frugality.

A ludicrous account of modern frolicks.
(*Connoisseur*).

THE nobleſt exploit of a Man of the town, the highest proof and utmost effort of his genius and pleasantry is *The FROLICK*. This piece of humour consists in playing the most wild and extravagant pranks that wantonness and debauchery can suggest; and is the distinguishing characteristick of the *Buck** and *Blood***. These facetious gentlemen, whenever Champagne has put them in spirits, sally out, flown with insolence and wine, in quest of adventures.

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* vid. Note pag.24.

** a daring sparck; man of fire.

tures. At such a time the more harm they do the more they shew their wit; and their frolicks, like the mirth of a monkey, are made up of mischief.

The Frolick formerly signified nothing more than a piece of innocent mirth and gaiety; but the modern sense of the word is much more lively and spirited. The *Mobocks* * and Hell-Fire Club, the heroes of the last generation, were the first who introduced these elevated Frolicks, and struck out mighty good jokes from all kinds of violence and blasphemy. The present race of Bucks commonly begin their Frolick in a tavern, and end it in the *Roundhouse* **, and during the course of it practise several mighty pretty pleasantries. There is a great deal of humour in what is called *beating the rounds*, that is in plain *English*, taking a tour of the principal bawdy houses: breaking of lamps, and skirmishes with watchmen are very good jests; and the insulting any dull sober fools that are quietly trudging about their business, or a rape on a modest woman are particularly facetious. Whatever is in violation of all decency and order is an exquisite piece of wit, and in short a Frolick and *playing the devil* bear the same explanation in a modern glossary.

It

* is the name of a cruel nation of America given to ruffians who were imagined to infest the streets of London.

** a slight prison, in which disorderly persons, found in the streets at night, are confined.

It is surprising how much invention there is in these exploits; and how wine inspires these gentlemen with thoughts more extraordinary and sublime, than any sober man could ever have devised. I have known a whole company start from their chairs, and begin tilting at each other merely for their diversion. Another time these exalted geniusses have cast lots which should be thrown out of the window; and at another made a bonfire of their cloaths, and run naked into the streets. I remember a little gentleman not above five feet high, who was resolved, merely for the sake of the Frolick, to ravish the Tall Woman, but the joke ended in his receiving a sound cudgelling from the hands of his *Thalestris*. It was no longer ago than last winter that a party of jovial *Templars** set out an hour or two after midnight on a voyage to *Lisbon*, in order to get good Port-wine. They took boat at the Temple-stairs, and prudently laid in by way of provisions a cold venison pasty, and two bottles of raspberry brandy: But when they imagined themselves just arrived at *Gravesend*, they found themselves suddenly overset, not far from thence, and very narrowly escaped being drowned. The most innocent Frolicks of these men of humour are carried on in a literary way by advertisements

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in

* are Students in the law; so called from the famous College (The Temple Inn) at London, where the law is taught.

in the news-papers, with which they often amuse the town; and alarm us with bottle-conjurors, and persons who will jump down their own throats. Sometimes they divert themselves by imposing on their acquaintance with fictitious intrigues, and putting modest women to the blush, by describing them in the publick papers. Once, I remember, it was the Frolick to call together all the wet nurses that wanted a place; at another time to summon several old women to bring their male tabby cats, for which they were to expect a considerable price; and not long ago, by the proffer of a curacy, they drew all the poor parsons to *St Paul's* coffeehouse, where the Bucks themselves sat in another box to smoke their rusty wigs and brown cassocks.

But the highest Frolick that can possibly be put in execution is a genteel murder; such as running a waiter thro' the body. knocking an old feeble watchman's brains out with his own staff, or taking away the life of some regular scoundrel, who has not spirit enough to whore and drink like a gentleman. The noblest Frolick of this kind I ever remember, happened a few years ago at a country town. While a party of Bucks were making a riot at an inn, and tossing the chairs and tables, and looking-glasses into the street, the landlady was indiscreet enough to come up stairs, and interrupt their merriment with her impertinent remonstrances; upon which they immediately threw

threw her out of the window after her own furniture. News was soon brought of the poor woman's death, and the whole company look'd upon it as a very droll accident, and gave orders that *she should be charged in the bill.*

These wild pranks are instances of great spirit and invention, but, alas! the generality of mankind have no taste for humour. Few people care to have a sword in their ribs for the sake of a joke, or to be beat to mummy, or shot through the head for the diversion of the good company. They sometimes imagine the jest is carried too far, and are apt to apply the words of the old fable, 'It may be sport to you, but it is death to us.' For these reasons, a set of these merry gentlemen are as terrible to the ordinary part of the world as a troop of *banditti*; and an affair which has been thought very high fun in *Pall Mall* * or *Covent Garden* **, has been treated in a very serious manner at *Westminster-hall* *** or the *Old Bailey*. Our legislature has been absurd enough to be very careful of the lives of the lowest among the people, and the council for a highwayman would sooner plead distress as an excuse for discharging his pistol, than

* a noted street of London.

** a large open place at London, noted for infamous houses.

*** a spacious building in which Justice is publickly administered in the several Courts established for that purpose. The Old Baily is a Court of Justice in the city, chiefly for the trials of criminals.

than mere wantonness and Frolick. Nor do the governments abroad entertain a better opinion of this sort of humour; for it is but a few years, since a gentleman on his travels who was compleating a town Education by the polite tour, shot a waiter through the head: but the joke was so ill received, that the gentleman was hanged within four and twenty hours. It would be adviseable therefore for the gentlemen, since the taste of the age is so incorrigible, to lay aside this high-seasoned humour. For their pistol, as it were, recoils upon themselves, and since it may produce their own deaths, it would be more prudent not to draw their wit out of their scabbards.

Our ladies of quality, who have at length adopted *French* manners with *French* fashions, and thrown off all starchness and reserve with the ruff and the farthingale, are very fond of a Frolick. I have indeed lately observed with great pleasure the commentable attempts of the other sex to shake off the shackles of custom, and I make no doubt but a libertine lady will soon become a very common character. If their passion for Gaming continues to encrease in the same proportion that it has for some time past, we shall very soon meet with abundance of sharpers in petticoats; and it will be mentioned as a very familiar incident, that a party of female gamblers were seized by the constables at the gaming-table. I am also informed that it is grown very common among
the

the ladies to toast pretty fellows; and that they often amuse themselves with concerting schemes for an excellent Frolick. A Frolick is indeed the most convenient name in the world to veil an intrigue, and it is a great pity that husbands and fathers should ever object to it. I can see no harm in a lady's going disguised to mob it in the gallery at the play-house; and could not but smile at the pretty innocent wanton who carried the joke so far as to accompany a strange gentleman to a bagnio; but when she came there, was surprized to find that he was fond of a Frolick as well as herself, and offered her violence. But I particularly admire the spirit of that lady, who had such true relish for a Frolick, as to go with her gallant to the Masquerade, tho' she knew he had no breeches under his Domino.

I most heartily congratulate the fine ladies and gentlemen of the age on the spirit with which they pursue their diversions; and I look upon a bold Frolick as the peculiar privilege of a person of fashion. The ladies undoubtedly see a great deal of pleasantry in an intrigue, and mimick the dress and manners of the courtezans very happily and facetiously; while the gentlemen, among many other new fancies, have made the old blunder of the Merry Andrew appear no longer ridiculous, and are mightily pleased with the *comical humours of a murder*. The Frolicks now in vogue will probably continue to be the amusements of the
polite

polite world for a long time; but whenever the fashion is about to vary, I beg leave to propose the Frolick recommended, if I remember right, to the duke of *Warton* by Dr *Swift*.
 “When you are tired of your other Frolicks, I
 “would have you take up the Frolick of BEING
 “GOOD; and take my word for it, you will
 “find it the most agreeable Frolick you ever
 “practised in your life.”

Duelling humorously censured.

(*World No. 113.*)

THE custom of DUELLING is the manifest offspring of barbarity and folly, a monstrous birth, and distinguished by the most shocking and ridiculous marks of both its parents.

I would not willingly give offence to the politer part of my readers, whom I acknowledge to be my best customers, and therefore I will not so much as hint at the impiety of this practice; nor will I labour to show how repugnant it is to instinct, reason, and every moral and social obligation, even to the fashionable *fitness of things*; but will content myself with exposing the folly of it.

The ancients must certainly have had very imperfect notions of HONOUR, for they had none of DUELLING. One reads, it is true, of murders committed every now and then
 among

among the *Greeks* and the *Romans*, prompted only by interest or revenge, and performed without the least *Attic* politeness, or *Roman* urbanity. No letters of gentle invitation were sent to any man to come and have his throat cut the next morning; and we may observe that *Milo* had not the common decency to give *Clodius*, the most profligate of men, the most dangerous of citizens, and his own inveterate enemy, an equal chance of destroying him.

This delicacy of sentiment, this refinement of manners, was reserved for the politer *Goths*, *Visigoths*, *Ostrogoths*, *Huns*, and *Vandals*, to introduce, cultivate and establish. I must confess that they have generally been considered as barbarous nations; and to be sure there are some circumstances which seem to favour that opinion. They made open war upon learning, and gave no quarter even to the monuments of arts and sciences. But then it must be owned; on the other hand, that upon those ruins, they established the honourable and noble science of HOMICIDE, dignified, exalted, and ascertained TRUE HONOUR, worshipped it as their deity, and sacrificed to it hecatombs of human victims.

In those happy days, HONOUR, that is, single combat, was the great and unerring test of civil rights, moral actions, and sound doctrines. It was sanctified by the church; and the churchmen were occasionally allowed the honour and pleasure of it; for... we read of many instances.

stances of DUELS between Men and Priests. Nay, it was without appeal, the infallible test of female chastity. If a princess, or any lady of distinction, was suspected of a little incontinency, some brave champion, who was commonly privy to, or perhaps the author of it, stood forth in her defence, and asserted her innocence with the point of his sword or lance. If by his activity, skill, strength and courage, he murdered the accuser, the lady was spotless; but if her champion fell, her guilt was manifest. This heroic gallantry in defence of the fair, I presume, occasioned that association of ideas (otherwise seemingly unrelative to each other) of the BRAVE and the FAIR: for indeed *in those days* it behoved a lady, who had the least regard for her reputation, to chuse a lover of uncommon activity, strength and courage. This notion, as I am well assured, still prevails in many reputable families about *Covent - Garden* *, where the BRAVE in the kitchen are always within call of the FAIR in the first or second floor.

By this summary method of proceeding, the quibbles, the delays and the expence of the law were avoided, and the troublesome shackles of the gospel knocked off; HONOUR ruling in their stead. To prove the utility and justice of this method, I cannot help mentioning a very extraordinary DUEL between a man of distinction

* See Note pag. 43.

tion and a dog in the year 1371, in presence of king *Charles* the fifth of *France*. Both the relation and the print of this DUEL are to be found in father *Montfaucon*.

A gentleman of the court was supposed to have murdered another, who had been missing for some days. This suspicion arose from the mute testimony of the absent person's dog, a large *Irish* greyhound, who with uncommon rage attacked this supposed murderer wherever he met him. As he was a gentleman, and a man of very nice honour (though by the way he really had murdered the man) he could not bear lying under so dishonourable a suspicion, and therefore applied to the king for leave to justify his innocence by single combat with the said dog. The king, being a great lover of justice; granted his suit, ordered the lists to be made ready, appointed the time and named the weapons. The gentleman was to have an offensive club in his hand; the dog a defensive tub to resort to occasionally. The *Irish* greyhound willingly met this fair inviter at the time and place appointed; for it has always been observable of that particular breed, that they have an uncommon alacrity at single combat. They fought; the dog prevailed, and almost killed the honourable gentleman, who had then the honour to confess his guilt, and of being hanged for it in a very few days.

When letters, arts, and sciences revived in *Europe*, the science of HOMICIDE was farther
 D culti-

cultivated and improved. If on the one hand it lost a little of the extend of its jurisdiction, on the other it acquired great precision, clearness, and beauty, by the care and pains of the very best *Italian* and *Spanish* authors, who reduced it into a regular body, and enlightened the world with their admirable codes, digests, pandects, and reports, *della cavalleresca*, in some hundreds of volumes. Almost all possible cases of HONOUR were considered and stated; two and thirty different sorts of lies were distinguished; and the adequate satisfaction necessary for each, was with great solidity and precision ascertained. A kick with a thin shoe was declared more injurious to honour, (though not so painful to the part kicked) than a kick with a thick shoe; and in short, a thousand other discoveries of the like nature, equally beneficial to society, were communicated to the world in those voluminous treasures of HONOUR.

In the present degenerate age, those fundamental laws of HONOUR are exploded and ridiculed; and single combat thought a very uncertain, and even unjust decision of civil property, female chastity, and criminal accusations; but I would humbly ask why? Is not single combat as just a decision of any other thing, as it is of veracity, to which it is now in a manner confined? I am of opinion that there are more men who will lie and fight too, than there are who will lie and not fight; because
I be.

I believe there are more men in the world who have, than who want courage. But if fighting is the test of veracity, my readers of condition will, I hope, pardon me when I say, that my future enquiries and researches after truth, shall be altogether confined to the three regiments of guards.

There is one reason indeed which makes me suspect that a DUEL may not always be the infallible criterion of veracity; and that is; that the combatants very rarely meet upon equal terms. I beg leave to state a case, which may very probably, and not even unfrequently happen, and which yet is not provided for, nor even mentioned in the INSTITUTES OF HONOUR.

A very lean, slender, active young fellow, of great HONOUR, weighing perhaps not quite twelve stone*, and who has from his youth taken lessons of HOMICIDE from a murder-master, has, or thinks he has, a point of honour to discuss with an unwieldy, fat, middle-aged gentleman, of nice honour likewise, weighing four and twenty stone; and who in his youth may not possibly have had the same commendable application to the noble science of HOMICIDE. The lean gentleman sends a very civil letter to the fat one, inviting him to come and be killed by him the next morning in *Hyde-Park***. Should the fat gentleman accept this invitation, and waddle to the place

D 2 appont-

* a weight containing 14 pounds. ** See Note pag. 6.

appointed, he goes to inevitable slaughter. Now upon this state of the case, might not the fat gentleman, consistent with the rules of honour, return the following answer to the invitation of the lean one.

‘S I R ,

‘I find by your letter that you do me the
 ‘justice to believe that I have the true notions
 ‘of honour that become a gentleman; and I
 ‘hope I shall never give you any reason to
 ‘change your opinion. As I entertain the same
 ‘opinion of you, I must suppose that you would
 ‘not desire we should meet upon very unequal
 ‘terms, which must be the case, were we to
 ‘meet to-morrow. At present I unfortunately
 ‘weigh four and twenty stone, and I guess
 ‘that you do not exceed twelve. From this
 ‘circumstance singly, I am double the mark
 ‘that you are; but besides this, you are active,
 ‘and I am unwieldy. I therefore propose to
 ‘you that from this day forwards, we severally
 ‘endeavour by all possible means, you to fat-
 ‘ten, and I to waste, till we can meet at the
 ‘medium of eighteen stone. I will lose no time
 ‘on my part, being impatient to prove to you,
 ‘that I am not quite unworthy of the good
 ‘opinion which you are pleased to express for

Sir, your very humble servant.

‘P. S. I believe it may not be amiss for us to
 ‘communicate to each other from time to time
 our

‘our gradations of increase and decrease towards the desired medium, in which I presume two or three pounds, more or less, on either side ought not to be consider’d.

This among many other cases that I could mention, sufficiently proves, not only the expediency, but the necessity of restoring, revising, and perhaps adding to the practice, rules, and statutes of single combat, as it flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. I grant that it would probably make the common law useless; but little trifling and private interests ought not to stand in the way of great public and national advantages.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, Bevil Junior’s *Lodgings*.

Bevil jun. *with a Letter in his Hand,*
follow’d by Tom, (his servant.)

Tom. **U**PON my Life, Sir, I know nothing of the Matter: I never open’d my Lips to Mr. *Myrtle*, about any Thing of your Honour’s * Letter to Madam *Lucinda*.

Bev. jun. What’s the Fool in such a Fright for? I don’t suppose you did: What I would know is, whether Mr. *Myrtle* shew’d any Suspicion, or ask’d you any Questions, to lead you to say casually, that you had carry’d any such Letter, for me, this Morning.

D 3

Tom.

* *Honour* the title of a man of rank.

Tom. Why, Sir, if he did ask me any Questions, how could I help it?

Bev. jun. I don't say you could, Oaf! I am not questioning you, but him: What did he say to you?

Tom. Why, Sir, when I came to his Chambers, to be dress'd for the Lawyer's Part, your Honour was pleas'd to put me upon, he ask'd me, if I had been at Mr. *Sealand's* this Morning? — So I told him, Sir, I often went thither — because, Sir, if I had not said that, he might have thought there was something more in my going now, than at another time.

Bex. jun. Very Well! — The Fellow's Caution, I find, has given him this Jealousy. (*Aside.*) Did he ask you no other Questions?

Tom. Yes, Sir — now I remember, as we came away, in the Hackney-Coach, from Mr. *Sealona's*, *Tom*, says he, as I came in to your Master this Morning, he bade you go for an Answer to a Letter he had sent. Pray did you bring him any? says he — Ah! says I, Sir, your Honour is pleas'd to joke with me, you have a Mind to know whether I can keep a Secret or no?

Bev. jun. And so by shewing him you could, you told him you had one?

Tom. Sir — (*Confus'd.*)

Bev. jun. What mean Actions does Jealousy make a Man stoop to? How poorly has he us'd Art, with a Servant, to make him betray

tray his Master? Well! and when did he give you this Letter for me?

Tom. Sir, he writ it, before he pull'd off his Lawyer's Gown, at his own Chambers.

Bev. jun. Very well; and what did he say, when you brought him my Answer to it?

Tom. He look'd a little out of Humour, Sir, and said, it was very well.

Bev. jun. I knew he would be grave upon't, — wait without.

Tom. Hum! 'gad I don't like this; I am afraid we are in the wrong Box here —

(*Exit. Tom.*)

Bev. jun. I put on a Serenity, while my Fellow was present: But I have never been more thoroughly disturb'd; this hot Man! to write me a Challenge, on supposed artificial Dealing, when I profess'd myself his Friend! I can live contented without Glory; but I can not suffer Shame. What's to be done? But first, let me consider *Lucinda's* Letter again.

(*Reads.*)

S I R,

I Hope it is consistent with the Laws a Woman ought to impose upon herself, to acknowledge, that your Manner of declining a Treaty of Marriage, in our Family, and desiring the Refusal may come from me, has something more engaging in it, than the Courtship of him who, I fear, will fall to my Lot; except your Friend exerts himself, for our common Safety and Happiness:

piness: I have Reasons for desiring, Mr. Myrtle may not know of this Letter, till hereafter, and am your most obliged humble Servant,

Lucinda Sealand.

Well, but the Postscript. (Reads.

I won't, upon second Thoughts, hide any Thing from you. But, my Reason of concealing this is, That Mr. Myrtle has a Jealousy in his Temper which gives me some Terrors; but my Esteem for him inclines me to hope that only an ill Effect, which sometimes accompanies a tender Love; and what may be cur'd by a careful and unblameable Conduct.

Thus has this Lady made me her Friend and Confident, and put herself in a kind, under my Protection: I cannot tell him immediately, the Purport of her Letter, except I could cure him of the violent and untractable Passion of Jealousy, and to serve him and her, by disobeying her, in the Article of Secrecy, more than I should by complying with her Directions-- But then this Duelling, which Custom has impos'd upon every Man, who would live with Reputation and Honour in the World: — How must I preserve myself from Imputations there? He'll, forsooth, call it, or think it, Fear, if I explain without fighting — But his Letter — I'll read it again —

S I R,

YOU have us'd me basely, in corresponding, and carrying on a Treaty, where you told me

me you were indifferent : I have chang'd my Sword since I saw you, which Advertisement I thought proper to send you, against the next Meeting between you and the injur'd

Charles Myrtle.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Mr. Myrtle, Sir: would your Honour please to see him?

Bev. jun. Why, you stupid Creature! Let Mr. Myrtle wait at my Lodgings! Shew him up. (*Exit. Tom.*) Well! I am resolv'd upon my Carriage to him — He is in Love, and in every Circumstance of Life a little distrustful, which I must allow for — but here he is.

Enter Tom introducing Myrtle.

Sir, I am extremely oblig'd to you for this Honour, — But, Sir, you with your very discerning Face, leave the Room. (*Exit Tom.*) Well, Mr. Myrtle, your Commands with me?

Myrt. The Time, the Place, our long Acquaintance, and many other Circumstances, which affect me on this Occasion, oblige me, without any Ceremony, or Conference, to desire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the Receipt of my Letter, but also comply with the Request in it. I must have farther Notice taken of my Message than these half Lines, — I have yours, — I shall be at home —

Bev. jun. Sir, I own, I have received a Letter from you, in a very unusual Stile; but

as I design every Thing, in this Matter, shall be your own Action, your own seeking, I shall understand nothing, but what you are pleas'd to confirm, Face to Face, and I have already forgot the Contents of your Epistle.

Myrt. This cool Manner is very agreeable to the Abuse you have already made of my Simplicity and Frankness; and I see your Moderation tends to your own Advantage, and not mine, to your own Safety, not Consideration of your Friend.

Bev. jun. My own Safety, Mr. *Myrtle*.

Myrt. Your own Safety, Mr. *Bevil*.

Bev. jun. Look you, Mr. *Myrtle*, there's no disguising that I understand what you would be at — But, Sir, you know, I have often dared to disapprove of the Decisions a Tyrant Custom has introduc'd, to the Breach of all Laws, both divine and human.

Myrt. Mr. *Bevil*, Mr. *Bevil*, it would be a good first Principle, in those who have so tender a Conscience that Way, to have as much Abhorrence of doing Injuries, as —

Bev. jun. As what?

Myrt. As Fear of answering for 'em.

Bev. jun. As Fear of Answering for 'em! But that Apprehension is just or blameable, according to the Object of that Fear — I have often told you in Confidence of Heart, I abhorr'd the Daring to offend the Author of Life, and rushing into his Presence — I say, by the very
same

same Act, to commit the Crime against him, and immediately to urge on to his Tribunal.

Myrt. Mr. *Bevil*, I must tell you, this Coolness, this Gravity, this Shew of Conscience, shall never cheat me of my Mistress. You have, indeed, the best Excuse for Life, the Hopes of possessing *Lucinda*: But, consider, Sir, I have as much Reason to be weary of it, if I am to lose her; and my first Attempt to recover her, shall be to let her see the dauntless Man, who is to be her Guardian and Protector.

Bev. jun. Sir, shew me but the least Glimpse of Argument, that I am authoris'd, by my own Hand to vindicate any lawless Insult of this Nature, and I will shew thee — to chastize thee — hardly deserves the Name of Courage — flight, inconsiderate Man! — There is, Mr. *Myrtle*, no such Terror in quick Anger; and you shall, you know not why, be cool, as you have, you know not why, been warm.

Myrt. Is the Woman one loves, so little an Occasion of Anger? You, perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have your ready, your commodious, your foreign Trinket*, for your loose Hours; and from your Fortune, your specious outward Carriage, and other lucky Circumstances, as easy a Way to the Possession of a Woman of Honour; you know nothing of what it is to be alarm'd, to be distracted, with anxiety and Terror of losing more than

* meaning his mistress.

than Life: Your Marriage, happy Man! goes on like common Business, and in the Interim, you have your rambling Captive, your *Indian* Princess, for your soft Moments of Dalliance, your convenient, your ready *Indiana*.

Bev. jun. You have touched me beyond the Patience of a Man; and I'm excusable in the Guard of Innocence (or from the Infirmary of human Nature which can bear no more) to accept your Invitation, and observe your Letter — Sir, I'll attend you.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Did you call, Sir? I thought you did: I heard you speak aloud.

Bev. jun. Yes, go call a Coach.

Tom. Sir, — Master — Mr. *Myrtle*, — Gentlemen — What d'ye mean? I am but a Servant, or —

Bev. jun. Call a Coach. *(Exit Tom.*

(A long Pause, walking sullenly by each other.

(Aside) Shall I (though provok'd to the uttermost) recover myself at the Entrance of a third Person, and that my Servant too, and not have Respect enough to all I have ever been receiving from Infancy, the Obligation to the best of Fathers, to an unhappy Virgin too, whose Life depends on mine.

(Shutting the Door.

(To Myrtle.) I have, thank Heaven, had Time to recollect myself, and shall not, for fear of what such a rash Man as you think of me, keep longer unexplain'd the false Appearances,

ances under which your Infirmary of Temper makes you suffer; when, perhaps too much Regard to a false Point of Honour, makes me prolong that Suffering.

Myrt. I am sure, Mr. *Bevil* cannot doubt but I had rather have Satisfaction from his Innocence, than his Sword.

Bev. jun. Why then would you ask it first that Way?

Myrt. Consider, you kept your Temper yourself no longer than till I spoke to the Disadvantage of her you lov'd.

Bev. jun. True. But let me tell you, I have saved you from the most exquisite Distress, even tho' you had succeeded in the Dispute: I know you so well, that I am sure, to have found this Letter about a Man you had kill'd, would have been worse than Death to yourself — Read it — When he is throughly mortify'd, and Shame has got the better of Jealousy, when he has seen himself throughly, he will deserve to be assisted towards obtaining *Lucinda*.

Myrt. With what a Superiority has he turn'd the Injury on me, as the Aggressor? I begin to fear I have been too far transported — *A Treaty in our Family!* is not that saying too much? I shall relapse — But I find (on the Postscript) *something like Jealousy* — with what Face can I see my Benefactor? my Advocate? whom I have treated like a Betrayer. — Oh! *Bevil*, with what Words shall I —

Bev.

Bev. jun. There needs none; to convince, is much more than to conquer.

Myrt. But can you —

Bev. jun. You have o'erpaid the Inquietude you gave me, in the Change I see in you towards me: Alas! what Machines are we! thy Face is alter'd to that of another Man; to that of my Companion, my Friend.

Myrt. That I could be such a precipitant Wretch!

Bev. jun. Pray no more.

Myrt. Let me reflect how many Friends have died, by the Hands of Friends, for want of Temper; and you must give me Leave to say again, and again, how much I am beholden to that superior Spirit you have subdu'd me with — what had become of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of Reason?

Bev. jun. I congratulate to us both the Escape from ourselves, and hope the Memory of it will make us dearer Friends than ever.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil*, your friendly Conduct has convinc'd me that there is nothing manly, but what is conducted by Reason, and agreeable to the Practice of Virtue and Justice, and yet, how many have been sacrific'd to that Idol, the unreasonable Opinion of Men! Nay, they are so ridiculous in it, that they often use their Swords against each other, with dissembled Anger, and real Fear.

Betray'd

Betray'd by Honour, and compell'd by Shame,
 They hazard Being, to preserve a Name:
 Nor dare inquire into the dread Mistake,
 'Till plung'd in sad Eternity they Wake.

(*Exeunt.*)

Remarks on Dress.

It is a general observation, that the character and disposition of every man may, in some degree, be guessed at from the formation and turn of his features; or, in other words, that the face is an index of the mind. This remark is certainly not without foundation; nevertheless, as men do not make themselves; but yet are masters of their wills and actions, frequent instances happen, in which this rule is found to fail, and appearances contradict reality.

I have often thought that a surer way might be found of discovering the secret notions and bias of each person; and that instead of consulting the physiognomy, we were to have recourse to such things as are the immediate objects of choice and fancy, we should arrive at a truer knowledge of the person who adopts them. The best clue we can lay hold of for this purpose is, in my opinion, the different modes of covering and adorning the body, or whatever is comprised under the idea of *Dress*. The Spanilh proverb says, "Tell me what books a man reads, and what company he

he keeps, and I will tell you what manner of man he is". It may be said with equal propriety, "Tell me how such a person *dresses*, and I will tell you what he is". In fact, nature herself, by the appertenances and ornaments which she bestows on different animals, seems to shadow and point out their latent qualities. Who can see the peacock strut and spread his gaudy train, without conceiving an idea of the pride and vanity of that *fop* among birds! The lion, wrapped up in the majesty of his mane, fills us with notions of the grandeur and nobleness of his nature. It is the same with men. What nature gives to irrational animals, man, by the help of art, supplies to himself; and in the choice and arrangement of his *Dress*, speaks his real notions and sentiments. In the theatre, which is the glass of fashion, and the picture of the world, it is well known, that a strict attention is always paid to what is called the *Dressing* of the characters. The *miser* has his thread-bare coat; the *fop* his grey powder, *solitaire*, and red heel: each character hanging out a sign, as it were, in his *Dress*, which proclaims to the audience the nature of his part, even before he utters a word. The impression which this outward appearance makes upon the mind, is so strong, that States and Governments have availed themselves of it for good and wise purposes. It is certain that the ignorant and vulgar part of mankind are most easily captivated

vated by what strikes the sight. Love, it is said, enters in at the eyes: and I am apt to think, that most of the other passions enter into the mind through the same passage. Hence the necessity of applying to this sense; and hence the origin of *Dress*, and the pomp of Kings, Magistrates and others, calculated (according to Milton) only *to dazzle the proud, and set them all agape.*

Among the numberless instances that might be brought in proof of this assertion, I have however remarked one, in which the means do not seem to me to answer the end proposed, or at least that ought to be proposed by them. The instance I mean is, the *Regimentals* or *uniform* and particular clothes now worn at our Universities. One would imagine from contemplating the profession of the Students, that whatever could most contribute towards giving a *serious graceful air and look*, whatever could impress on the spectator's mind an idea of *wisdom and learning*, would be deemed most proper to furnish out the appearance of those, who are devoted to superintend one day their own country, and be the supporters of *Religion and Justice.* And yet, who will say that our Students speak their profession in any degree by their *Dress*? The *red*, in which many are clothed, tho' devoted to Divinity, conveys rather an idea of a sol-

dier *, than a Divine. And what can be said of the other articles of their *Dress*. Who that sees any of them so elaborately and splendidly trimmed out, would not be apt to think by their appearance, that they were only sent to the University to grace some publick festivals, or to wait on Ladies? When Croesus, the Lydian King, displayed his heaps of treasure to Solon, the Philosopher told him, that whoever had more *iron* would soon be master of all his *gold*; intimating that show and pomp were of no account, compared to what was really useful. To adapt this to our present purpose, would not a good plain *Dress* be more becoming, than all the *gold* and *silver* lace on their clothes, without a *brass* farthing ** in their pockets? Would not it be better to buy necessary books, and pay for their lectures, and honest tradesmens just demands, preferably to all that superfluous *finery*, that runs from the highest to the lowest? To ask a plain question, where is the need of all this *finery*? Will it (as Sir Wm. P. says) *pay debts*? no. Will it *give learning*? No. Will it *inspire Wisdom*? No. It is then of no manner of use to Students. It can neither be designed to distinguish them as *Knights belonging to some order*, of their own making, (another pernicious custom crept into our

* *The Regimentals in England are generally red.*

** *is the lowest coin in England making about two Pf. in this country.*

our Universities) since all possible endeavours are used to rout these poor insignificant *Knights*.

I can neither look on our Gentlemen of the University curled and powdered with so much exactness , without wondering at their patience to sit mornings and nights an hour and longer under the hands of a greasy wigmaker's boy. Could not that time be better bestowed? The ancient *Britons*, instead of curling and powdering their hair, wore it loose, like the Lacedemonians, who always combed it down to its full extend: But if our Academians do not approve of that method, and must needs be curled and powdered, let them do it themselves, to save time and money, or if they have not the skill, or are too commodious, let them have their hair cropt, or get high periwigs, as the Ladies in some countries wear, which last long, and require but little time to put on-

If any gentleman, in his serious moments, should, in perusing this, happen to reflect on the money he squandered away on these silly insignificant *fopperies*, besides the time lost with the hair dresser, would not he acknowledge his thoughtlessness with shame and regret, and begin a total reformation?

I am now well assured that some of these finical Gentlemen will say, what would this fellow have us then be *slovens*? To which I am not at a loss for an answer. By no means. *Dress* yourselves clean and decent, every one suitably

to his calling, without any tinsel or gaudiness: nor ever venture, as some unthinking ones have done, scandalously to appear covered only with a great coat or cloak without *breeches*; which is carrying the extreme to far on the other side. In short, I would neither have them be *jessamies* nor *slovens*, but keep a medium. Now to convince these Sons of the Muses of my good intent, I cannot conclude without earnestly advising them withall to frequent their Lectures eagerly, not play the truant *, as too often happens; and to cultivate and improve their minds with a strict application to their several studies, that, after having acquired the knowledge they were sent for, they may return home with a JOYFUL HEART to the comfort of their Parents and Relations.

Cantabrigius.

A useful calculation.

THE following calculation, to shew how vast an opportunity of improving ourselves is *too frequently* neglected, I thought it might be some entertainment, as well as matter of reflection, for the curious Reader.

The difference between rising every morning at six, and at eight, in the course of forty years,

* to play the truant is what they call at the German Universities *Schwänzen*.

years, (supposing a person to go to bed at the same times he otherwise would) amounts to 29, 200 hours, or 3 years, 121 days, 16 hours; which will afford 8 hours a day, for exactly 10 years: So that 'tis just the same as if 10 years of life (a weighty consideration!) were to be added; in which we might command 8 hours every day for the cultivation of our own minds in *knowledge* and *virtue*, or the dispatch of *other* business.

N. B. This calculation is made without regard to the *bissextile*, which reduces it to 3 years, 111 days, 16 hours.

*An account of some preservatives
(with their processes) against hunger and
thirst, equal perhaps in virtue to the
French alimentary powder.*

There were some compositions in vogue among the ancients, for averting the direful effects of hunger and thirst, and were held by them to be extremely necessary in time of scarcity, long voyages, and warlike expeditions, and, as times go now, may be very useful at Academies. Pliny says, that a small portion of some thing allays the hunger and thirst, and preserves strength, such as butter, cheese made of mare's milk, and liquorish *

E 3

The

* *Liquorish*, Radix dulcis, Liquiritia. This is one
of

The American Indians use a composition of the juice of tobacco, with calcined shells of snails, cockles, oysters, &c. which they make into pills, and dry in the shade. Whenever they go upon a long journey, and are likely to be destitute of provisions by the way, they put one of these pills between the lower lip and the teeth, and by swallowing what they suck from it, feel neither hunger, thirst, nor fatigue, for four or five days together.

The following composition is an extract from a manuscript scholium on a book of Heron in the vatican library; and one much to the same effect, with some others, may be seen in Philo's fifth book of military affairs. It was reputed an exceeding nutritive medicament, and also very effectual for banishing thirst. Both the besiegers of cities, and the besieged, fed upon it in time of extremity, and called it the Epimenidian Composition from the sea onion, which was an ingredient in its composition. The process is thus: The sea onion being boiled, washed with water, and afterwards dried, it was cut into very thin slices, to which a fifth part of sesame * was added, and a fifteenth

of the principal sweets, almost the only one of the common substances of that class, which tends to abate thirst: this propriety was known to the Greeks, who employed it, as Galen observes, in hydropic cases, for alleviating the desire of drinking. It is also useful in defluxions of the breast.

* Sesame is a white grain or corn growing in India, whereof oil is made.

teenth of poppy; all which being mixed and worked up into a mass with honey, the whole was divided into portions, about the bigness of a walnut, whereof two in the day, taken morning and evening, were sufficient to prevent hunger and thirst.

There was another way of preparing it, by taking a pint of sesame, the same quantity of oil, and two quarts of unshelled sweet almonds; when the sesame was dried, and the almonds grounded, and sifted, the sea onions were to be peeled and sliced, the roots and leaves being cut off: then, pounding them in a mortar, till reduced to a pap, an equal part of honey was to be added, and both worked up with the oil: afterwards all the ingredients were to be put into a pot, on the fire, and stirred with a wooden ladle, till thoroughly mixed. When the mass acquired a solid consistence, it was taken off the fire, and formed into lozenges, of which two only, as above, were very sufficient for a day's subsistence.

Avicenna relates, that a person, setting out upon a journey, drank one pound of oil of violets, mixed with melted beef-suet, and afterwards continued fasting for ten days together, without the least hunger. He says, that the oil of almonds and beef-suet, will effect the same by their viscosity. Hence it was that this celebrated physician, who knew things more by unquestionable experiments, than by idle speculations and conjectures, prescribed the following

composition, which in time of famine, by sea or land, might be extremely serviceable.

Take of sweet almonds, unshell'd, one pound, the like quantity of melted beef-suet; of oil of violets, two ounces; a sufficient quantity of mucilage; and of the roots of marsh-mallows one ounce: let all together be brayed in a mortar, and made into bolusses about the bigness of a common nut.

They must be kept so as to prevent their melting by the heat of the sun.

Ill consequences of running in Debt.

(*Spect. No. 82.*)

PASSING under *Ludgate* * the other day, I heard a voice bawling for charity. which I thought I had somewhere heard before. Coming near to the grate, the prisoner called me by my name, and desired I would throw something into the box: I was out of countenance for him, and did as he bid me, by putting in half a crown **. I went away, reflecting upon the strange constitution of some men, and how meanly they behave themselves in all sorts of conditions. The person who begged of me is now, as

* One of the City gates of London, and prison for debtors only.

** Half a crown is a piece of money of about 18 Gr. value of this Country.

as I take it, fifty : I was well acquainted with him till about the age of twenty-five ; at which time a good estate fell to him by the death of a relation. Upon coming to this unexpected good fortune, he ran into all the extravagancies imaginable ; was frequently in drunken disputes, broke drawers heads, talked and swore loud, was unmannerly to those above him, and insolent to those below him. I could not but remark, that it was the same baseness of spirit which worked in his behaviour in both fortunes : the same little mind was insolent in riches, and shameless in poverty. This accident made me muse upon the circumstance of being in debt in general, and solve in my mind what tempers were most apt to fall into this error of life, as well as the misfortune it must needs be to languish under such pressures. As for myself, my natural aversion to that sort of conversation which makes a figure with the generality of mankind, exempts me from any temptations to expence ; and all my business lies within a very narrow compass, which is only to give an honest man who takes care of my estate, proper vouchers for his quarterly payments to me, and observe what linen my laundress brings and takes away with her once a week : my steward brings his receipt ready for my signing ; and I have a pretty implement with the respective names of shirts, cravats, handkerchiefs and stockings, with proper numbers to know how to reckon with my laundress.

This being almost all the business I have in the world for the care of my own affairs, I am at full leisure to observe upon what others do, with relation to their equipage and œconomy.

WHEN I walk the street, and observe the hurry about me in this town,

*Where with like haste, thro' diff'rent ways they run;
Some to undo, and some to be undone;*

I say, when I behold this vast variety of persons and humours, with the pains they both take for the accomplishment of the ends mentioned in the above verses of *Denham*, I cannot much wonder at the endeavour after gain, but am extremely astonished that men can be so insensible of the danger of running into debt. One would think it impossible, a man, who is given to contract debts, should know, that his creditor has, from that moment in which he transgresses payment, so much as that demand comes to in his debtor's honour, liberty, and fortune. One would think he did not know, that his creditor can say the worst thing imaginable of him, to wit, *That he is unjust*, without defamation; and can seize his person, without being guilty of an assault. Yet such is the loose and abandoned turn of some mens minds, that they can live under these constant apprehensions, and still go on to increase the cause of them. Can there be a more low and servile condition, than to be ashamed or afraid, to see any one man breathing? yet he that is much
in

in debt, is in that condition with relation to twenty different people. There are indeed circumstances wherein men of honest natures may become liable to debts, by some unadvised behaviour in any great point of their life, or mortgaging a man's honesty as a security for that of another, and the like; but these instances are so particular and circumstantiated, that they cannot come within general considerations: for one such case as one of these, there are ten, where a man, to keep up a farce of retinue and grandeur within his own house, shall shrink at the expectation of surly demands at his doors. The debtor is the creditor's criminal, and all the officers of power and state, whom we behold make so great a figure, are no other than so many persons in authority to make good his charge against him. Human society depends upon his having the vengeance law allots him; and the debtor owes his liberty to his neighbour, as much as the murderer does his life to his prince.

OUR gentry are, generally speaking, in debt; and many families have put it into a kind of method of being so from generation to generation. The father mortgages when his son is very young; and the boy is to marry as soon as he is at age, to redeem it, and find portions for his sisters. This, forsooth, is no great inconvenience to him; for he may wench, keep a publick table, or feed dogs, like a worthy *English* gentleman, till he has out-run half his

his estate, and leave the same incumbrance upon his first-born, and so on, till one man of more vigour than ordinary goes quite through the estate, or some man of sense comes into it, and scorns to have an estate in partnership, that is to say, liable to the demand or insult of any man living. There is my friend Sir ANDREW, tho' for many years a great and general trader, was never the defendant in a lawsuit, in all the perplexity of business, and the iniquity of mankind at present: no one had any colour for the least complaint against his dealings with him. This is certainly as uncommon, and in its proportion as laudable in a citizen, as it is in a General never to have suffered a disadvantage in fight. How different from this gentleman is *Jack Truepenny*, who has been an old acquaintance of Sir ANDREW and myself from boys, but could never learn our caution. *Jack* has a whorish unresisting good-nature, which makes him incapable of having a property in any thing. His fortune, his reputation, his time and his capacity, are at any man's service that comes first. When he was at school, he was whipped thrice a week for faults he took upon him to excuse others; since he came into the business of the world, he has been arrested twice or thrice a year for debts he had nothing to do with, but as surety for others; and I remember when a friend of his had suffered in the vice of the town, all the physick his friend took was conveyed to him by *Jack*,
and

and inscribed, 'A bolus or an electuary for Mr. Truepenny.' Jack had a good estate left him which came to nothing; because he believed all who pretended to demands upon it. This easiness and credulity destroy all the other merit he has; and he has all his life been a sacrifice to others, without ever receiving thanks, or doing one good action.

I WILL end this discourse with a speech which I heard Jack make to one of his creditors, (of whom he deserved gentler usage) after lying a whole night in custody at his suit.

S I R,

YOUR ingratitude for the many kindnesses I have done you, shall not make me unthankful for the good you have done me, in letting me see there is such a man as you in the world. I am obliged to you for the diffidence I shall have all the rest of my life: *I shall hereafter trust no man so far as to be in his debt.*

The Life of Samuel BUTLER Author of Hudibras.

SAMUEL Butler was the son of a considerable farmer, and was born at Shenham, in Worcestershire, in the year 1612. He had the first part of his education at the free school of Worcester, under the care of Mr. Henry Bright,
from

from whence he went to Cambridge, and continued there for six or seven years; but was never matriculated in that University. When he returned to his native county, he became clerk to Mr. Jefferys, of Earls-Croom, an eminent justice of the peace, with whom he lived for several years, and during that time, by the indulgence of a kind master, had sufficient leisure to apply himself to his favourite studies, history and poetry, and diverted himself with musick and painting; He made such progress in the latter, that Mr. Samuel Cooper, one of the best painters of that age, held him in very great esteem. He was afterwards in the service of the counts of Kent, where he not only had the happiness of consulting a good library, but of conversing with the great Mr. Selden, who frequently employed him to write letters to foreign parts, and to translate for him. He lived some time, likewise, with Sir Samuel Luke, a gentleman of Bedfordshire, and a famous commander under Cromwell. About this time, and in this service, he wrote his inimitable Hudibras, wherein he has sarcastically lashed the hypocrisy and nonsense of the sectaries of those days, and Sir Samuel is supposed to be the hero he characterises, under the appellation of Hudibras.

After the restoration, he was constituted secretary to the earl of Carberry, lord president of Wales, who appointed him steward of Ludlow castle, when the court was revived there;

there ; and near that time he married one Mrs. Herbert, and was soon after secretary to the duke of Buckingham, then chancellor of the university of Cambridge ; tho' this last circumstance is not allowed by some writers.

It was the fortune of this great wit and poet, tho' admired by all, to meet with little encouragement, after abundance of court promises ; and though Charles II. was so excessive fond of his Hudibras, that he always carried it in his pocket, quoted it on every occasion, and never mentioned it but with raptures. The only favour upon record, that ever he received of that monarch, was a gratuity of £100 with the complement of its passing all the offices without fees.

The excellent lord Buckhurst, earl of Dorset, was one of his friends, and perhaps his first introduction to that nobleman was, as related in a late collection, viz *. That the earl having a great desire to spend an evening with him as a private gentleman, prevailed with Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him into his company at a tavern which they used, in the character only of a common friend ; this being done, Mr. Butler, while the first bottle was drinking, appeared very flat and heavy ; at the second bottle extremely brisk and lively, full

* *The Tell-Tale, or Anecdotes expressive of Characters of Persons eminent for Rank, Learning, &c. In two Volumes.*

full of wit and learning, and a most pleasant, agreeable companion; but before the third bottle was finished, sunk again into such stupidity and dullness, that hardly any body could have believed him to be the author of a poem, that abounded with so much wit, learning, and pleasantry. Next morning Mr. Shepherd asked his lordship's opinion of Mr. Butler, who answered, "He is like a nine-pin little at both ends, but great in the middle."

He had also promises of places and pensions from lord chancellor Clarendon; but these proved mere court delusions.

After having lived to a good old age, personally known but to few, he died, Sept. 25. 1680, and was buried at the expence of Mr. Longueville of the Temple, in the churchyard of St. Paul's Covent-Garden. The late Mr. alderman Barber erected a monument to his memory many years after, in Westminster-Abbey, on which occasion the following epigram was written.

Whilst Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give;
But lo behold! when dead, the mouldring
dust,
Rewarded, by a monumental bust!
A poet's fate, in emblem here is shewn,
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd — a
stone.

Hudi.

Hudibras, by which he acquired such a reputation, was published at three different times; the first part in 1686 sometime after the second, and the last part in 1678. A poem, that, as Voltaire says, has as many thoughts as words in it; a poem that will be admired as long as there are any traces of wit and learning in the nation, and that will be a lasting satire upon the hypocrites, who in those days, or since, have intruded upon mankind, superstition for religion, and hypocrisy and cant for godliness and grace. Many other pieces, said to be written by Butler, are published together, under the title of his posthumous works.

The Life of Professor SAUNDERSON.

His father was possessed of a small estate, besides which he enjoy'd a place in the excise many years. *Nicholas*, who was the eldest of several children, was born at *Thurlston* near *Peniston* in *Yorkshire* in *January* 1682, and when he was about a year old, the small pox deprived him not of his sight only, but of his eyes, both which came away by an abscess. After this accident, therefore, he could be sensible of no difference between noon and midnight, the strongest sun shine and the deepest darkness; nor had he any remembrance of the perceptions that he had lost; for he has been frequently heard to declare, that he had

no more idea of light and colour than if he had been blind from his birth.

When knowledge is thus at one entrance quite shut out, it is no wonder that an inquisitive mind should attend her at other avenues with greater diligence. It is not therefore strange that *Saunderson* should be able nicely to distinguish sounds; neither is it strange, that he should, by an application to them, from which those who see are diverted, be able to account for their origin, progress, modulation and effects, but that he should be able to treat as a philosopher, of what he could not perceive, is in the highest degree astonishing; and yet that he would explain and illustrate all the principles of opticks, with the utmost perspicuity and exactness, is a truth too well established to be disputed.

He was sent very early to the grammar school at *Penniston*, and tho' instead of reading himself, he could only listen to another, yet he soon made a considerable progress in classical learning.

Virgil and *Horace* were his favourites among the *Roman* writers, and he would quote them in conversation with great propriety, and without any appearance of pedantry. But *Euclid*, *Arthimedes*, and *Diophantus*, and some other mathematicians, were the authors he chiefly studied in the *Greek* language. He was afterwards taught arithmetick by his father, and was soon able to make very long calculations
by

by the strength of his memory, and to invent new rules for the solution of arithmetical problems, with greater readiness and facility.

With these acquisitions, at the age of eighteen, Mr. *West*, a neighbouring gentleman, taught him the principles of algebra and geometry, in which good work he was assisted by Dr. *Nettleton*, who not only furnished him with books, but frequently expounded them to him. His father was extremely desirous to improve his love of knowledge, and capacity to acquire it, as the only probable means of his subsistence; but as he had a large family and a small income, he could not afford to send him to *Oxford* or *Cambridge*, and therefore placed him at a little academy in a village called *Attercliff*, near *Sheffield*. Here he made himself master of logick and metaphysics in a short time, and then, as nothing else was taught there, he left the place.

From this time he prosecuted his studies merely by the force of his own genius, and never failed to obviate whatever difficulty obstructed his progress. Hitherto he had been supported by his father; but his friends were now determined, if possible, to put him in some way of maintaining himself. In this, his inclination was consulted, tho' there was indeed but little in the power of his choice. It was however at length agreed that he should go to *Cambridge*, and teach philosophy in that university. At *Cambridge* therefore he made his first appearance

in a very extraordinary character, and was perhaps the only person that ever first entered an university, not to receive but communicate knowledge. He was not admitted of any college, but chose *Christ Church* for his residence, where his intimate friend, Mr. *Josbua Dun*, was then a fellow commoner*. The society, who were much pleased with so extraordinary a guest, allotted him an apartment, gave him the use of their library, and admitted him to every other privilege of a member. Still, however, he had many difficulties to conquer; he was but 25 years of age, he had no fortune, and he was to teach philosophy, where he had but one friend, and where Mr. *Whiston*, the most eminent mathematician of his time, was in the chair.

But Mr. *Whiston's* influence and merit, circumstances which were most likely to frustrate his attempt, were, on the contrary, greatly instrumental in its success. Mr. *Whiston* was remarkably good-natured, and a great encourager of that learning in others for which he was so distinguished himself; and therefore, instead of prohibiting Mr. *Saunderson*, as it was his interest, and in his power to do, he gave him not only his express permission to read lectures, but recommended him whenever an opportunity offered.

His lecture, as soon as opened, was so crowded, that he found it difficult to divide the

* *A fellow commoner* is the first rank of students.

the day amongst all who applied for his instructions. He set out with an explanation of Sir *Isaac Newton's* opticks, an attempt so extraordinary for a blind man, that several foreigners have doubted the truth of it. From opticks he proceeded regularly to explain the rest of Sir *Isaac's* works, and in a little time became very intimate with the incomparable author himself.

Mr. *Saunderson* had not been long in this situation, before Mr *Whiston* was removed from his professorship for refusing certain compliances, which his avowed principles of *Arrianism* would not suffer him to make. Upon his removal, the superiority of *Saunderson's* merit was so evident, that a very uncommon step was taken, to qualify him with a degree, which the statutes required.

The heads of all the colleges, agreeable to the sense of the whole university, made application to the duke of *Somerset*, then chancellor, who together with Sir *Isaac Newton*, and some other persons of eminence, waited on queen *Anne*, to intercede for a mandate for a master's degree, which her majesty, with her usual condescension and goodness, was pleased to grant.

Upon this he was chosen professor of the mathematicks in November 1711. His first performance after this preferment was an inauguration speech, written with great spirit, and in very elegant *Latin*, which he delivered in a most engaging manner, and which gained him universal applause.

At the close of the speech he added a long encomium on the mathematicks, shewing the excellence and advantage of this above every other method of reasoning. This occasioned him some obloquy; and, to own the truth, he was not very easy of assent to certain propositions, which do not in their nature admit of mathematical proof.

In the year 1722, he took a house in *Cambridge*, and soon after married a daughter of the reverend Mr. *William Dickons*, rector of *Bosworth* in the county of *Cambridge*, by whom he had a son and a daughter, both now living.

In the year 1728 his present majesty, after a tour to *Newmarket*, honoured the university with a visit. He signified his desire of seeing the professor. The professor accordingly waited on his majesty, and attended him to the senate house, where he was created a doctor of the civil laws, on his majesty's command, by the chancellor himself in person.

For eleven years after this event, Dr. *Saunderson* continued his lectures with great honour to the university and emolument to himself; but on the 19th of *April* 1739, in the 57th year of his age, he died of a mortification in his foot.

He was naturally of a strong constitution, and of a disposition extremely athletick. He loved riding passionately, and would follow a pack of hounds not only with ardour but desperation: He was, however, so much engaged with

with his pupils, that it was not often he could thus indulge himself: and it was thought that his way of life, which of necessity was sedentary, brought on that scorbutick habit, which terminated in an incurable mortification.

He was so excellent and facetious a companion, that it was impossible to be melancholy in his company, and his discourse was so frequently enlivened with allusions to objects of sight, that there appeared no defect of the blind man. Amongst his pupils he was very entertaining and familiar, but was excessively exasperated if they did not pay due attention to his lectures. On this account the gentlemen commoners and noblemen gave him great offence, and he said in a passion one day, "that if he was to go to hell, his punishment would be to read lectures in the mathematicks to the gentlemen commoners of that university."

He had many contrivances to supply the want of sight. He had a board bored with holes, at the equal distance of half an inch, in each of which was a pin, so that by drawing a piece of twine round the heads of these pins, he could produce all rectilinear figures, more readily than with a pen. He had another board with holes made for pins of different sizes, by the help of which he used to make his calculations. His ear and touch were exquisitely fine. He could distinguish the fifth part of a note, and was an admirable performer

mer an the flute. He could judge of the size of a room by the sound it made, from the stamp of his foot, and never forgot the tone of any person's voice, with whom he had ever conversed.

*The abuse of understanding and learning
censured. (Spect. No. 6.)*

I KNOW no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes, and all qualities of mankind, and there is hardly that person to be found, who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the aukward imitation of the rest of mankind.

FOR this reason Sir ROGER was saying last night, that he was of opinion, none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged. The reflexions of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment, for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds
in

in such a manner, that they are no more shocked at vice and folly, than men of flower capacities. There is no greater monster in being, than a very ill man of great parts: he lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While, perhaps, he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of good-will, of friendship, of innocence. Scarecrow, the beggar in *Lincoln's inn-fields* *, who disabled himself in his right leg, and asks alms all day, to get himself a warm supper and a trull and night, is not half so despicable a wretch as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish above sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than motion: and while he has a warm fire and his doxy, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. Every man who terminates his satisfactions and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions, is, says Sir ROGER, in my eye, as poor a rogue as Scarecrow. But, continued he, for the loss of publick and private virtue, we are beholden to your men of parts forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it be done with an air. But to me, who am so whimsical in a corrupt age, as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish man, in the most shining circumstance and equipage, appears in the same condition with the fellow abovementioned, but more contemptible, in

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* a large open place in the heart of London.

proportion to what more he robs the publick of, and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a rule, that the whole man is to move together; that every action of any importance, is to have a prospect of publick good; and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions, ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good breeding; without this, a man, as I before have hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper motion.

WHILE the honest knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked attentively upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. What I aim at, says he, is to represent, that I am of opinion, to polish our understandings, and neglect our manners, is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion, but, instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man. This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular persons, but at some times of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination, that the most polite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themselves, without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon men of honest
minds

minds and true taste. Sir Richard Blackmore says, with as much good sense as virtue, *It is a mighty dishonour and shame to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit to humour and please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelick faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation.* He goes on soon after to say very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem *to rescue the muses out of the hands of ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions, and to engage them in an employment suitable to their dignity.* This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in publick, and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation, injures his country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex, and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis, and we shall be, ever after, without rules to guide our judgment, in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humour another; to follow the dictates of the two latter, is going into a road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other, our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks can easily see, that the affectation of being gay and in fashion, has very
near

near eaten up our good sense and our religion. Is there any thing so just, as that mode and gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of justice and piety among us? And yet, is there any thing more common than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other pretension, than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of superiors is founded, methinks, upon instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as age? I make this abrupt transition to the mention of this vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

‘It happened at Athens, during a publick representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat: the good man bustled through the croud accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close, and expose him, as he stood out of coun-

‘countenance, to the whole audience. The
 ‘frolick went round all the Athenian benches.
 ‘But on those occasions, there were also parti-
 ‘cular places assigned for foreigners; when the
 ‘good man sculked towards the boxes ap-
 ‘pointed for the Lacedæmonians, that honest
 ‘people, more virtuous than polite, rose up
 ‘all to a man, and with the greatest respect
 ‘received him among them. The Athenians
 ‘being suddenly touched with a sense of the
 ‘Spartan virtue, and their own degeneracy,
 ‘gave a thunder of applause; and the old man
 ‘cried out, *The Athenians understand what is*
 ‘*good, but the Lacedæmonians practise it.* R.

*A speech of a Ghost to a certain Club near
 St. J-s's (*)*

It was the dead hour of night. The sensible,
 the prudent, and the good, in undisturb'd
 repose now clos'd their eyes: But in yon fane,
 where impious rites are nightly paid to that
 strange forcerefs, whose malignant influence
 enslaves the noblest, and corrupts the best, all
 were awake. Enthron'd upon a gorgeous seat
 the

* Here is meant White's chocolate house, particularly
 notable for gaming, where all the great men daily
 meet for that purpose. This house is in St.
 James's street, not far from the King's Palace, call'd
 St. James's house.

the Daemon fate; doubt and anxiety were visible in her haggard looks, impatience and uneasiness in all her motions. She was attended by two pages, *Idleness* and *Folly*. On one side of her rose a pile of unopen'd cards, which *Idleness* distributed amongst her votaries: on the other was spread a loose disordered heap, on which lay *Folly* building them into castles. Her left hand held a box and dice, an ebon wand waved in her right, and whom she touched grew mad. From beneath her throne peep'd lurking *Avarice* big with expectation, and with an arm stretch'd out seem'd ready to seize a bag of gold; but *Fraud*, from under one of the altars where four pale votaries * fate in silent deep devotion, with a fly and quick conveyance, snatch'd it from his hand: Whilst *Laughter*, placing on the head of *Avarice* asses ears, points him to scorn; who with an arch, yet a malignant leer, exults at his disappointment.

The croud of worshippers were all intent on the mysteries of the place. There was profound silence. The tapers, instead of light, cast round a gloomy dimness. When, lo, a blaze of lightning flash'd upon them: a sudden burst of thunder shook the temple; and in the midst

* The word Votaries alludes to players at whist, which is a game at cards requiring close attention and silence. There can neither more nor less persons play at it, than four at a time.

midst of this astonish'd croud appeared the Ghost of — All rose affrighted — Fear shook their joints, and rais'd their trembling hands — they stood aghast — quick palpitations seized their hearts — they star'd with horror, and scarce dar'd to breathe: Whilst the pale phantom, in a hollow voice, thus spake with indignation.

Are these the great, the nobles of the land, the gentlemen, the Senators of *Britain*? These! who, like her meanest sons, like common sharpers, thus consume the night in riot and in gaming? Alas, poor *England*! what hast thou to hope, when those, who, by their birth, their fortune, and their situation, should look upon themselves as Guardians of the Commonwealth, thus spend their time like its most idle, base and worthless members? O reflect, consider with yourselves how meanly you're employ'd! The lowest wretches, the most abandoned profligates, whose names shall disgrace the annals of *Newgate* * in your future sessions-papers ** are at this hour employ'd like you. But far, far more excusable are they, whom want, perhaps, compels to try the meanest arts and shifts for a subsistence; or whose uncultivated minds are not prepared to relish or enjoy more rational amusements; far more excusable, I say, than you, whom education has form'd with her best care, whom fortune has

* *The principal Prison in London.*

** *which are commonly published.*

has blest'd with affluence, and placed, ah! blindly placed, above the common herd.

What, in the name of madness, is this itch, this plague, which thus infects your minds? is it the love of money? O! rather learn to cultivate your lands, if lands are yet in your possession; thus you with credit and with honesty may improve your patrimonies, and enlarge your incomes: But trust me, gentlemen, it is not all of you have parts enough to mend your fortunes by the mystery of gaming. This science, as the ingenious Mr. H—yle * will call it, and can well inform you, requires some genius, memory, application: and most of you have but a small pretence to any of all these. Some few indeed, who can descend to drudge and make a trade of it, and whom nice honour binds not with too strict a hand, such as Lord — Lord ** — the Earl of — and some others, may find or make it worth

* One Hoyle, who wrote a *Treatise of Whist, quadrille, piquet, chess and back gammon*. He published besides this an *Essay on the doctrine of chances*.

** Here the honest Ghost, knowing himself exempt from the law which punishes *Scandalum magnatum*, took the liberty of mentioning several noble names, which it would be rashness in a publisher to transcribe: he therefore leaves these blanks to be filled up by the reader, as he can meet with information; having no desire or intention to stigmatize particular characters or to offend any individual person.

worth their while, in point of profit, to continue gamesters; especially whilst they have such bubbles as you, my Lord — or you — — or you — — to exercise their precious talents upon, and to convince of their superior skill, or more refin'd dexterity: But what pretence have you to game, who, ignorant of the laws of chance, and know not the odds which lie against your fortune? Nay, grant your knowledge equal to the best, who but a madman or an idiot, would stake for happiness or misery upon the hazard of an equal chance?

But you will say perhaps, 'tis pleasure and amusement you pursue.' Absurd, insipid pleasure! Dear children, why do you not return to pushpin* or to marbles? or exercise yourselves at leap frog over each others backs down to St. James's house? 'Twere far less infamous, and not much more ridiculous, if fame speaks truth of all the silly pranks, the idle schemes, and poor contrivances, which your deprav'd imaginations have found out, to ruin and confound your fortunes. Convinc'd, it seems, and truly sensible, how worthless and inconsiderable you are, tho' utterly unable to make your lives valuable to the publick, you have contriv'd, by wagering highly on each others deaths, to make them of some value to yourselves and your companions. This, truly, is a kind expedient for you, who otherwise might one half of
you

* A child's play, in which pins are pushed alternately.

you have dy'd, and no man car'd three farthings *. Then you must strangely have perverted all good taste, or it can never be so exquisite a pleasure to toss up cross or pile with guineas; to bet whether a gentleman's coach or a hackney comes first along the street; to pluck out straws for fifty pounds a straw; to wager that a chair man — — but I forbear, thro' shame, thro' pity of your follies, to expose them. Are these, are such as these fit pleasures for the nobility and gentry of a kingdom to pursue — — and to pursue night and day, to the ruin of yourselves and families, whom to support, when now your squander'd fortunes are exhausted, and independence lost, you are at length compelled by servile arts and every mean compliance, to seek precarious stipends from a Court. Thus the vile mob, the wretched gamblers, who infest the streets, when chuck and balls and thimbles have undone them, in humble imitation of their betters, endeavour to repair their losses on the King's high-way. 'Tis true, when one considers how worthless in yourselves, how shameful and ignominious to your friends, and how useless, if not mischievous to your country, the generality of you are, who thus consume your time and waste your fortunes, the ruin and misery that is brought upon yourselves moves no compassion, no regret, in any human breast: But what

* *Farthing* is here used in a hyperbolical sense. See Note pag. 66.

what consideration can alleviate the severe unmerited distress of an innocent wife, whose fortune perhaps is squander'd away, or at least whose peace and happiness are thus destroy'd? How will you retrieve from poverty and shame a beggar'd offspring? Or what satisfaction can you make for the miseries and distress of many an honest tradesman and his family, whom your long bills unpaid have brought to ruin and destruction? For this, it seems, is one of those upright and honourable maxims, which the rooks and sharpers, who devour you, wisely propagate and support — That the debts, which are thus with shame and infamy contracted, are debts of honour, and must first, must instantly be satisfied. Preposterous and absurd! Does not the tradesman trust to, and depend upon your honour? You have from him too valuable a consideration for your money, the product of his honest industry or labour; add to this, his credit as a trader, and his happiness as a man, perhaps depend on your just dealings with him. And shall an honourable rascal, who from his superior skill, or greater roguery, hath drawn you in to be his debtor, be preferably satisfied, and have his debt discharged before the other? You cannot answer it in your consciences, to your reason, or to your honour.

But why do I talk of these to such as you? As well to smugglers, to that lawless rout of bold assassins, who defy the laws of God

and man, and with the bloody hand of force and murder, carry on the trade of fraud — as well to these might one reclaim upon the villany of their proceedings, and, from considerations of publick good, and the injury they do the fair trader, hope to reclaim them from their practices. For whilst there are amongst you such abandon'd wretches, as in the senate will give their votes to laws, which they have resolved, before they sleep, to break; what fear of shame, what plea of reason, what restraint of law can be contriv'd to bind you, awe you, or convince?

What therefore shall I say? or with what words can I hope to move you to reflection? Yet, for shame awake, arouse yourselves from this lethargick slumber! Consider who you are and what the sphere of human life in which you are to act: and if not with dignity, at least with decency perform your parts. On you depends, too much depends, the sinking virtue of your country. The examples, which are set by you, will certainly be followed in some degree by all ranks of men. If you break thro' the laws, and laugh at order and at decency; licentiousness is catching, there are enow ready to commit the same irregularities, and quote from you excuses for their own misdoings. And how scandalous is it to be made the patterns of vice, of folly, of every species of wrong conduct, and contemptible behaviour? For your family's, your honour's sake,
learn

learn to know and venerate yourselves, and do not, by actions unbecoming even in your meanest vassals, disgrace that dignity you are born to, nor sully those honours which you ought to adorn. For your country's sake, attempt to gain the praise of something worthy, something useful, something becoming the high ranks and eminent stations you are to fill in life. How noble were it, and how easy in you, to protect and patronize the liberal arts; to raise publick works, to call forth and encourage private worth; to found Academies for polite and useful sciences; or to reward the poet's, the painter's, the sculptor's amiable toils? These, such as these, were pleasures and amusements worthy of the great, the wise, the wealthy; beneficial to your country, and glorious to yourselves.

Instead of these, what is it you pursue? What are your pleasures? What are your employments? Alas! regardless, negligent of fame; deaf to the voice of virtue, to the call of honour; all noble emulation dead within your breasts; you suffer yourselves to be led blindfold to shame, by vice and folly; bewildered in your minds, embarrass'd in your fortune, sunk in your characters, and lost to every useful, every noble purpose.

O yet return! Yet make one generous effort to recover! Rekindle once again the dying spark of virtue in your bosoms! 'Tis honour,

'tis your country, 'tis your friends that call upon you. Nay, 'tis the voice of Heaven, who with a kind benevolent intend hath thus appointed me, and doth permit my shade to break the silent mansions of the dead, and at this solemn hour to make one trial, if haply a departed friend arising from the grave might have the power to win you back to reason. No more. My allotted time on earth is spent.—
Adieu!

*Part of a letter on the Spirit of
Patriotism by Lord BOLINGBROKE.*

My LORD,

You have engaged me on a subject, which interrupts the series of those letters I was writing to you; but it is one, which, I confess, I have very much at heart. I shall, therefore, explain myself fully, nor blush to reason on principles that are out of fashion among men, who intend nothing, by serving the publick but to feed their avarice, their vanity, and their luxury, without the sense of any duty they owe to God or man.

It seems to me, that in order to maintain the moral system of the world at a certain point, far below that of ideal perfection (for we are made capable of conceiving what we are incapable of attaining) but, however, sufficient

ficient upon the whole to constitute a state easy and happy, or at the worst tolerable: I say, it seems to me, that the Author of nature has thought fit to mingle, from time to time, among the societies of men, a few, and but a few, of those on whom he is gratioſly pleased to beſtow a larger proportion of the ethereal ſpirit, than is given in the ordinary courſe of his providence to the ſons of men. Theſe are they who engroſs almoſt the whole reaſon of the ſpecies; who are born to inſtruct, to guide, and to preſerve; who are deſigned to be the tutors and the guardians of human kind. When they prove ſuch, they exhibit to us examples of the higheſt virtue, and the trueſt piety: and they deſerve to have their feſtivals kept, inſtead of that pack of *Anachorites* and *Enthuſiaſts*, with whoſe names the kalendar is crowded and diſgraced. When theſe men apply their talents to other purpoſes, when they ſtrive to be great, and deſpiſe being good, they commit a moſt ſacrilegious breach of truſt; they pervert the means, they defeat, as far as lies in them, the deſigns of providence, and diſturb, in ſome ſort, the ſyſtem of infinite wiſdom. To miſ-apply theſe talents is the moſt diffuſed, and, therefore, the greateſt of crimes in its nature and conſequences; but to keep them unexerted, and unemployed, is a crime too. Look about you, my Lord, from the palace to the cottage; you will find that the bulk of mankind is made to breathe the air of this atmophere, to roam

about this globe, and to consume, like the courtiers of *ALCINOUS*, the fruits of the earth. *No: numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati.* When they have trod this insipid round a certain number of years, and begot others to do the same after them, they have lived: and if they have performed, in some tolerable degree, the ordinary moral duties of life, they have done all they were born to do. Look about you again my Lord, nay look into your own breast, and you will find that there are superior spirits, men who shew even from their infancy, tho' it be not always perceived by others, perhaps not always felt by themselves, that they were born for something more, and better. These are the men to whom the part I mentioned is assigned. Their talents denote their *general designation*: and the opportunities of conforming themselves to it, that arise in the course of things, or that are presented to them by any circumstances of rank and situation in the society to which they belong, denote the *particular vocation*, which it is not lawful for them to resist, nor even to neglect. The duration of the lives of such men as these is to be determined, I think, by the length and importance of the parts they act, not by the number of years that pass between their coming into the world, and their going out of it. Whether the piece be of three, or five acts, the part may be long: and he, who sustains it thro' the whole, may be said
to

to die in the fulness of years; whilst he, who declines it sooner, may be said not to live out half his days.

I HAVE sometimes represented to myself the *vulgar*, who are accidentally distinguished by the titles of king and subject, of lord and vassal, of nobleman and peasant; and the *few*, who are distinguished by nature so essentially from the herd of mankind, that (figure apart) they seem to be of another species, in this manner: The former come into the world, and continue in it, like *Dutch travellers* in a foreign country. Every thing they meet has the grace of novelty: and they are fond alike of every thing that is new. They wander about from one object, to another, of vain curiosity, or inelegant pleasure. If they are industrious, they shew their industry in copying signs, and collecting mottos and epitaphs. They loiter; or they trifle away their whole time: and their presence or their absence would be equally unperceived, if caprice or accident did not raise them often to stations, wherein their stupidity, their vices, or their follies, make them a publick misfortune. The latter come into the world, or at least continue in it after the effects of surprize and inexperience are over, like men who are sent on more important errands. They observe with distinction, they admire with knowledge. They may indulge themselves in pleasure; but as their industry is not employed

about trifles, so their amusements are not made the business of their lives. Such men cannot pass unperceived *thro'* a country. If they retire from the world, their splendour accompanies them, and enlightens even the obscurity of their retreat. If they take a part in publick life, the effect is never indifferent. They either appear like ministers of divine vengeance, and their course thro' the world is marked by desolation and oppression, by poverty and servitude: or they are the guardian angels of the country they inhabit, busy to avert even the most distant evil, and to maintain or to procure peace, plenty, and, the greatest of human blessings, liberty.

The service of our country is no chimerical, but a real duty. He who admits the proofs of any other moral duty, drawn from the constitution of human nature, or from the moral fitness and unfitness of things, must admit them in favour of this duty, or be reduced to the most absurd inconsistency. When he has once admitted the duty on these proofs, it will be no difficult matter to demonstrate to him, that his obligation to the performance of it is in proportion to the means and the opportunities he has of performing it; and that nothing can discharge him from this obligation as long as he has these means and these opportunities in his power, and as long as his country continues in the same want of his services.

vices. These obligations, then, to the publick service may become obligations for life on certain persons. No doubt they may: and shall this consideration become a reason for denying or evading them? On the contrary, sure it should become a reason for acknowledging and fulfilling them, with the greatest gratitude to the Supreme Being, who has made us capable of acting so excellent a part, and with the utmost benevolence to mankind. Superior talents, and superior rank amongst our fellow-creatures, whether acquired by birth, or by the course of accidents, and the success of our own industry, are noble prerogatives. Shall he, who possesses them, repine at the obligation they lay him under, of passing his whole life in the noblest occupation of which human nature is capable? To what higher station, to what greater glory can any mortal aspire, than to be, during the whole course of his life, the support of good, the controul of bad government, and the guardian of publick liberty? To be driven from hence by successful tyranny, by loss of health or of parts, or by the force of accidents, is to be degraded in such a manner as to deserve pity, and not to incur blame; but to degrade ourselves, to descend voluntarily, and by choice, from the highest to a lower, perhaps to the lowest rank among the sons of ADAM; to abandon the government of men for that of hounds and horses, the care of a kingdom for that of a parish, and a scene of
great

great and generous efforts in publick life, for one of trifling amusements and low cares, of sloth and of idleness, what is it, my Lord? I had rather your Lordship should name it than I. Will it be said that it is hard to exact from some men, in favour of others, that they should renounce all the pleasures of life, and drudge all their days in business, that others may indulge themselves in ease? It will be said without grounds. A life dedicated to the service of our country admits the full use, and no life should admit the abuse, of pleasures: the least are consistent with a constant discharge of our publick duty, the greatest arise from it.

Two remarkable cases of the uncertainty of human Testimony.

IT is a maxim in almost every civil government, that it is better ten persons being guilty should escape, than that one being innocent should suffer; upon this principle it has been usual to require positive and direct proof of every fact for which capital punishment is inflicted; and, in some countries, no criminal is executed, if besides this proof, he does not himself confess the fact. *Circumstantial evidence* may amount to the utmost degree of probability, but can go no further; *circumstantial evidence* therefore, has generally been thought insufficient to convict any person of a capital offence

offence: Yet, when the crime has been very great, it has been usual to punish the accused upon more slender evidence than when the crime has been less; but this is doubtless contrary to reason, for we should be more cautious of imputing 20 degrees of guilt than 10, because, if we are mistaken, the wrong is proportionably greater; in this case passion determines before reason comes in; an impatience to punish is always proportioned to the indignation excited by the crime; and rather than the accused should escape, being guilty, some risque is run of punishing him being innocent. By *positive evidence*, is meant that of a witness who was present at the fact, and swears to the person who did it; but if a man be robbed upon the highway of 20 guineas and a *moidore**, and shot dead upon the spot, and a person within hearing of the pistol rides up, finds the man dead, hears the trampling of a horse, and following the sound, overtakes and seizes a man, in whose coat pocket are just 20 guineas and a moidore, who has one pistol loaded, and one that appears to have been just fired, who appears terrified and confused, and had made his utmost effort to escape, this evidence, however strong, is only *circumstantial*, and it is possible, the man against whom it appears may be innocent, tho' the *evidence* be true.

First

* Portugal gold coin rated at about 8 dollars.

First Case.

JACQUES DU MOULIN, a *French* refugee, having brought over his family and a small sum of money, employed it in purchasing lots of goods that had been condemned at the custom house, which he again disposed of by retail; as these goods were such as having an high duty were frequently smuggled, those who dealt in this way were generally suspected of encreasing their stock by illicit means, and smuggling, or purchasing smuggled goods, under colour of dealing only in goods that had been legally seized by the king's officers, and taken from smugglers. This trade however did not, in the general estimation, impeach his honesty, though it gave no sanction to his character, but he was often detected in uttering false gold; he came frequently to persons of whom he had received money, with several of these pieces of counterfeit coin, and pretended that they were among the pieces which had been paid him; this was generally denied with great eagerness, but if particular circumstances did not confirm the contrary, he was always peremptory and obstinate in his charge. This soon brought him into disrepute. and he gradually lost not only his business but his credit. It happened that having sold a parcel of goods, which amounted to 78 pounds, to one *Harris*, a person with whom he had before had no dealings, he received the money in guineas
and

and *Portugal* gold, several pieces of which he scrupled, but the man having assured him that he himself had carefully examined, and weighed those very pieces, and found them good, *du Moulin* took them, and gave his receipt.

In a few days he returned with six pieces, which he averred were of base metal, and part of the sum which he had a few days before received of him for the lot of goods; *Harris* examined, the pieces, and told *du Moulin* that he was sure they were none of them which he had paid him, and refused to exchange them for others. *Du Moulin* as peremptorily insisted on the contrary, alledging that he had put the money in a drawer by itself, and locked it up till he offered it in payment of a bill of exchange, and then the pieces were found to be bad, insisting that they were the same to which he had objected. The man now became angry, and charged *du Moulin* with intending a fraud; *du Moulin* appeared to be rather piqued than intimidated at this charge. and having sworn that these were the pieces he receiv'd of *Harris*, *Harris* was at length obliged to make them good; but, as he was confident *du Moulin* had injured him by a fraud, supported by perjury, he told his story wherever he went, exclaiming against him with great bitterness, and met with many persons who made nearly the same complaints, and told him that it had been a practice of *du Moulin's* for a considerable

able time. *Du Moulin* now found himself universally shunned; and hearing what *Harris* had reported from all parts, he brought his action for defamatory words, and *Harris*, irritated to the highest degree, stood upon his defence; and, in the mean time, having procured a meeting of several persons, who had suffered the same way in their dealings with *du Moulin*, they procured a warrant against him, and he was apprehended upon suspicion of counterfeiting the coin. Upon searching his drawers, a great number of pieces of counterfeit gold were found in a drawer by themselves, and several others were picked from other money, that was found, in different parcels in his scrutoire; upon further search a flask, several files, a pair of moulds, some powdered chalk, a small quantity of *Aqua Regia*, and several other implements were discovered. No doubt could now be made of his guilt, which was extremely aggravated by the methods he had taken to dispose of the money he made, the insolence with which he had insisted upon its being paid him by others, and the perjury by which he had supported his claim: His action against *Harris* for defamation was also considered as greatly encreasing his guilt, and every body was impatient to see him punished. In these circumstances he was brought to his trial, and his many attempts to put off bad money, the quantity found by itself in his scrutoire, and above all the instruments of coining, which,
upon

upon a comparison, exactly answered the money in his possession, being proved, he was upon this evidence convicted, and received sentence of death.

I happened that a few days before he was to have been executed, one *Williams*, who had been bred a sealgraver, but had left his business, was killed by a fall from his horse; his wife, who was then big with child, and near her time immediately fell into fits and miscarried: She was soon sensible, that she could not live, and therefore sending for the wife of *du Moulin*, she desired to be left alone, and then gave her the following account:

That her husband was one of four, whom she named, that had for many years subsisted by counterfeiting gold coin, which she had been frequently employed to put off, and was therefore intrusted with the whole secret; that another of these persons had hired himself to *du Moulin* as a kind of footman and porter, and being provided by the gang with false keys, had disposed of a very considerable sum of bad money, by opening his master's scrutoire and leaving it there in the stead of an equal number of good pieces, which he took out: That by this iniquitous practice *du Moulin* had been defrauded of his business, his credit; and his liberty, to which in a small time his life would be added, if application was not immediately made to save him; by this account, which she

H

gave

gave in great agonies of mind, she was much exhausted, and having given directions where to find the persons whom she impeached, she fell into convulsions and soon after expired. The woman immediately applied to a magistrate, and having related the story she had heard, procured a warrant against the three men, who were taken the same day, and separately examined; *du Moulin's* servant steadily denied the whole charge, and so did one of the other two, but while the last was examining, a messenger, who had been sent to search their lodgings, arrived with a great quantity of bad money, and many instruments for coining: This threw him into confusion, and the magistrate improving the opportunity, by offering him his life, if he would become an evidence for the king, he confessed that he had been long associated with the other prisoners and the man that was dead, and he directed where other tools and money might be found, but he could say nothing as to the manner in which *du Moulin's* servant was employed to put it off. Upon this discovery *du Moulin's* execution was suspended, and the king's witness swearing positively, that his servant and the other prisoner had frequently coined in his presence, and giving a particular account of the process, and the part which each of them usually performed, they were convicted and condemned to die. Both of them however still denied the fact, and the publick were still in doubt

doubt about *du Moulin*. In his defence he had declared that the bad money which was found together, was such as he could not trace to the persons of whom he had received it, that the parcels with which bad money was found mixed, he kept separate, that he might know to whom to apply, if it should appear to be bad, but the finding of the moulds and other instruments in his custody was a particular not yet accounted for; as he only alledg'd in general terms, that he knew not how they came there, and it was doubted whether the impeachment of others had not been managed with a view to save him who was equally guilty, there being no evidence of his servant's treachery, but that of a woman who was dead, reported at second hand by the wife of *du Moulin*, who was manifestly an interested party. He was not however charged by either of the convicts as an accomplice, a particular, which was strongly urged by his friends in his behalf; but it happened that while the publick opinion was thus held in suspense, a private drawer was discovered in a chest that belonged to his servant, and in it a bunch of keys, and the impression of one in wax; the impression was compared with the keys, and that which it corresponded with, was found to open *du Moulin's* scrutoire, in which the bad money and implements had been found; when this particular so strong and unexpected was urged, and the key produced, he burst into tears, and

confessed all that had been alledged against him; he was then asked how the tools came in his master's scrutoire, and he answered, that when the officers of justice came to seize his master, he was terrified for himself, knowing that he had in his chest these instruments, which the private drawer would not contain, and fearing that he might be included in the warrant, his consciousness of guilt kept him in continual dread and suspicion: That for this reason, before the officers went up stairs, he opened the scrutoire with his false key, and having fetched his tools from his box in the garret, he deposited them there, and had just locked it when he heard them at the door.

In this case, even the positive evidence of *du Moulin*, that the money he brought back to *Harris* was the same he had received of him, was not true, tho' *du Moulin* was not guilty of perjury, either wilfully, or by neglect, inaffection, or forgetfulness. And the circumstantial evidence against him, however strong, would only have heaped one Injury upon another, and have taken away the life of an unhappy wretch, from whom a perfidious servant had taken away every thing else.

Second Case.

A Gentleman died possessed of a very considerable fortune, which he left to his
only

only child, a daughter, and appointed his brother to be her guardian, and executor of his will. The young lady was then about 18; and if she happen'd to die unmarried, or, if married, without children, her fortune was left to her guardian and to his heirs. As the interest of the uncle was now incompatible with the life of the niece, several other relations hinted, that it would not be proper for them to live together. Whether they were willing to prevent any occasion of slander against the uncle, in case of the young lady's death; whether they had any apprehension of her being in danger; or whether they were only discontented with the father's disposition of his fortune, and therefore propagated rumours to the prejudice of those who possessed it, cannot be known; the uncle, however, took his niece to his house near *Epping Forest*, and soon afterwards she disappeared.

Great enquiry was made after her, and it appearing, that the day she was missing, she went out with her uncle into the forest, and that he returned without her, he was taken into custody; A few days afterwards he went thro' a long examination, in which he acknowledged, that he went out with her, and pretended that she found means to loiter behind him as they were returning home; that he sought her in the forest as soon as he missed her; and that he knew not where she was, or what was

become of her. This account was thought improbable, and his apparent interest in the death of his ward, and perhaps the petulant zeal of other relations concurred to raise and strengthen suspicions against him, and he was detained in custody. Some new circumstances were every day rising against him. It was found, that the young lady had been addressed by a neighbouring gentleman, who had, a few days before she was missing, set out on a journey to the north; and that she had declared she would marry him when he returned: That her uncle had frequently expressed his disapprobation of the match in very strong terms: That she had often wept and reproached him with unkindness and an abuse of his power. A woman was also produced, who swore, that on the day the young lady was missing, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, she was coming through the forest, and heard a woman's voice expostulating with great eagerness; upon which she drew nearer the place, and, before she saw any person, heard the same voice say, *Don't kill me, uncle, don't kill me*: upon which she was greatly terrified, and immediately hearing the report of a fire-arm very near, she made all the haste she could from the spot, but could not rest in her mind, till she had told what had happened.

Such was the general impatience to punish a man, who had murdered his niece to inherit her

her fortune, that upon this *evidence* he was condemned and executed.

About 10 days after the execution the young lady came home. It appeared, however, that what all the witnesses had sworn was true, and the fact was found to be thus circumstanced:

The young lady declared, that having previously agreed to go off with the gentleman that courted her, he had given out, that he was going a journey to the north; but that he waited concealed at a little house near the skirts of the forest, till the time appointed, which was the day she disappeared. That he had horses ready for himself and her, and was attended by two servants also on horseback. That as she was walking with her uncle, he reproached her with persisting in her resolution to marry a man, of whom he disapproved; and after much altercation, she said with some heat, *If I have set my heart upon it, if I do not marry him it will be death; and don't kill me, Uncle, don't kill me*; that just as she had pronounced these words, she heard a fire-arm discharged very near her, at which she started, and immediately afterwards saw a man come forward from among the trees, with a wood pigeon in his hand, that he had just shot. That coming near the place appointed for their rendezvous, she form'd a pretence to let her uncle go on before her, and her suitor being waiting for her with a horse, she mounted and

immediately rode off. That instead of going into the north, they retired to a house, in which he had taken lodgings, near *Windsor*, where they were married the same day, and in about a week, went a journey of pleasure to *France*, from whence when they returned, they first heard of the misfortune, which they had inadvertently brought upon their uncle.

So uncertain is human testimony, even when witnesses are sincere, and so necessary is a cool and dispassionate enquiry and determination, with respect to crimes that are enormous in the highest degree, and committed with every possible aggravation.

Cruelty of a son to a father.

S I R,

IF you take delight in aiding the wretched, you will with pleasure, assist me, for none can be more an object of pity.

I am now old and infirm. and have had six children, of whom a son is the only survivor. I was not rich, but I loved him tenderly, and in the education which I gave him, my œconomy supplied the place of wealth. His improvements answered my care. I sent him to study the law at the *Temple*; I almost deprived myself of the common necessaries of life, in order to support him there genteely. He was
called

called to the bar, was diligent, and practised with success. He was well made and handsome. A rich lady, whose affairs he managed, took a liking to him, and made proposals for his marrying her daughter, provided he could make a moderate settlement on her. Such a settlement depended on me alone, and consisted of two small estates, one of which I held by inheritance, and the other I purchased with my savings. On the income of these I had lived myself, and educated him.

He sent me the lady's proposals, entered into a detail of the advantages that would arise from closing with them, and, in a word, said his fortune was in my hands. Alas! in regard to his interest, it could not have been in better.

I set out for *London*, and immediately agreed to give him one half of the estate at present, and to settle the other half upon him after my demise.

He was married soon after; he quitted the bar for more profitable employments. His wife died in child-bed; with her all my comfort died; she loved me, and I shall always honour her memory.

Four or five months afterwards, he wanted a large sum of money, for some grand scheme. He borrowed from his friends, but could not raise enough to answer his purpose. He applied himself to me. I am of a frank and open disposition, and apt to think others as unde-

signing as myself ; I imagined he would always consult my ease and happiness as much as I could do ; and that by giving him my whole estate , it would only shift hands , but still be as much at my own command , as it was before. Alas ! how greatly have I imposed upon myself by my fond credulity ! Well , I sold my estate at his request , and let him have the purchase money , without taking any counter security from him. That affair past between us without any witness. His scheme succeeded even beyond his expectation. His income was now so large , that he left off his business , took a house in a politer part of the town , furnished it in an elegant manner , set up an equipage , and hired more servants.

He got a new set of acquaintance in high life ; received coldly , and by degrees dropt , his old friends ; and , at last , blushed to own his father.

I was sensible of this alteration in his conduct , but would , at first , have flattered myself , that I was deceived.

About this time I happened to be taken very ill ; he neglected me , and so did his servants , after his example. This I own afflicted me grievously ; he had not been in my chamber for four days. I sent to speak with him ; he came : I complained of the little care that was taken of me. "It is your own fault , said he , you are very hard to be pleased." This was
the

the first time, said I, you ever told me so, and your answer astonishes me. "It was scarce worth your while, said he, to call me hither, only to quarrel with me, as indeed you do with every body. All proper care is taken of you, but you are never satisfied, and always complaining. What can be done? I hope you will recover your temper, and be less fretful, when you have recovered your health. I would then advise you to go down into the country, and dwell there. You will have more quiet than you can have here, and may live in your own way. My manner of living will not suit you, and thus we shall not lay one another under any restraint." Speaking these words he left me, while a boy, who heard them, turned his head aside, to laugh at and mock me.

The behaviour of my son struck me, the sauciness of the boy pierced my soul. I fully comprehended the wretchedness of my condition, and perceived that I was a stranger in my son's house, or rather, that I had no son.

I kept my bed some days longer: at length I got up, and had recovered a little strength. I dressed myself as well as I could. Dinner approached; I heard the bell ring, and I called for somebody to help me down stairs. Answer was made, *Coming, Sir*, but no one came near me; I attempted, therefore, to hobble down, leaning on my cane, and had got to the landing-place of the first stair-case, when
my

my son came briskly from his apartment; "What is the meaning of this? said he, with a rude tone of voice; what whim has seized you? where are you going? company dine here to day; is that a fit dress for you to appear in? Were you afraid your dinner would not be sent you? *Tom.*, help my father up stairs." So saying, he clapped to his door.

For my part, I was struck dumb, and tears flowed from my eyes. *Tom* took hold of my arm, telling me I was strong and hale for my age. I crept up stairs; and entered my chamber, scarce knowing where I was. I found myself faint, and asked for a glass of wine, which was brought me in a quarter of an hour. Then some cold soup was set before me, but could not eat it, nor any thing else; my dinner came too late.

I closed that day in the most oppressive hurry and confusion of thought that can be imagined. My sighs were every moment mingled with my tears. Where (said I to myself) shall I go? I have stripped myself of every thing; I have nothing that I can call my own. However, I resolved at last, as I was going to bed, to quit my son's house the next day: it would be death to me to stay there; I could no longer breathe in it. I intended to call upon one of our friends to let him know my situation, and beg his assistance. With this view I rose before my usual hour, and dressed myself.

My

My being up and drest had been probably told my son, for he entered my room just as I was going out. "Where are you going, father," said he? "I am going, said I, to look out for some charitable friend, who will give me my bread with a good grace. You know, I have none of my own, I have parted with it all to you."

"What wild reasoning! says he; To what strange caprices are people subject at your time of life! It seems, then, you were mightily offended at the truths I told you yesterday morning."

"My son, said I, I am sufficiently mortified; let me depart, I beseech you, without a reply. You are not in a temper to speak to me. All your words are daggers; you do not know their force; they stab me to the heart. Oh! that I might die in peace."

"We will have no more disputes, said he, with a loud tone of voice; indeed Sir, you are in the wrong. There are a thousand things which your own thoughts might have suggested to you. You are far advanced in life; you have generally lived in your own little house in a remote county. *Your* notions, *your* customs, *your* hours, and *your* manner of living, are so very different from those which now prevail in town, that I am amazed you were not first weary of the company who visit here. Now it seems, you are not sensible of this; but
I must

I must tell you, I am. To be sure, it must be a pretty amusement for your son, to see you converse with the persons of fashion, polite and delicate, who honour *me* with their company, and laugh at *your* rusticity; and yet this is really the case.

It is true, I have raised myself from a low beginning, but what of that? there is no occasion to let all the world know it; and yet this is what your gait and awkward appearance proclaim to all who see you; and you are ever glad to thrust yourself into company. You need not teize any body with your frivolous complaints.

I have ordered my post-chaise to be got ready, it will be at the door in half an hour, and carry you to my house in *Westmoreland*. A servant shall attend you. I have already written, to have the house and your bed well aired. You shall have all proper accommodations. You will be master of the house, move in your proper sphere, keep your own hours, and converse with such people as *you* like. I will sometimes come down and visit you. Father, adieu; I wish you a good journey: my servants will put up your clothes and your baggage."

As he spoke these words, he flew from me; he did not once embrace, nor drop one kind word at parting, except that he called me *father*. His *mouth* indeed *uttered* that word, but

but his heart did not *feel* it. He was not moved with my consternation, my sad silence, nor with the tears which gushed from my eyes.

In a short time the servants came for my baggage, and told me the chaise was ready. I was led down stairs, lifted into the chaise, half dead with grief, and brought to this place.

I have now languished here above two years, but have not once seen, and seldom hear from my son. I am deprived of all consolation, and, in this dreary place, sometimes scarce enjoy the necessaries of life.

My son, Mr *Urban*, takes in your Magazine, and if you allow this letter a place there, may, perhaps, cast his eye on it; unattentive as he is to higher motives, he may possibly pay some regard to *decency* and the *opinion of the world*.

I am, Sir,

Your afflicted Humble Servant,

B. C.

March the 20th

1769.

Common swearing exposed.

As there are some vices, which the vulgar have presumed to copy from the great, so there are others, which the great have condescended to borrow from the vulgar. Among these I cannot but set down the blackguard prac-

practice (for so I must call it) of Cursing and swearing: A practice, which (to say nothing at present of its profaneness) is low and indelicate, and places a man of quality on the same level with the chairman at his door. For my own part, I cannot see the difference between a *by gad* or a *dem-me*, minced and softened by a gentle pronounciation from well-bred lips, and the same expression bluntly bolted out from the broad mouth of a carman or an oyster-wench.

The spectator has given us an account of a select party of swearers, who were extremely surpris'd at their own common talk, which was taken down in short hand, and afterwards repeated to them. In like manner, If we were to draw out a catalogue of fashionable Oaths and Curses in present use at *White's chocolate house* *, or any other polite assembly, would not the company themselves be led to imagine, that the conversation had been carried on between the lowest of the mob? Would they not blush to find, that they had gleaned their choicest phrases from streets and allies, and enriched their discourse by the elegant dialect of *Wapping* **, or *broad saint Giles's*? ***

I shall

* See the Note p.93.

** A place where for the most part sailors dwell.

*** A street inhabited by the lowest people.

I shall purposely wave making any reflections on the impiety of this practice, as I am satisfied they would have but little weight either with the *beaumonde* or the *canaille*. The swearer of either station devotes himself piece meal (as it were) to destruction; pours out anathemas against his eyes, his heart, his soul, and every part of his body; and extends the same good wishes to the limbs and joints of his friends and acquaintance *. This they both do with the same fearless unconcern: but with this difference only, that the Gentleman Swearer damns himself and others with the greatest civility and good breeding imaginable.

I know it will be pleaded in excuse for this practice, that Oaths and Curses are intended only as mere expletives, to fill up and give a grace to conversation: But as there are still some old-fashioned creatures, who adhere to their common acceptation, it would be proper to substitute some other unmeaning terms in their room, and at the same time remote from the vulgar Cursing and Swearing. A worthy cler-

* They have in England such a variety of curses, that they not only damn one's limbs one after another from head to foot, but even go as far as to damn one's blood, and all those persons we most value.

clergyman * being chaplain of a regiment, is said to have reclaimed the officers, who were much addicted to the vulgar idiom of swearing, by taking occasion to tell them a story, in which he introduced the word *bottle and glass*, instead of the usual expletives of *God*, *devil*, and *damn*, which he did not think quite so becoming for one of *his cloth* to make free with. The same method might, I imagine, be followed by our people of fashion, whenever they are obliged to have recourse to the like substitutes for thought. *Bottle and glass* might be used with great energy in the table talk at the taverns: The gamester might be indulged in swearing by the *knave of clubs*, or the *curse of Scotland* **; or he might with some propriety retain the old execration of the *deuce* *** *take it*: The beau should be allowed to swear by his gracious self, which is the God of his idolatry; and the common expletives, of conversation should consist only of *upon my word*, or *upon my honour*; which whatever sense they might formerly bear, are at present understood only as words of course without meaning.

* *Dr. White Kenner.*

** *The nine of diamont is ludicrously thus called.*

*** *Deuce or deuse is the two at cards or dice. It is the name too of a certain species of evil spirits.*

An

An account of the remarkable alteration of colour in a negro woman:
From Mr. JAMES BATE, surgeon in Maryland. Communicated to the Royal Society by ALEXANDER RUSSEL M. D. F. R. S.

I send you as particular an account of the extraordinary metamorphosis observable in a negro woman, as I have been able to procure.

Frank, a cook maid, and a native of Virginia, about forty years of age, remarkably healthy, of a strong and robust constitution, had her skin originally as dark as that of the most swarthy Africans, but, about fifteen years ago, observed that membrane, in the parts next adjoining to the finger nails, to become white: her mouth soon underwent the same change, and the phenomenon has since continued, gradually, to extend itself over the whole body; so that every part of its surface is become, more or less, the subject of this surprizing alteration. In her present state, four parts in five, of the skin, are white, smooth, and transparent, as in a fair European, elegantly shewing the ramifications of the subjacent blood-vessels; the parts remaining sooty daily lose their blackness, and in some measure partake of the prevailing colour; so that a very few years will, in all probability, induce a

total change. The neck and back along the course of the vertebre, maintain their pristine hue the most, and in some spots proclaim their original state, the head, face, and breast, with belly, legs, arms, and thighs, are almost wholly white; the skin of these parts, as far as white, being covered with white hair; where dark, with black. Her face and breast, as often as the passions, anger, shame &c. have been excited in her, have been immediately observed to glow with blushes; as also, when, in pursuance of her business, she has been exposed to the action of the fire upon these parts, some freckles have made their appearance.

After having described her present appearance as well as I am able, I shall not pretend to offer any conjectures of my own upon the subject, lest, being led away by a train of reasoning, I should lose myself in endeavouring to establish a favourite hypothesis; but, on the contrary, shall confine myself to a simple narration of such facts as may prevent mistakes, or obviate difficulties, arising in the investigation of this difficult piece of physical history. And, in the first place, lest the change should be thought the consequence of a previous morbid state, she declares, that excepting about seventeen years ago, When she was delivered of a child, she has never been afflicted by any complaint of twenty-four hours continuance; and that she never remembers the catamenia to have

have been either irregular or obstructed, only during this pregnancy: She has never been subject to any cutaneous disorders, or made use of any external applications, by which this phenomenon might be produced. The effects of the bile upon the skin are well known to physicians, and have given rise to an opinion, that its colour was determined thereby. For my own part, I cannot believe it has any thing to do here, since, from all the circumstances I have been able to collect, I cannot find the least reason to suspect, that this fluid, whether cystick or hepatick, has undergone any alteration. As unction is known to make the skin of negros become white, and as she is daily employed in the businesses of cookery, it may perhaps be supposed the effect of heat: But this can never be the case, as she has ever been well clad, and the change is as obvious in the parts protected from the action of that element, as in those the most exposed thereto. As an emunctory, the skin seems to perform its office as well as possible, sweat with the greatest freedom indifferently pervading the black and white parts.

An odd dream of the proof of Virginity.
*(Tatler No. 5. *)*

AMONGST other Severities I have met with from some Criticks, the cruellest for an
 I 3 old

* This number is attributed to D. SWIFT, and is not in the Volumes, published by Sir Richard Steele.

old Man is, that they will not let me be at quiet in my Bed, but pursue me to my very Dreams. I must not dream but when they please, nor upon long continued Subjects, however visionary in their own Natures; because there is a manifest Moral quite through them, which to produce as a Dream is improbable and unnatural. The Pain I might have had from this Objection is prevented, by considering they have missed another, against which I should have been at a Loss to defend myself. They might have asked me, whether the Dreams I publish can properly be called *Lucubrations*, which is the Name I have given to all my Papers, whether in Volumes or Half Sheets: So manifest a Contradiction *in terminis*, that I wonder no Sophister ever thought of it. But the other is a Cavil. I remember when I was a Boy at School, I have often dreamed out the whole Passages of a Day; that I rode a Journey, baited, supped, went to Bed, and rose next Morning: And I have known young Ladies who' could dream a whole Contexture of Adventures in one Night; large enough to make a Novel. In Youth the Imagination is strong, not mixed with Cares, not tinged with those Passions that most disturb and confound it; such as Avarice, Ambition, and many others. Now, as old Men are said to grow Children again, so in this Article of Dreaming I am returned to my Childhood. My Imagination is at full Ease, without Care, Avarice, or Ambition

tion to clog it; by which, among many others, I have this Advantage of doubling the small Remainder of my Time, and living four and twenty Hours in the Day. However, the Dream I am going now to relate is as wild as can well be imagined, and adapted to please these Refiners upon Sleep, without any Moral that I can discover.

‘It happened that my Maid left on the Table in my Bed chamber one of her Storybooks (as she calls them) which I took up, and found full of strange Impertinence, fitted to her Taste and Condition; of poor Servants who came to be Ladies, and *Serving Men of low Degree* who married Kings Daughters. Among other Things, I met this sage Observation, That a Lion would never hurt a true Virgin. With this Medley of Nonsense in my Fancy I went to Bed, and dreamed that a Friend waked me in the Morning, and proposed for Pastime to spend a few Hours in seeing the Parish Lions, which he had not done since he came to Town; and because they shewed them but once a Week, he would not miss the Opportunity, I said I would humour him; although, to speak the Truth, I was not fond of those cruel Spectacles; and if it were not so ancient a Custom, founded, as I had heard, upon the wisest Maxims, I should be apt to censure the Inhumanity of those who introduced it.” All this will be a Riddle to the waking Reader, until I discover

the Scene my Imagination had formed upon the Maxim, That a Lion would never hurt a true Virgin. "I dreamed, that by a Law of 'immemorial Time, a He Lion was kept in every 'Parish at the common Charge, and in a Place 'provided, adjoining to the Church-yard; that 'before any one of the Fair Sex was married, 'if she affirmed herself to be a Virgin, she must, 'on her Wedding Day, and in her wedding 'Cloaths, perform the Ceremony of going alone 'into the Den, and stay an Hour with the Lion 'let loose and kept fasting four and twenty 'Hours on purpose. At a proper Height above 'the Den were convenient Galleries for the 'Relations and Friends of the young Couple, and 'open to all Spectators. No Maiden was forced to offer herself to the Lion; but if she refused it was a Disgrace to marry her, and every one 'might have Liberty of calling her a Whore. And 'methought it was as usual a Diversion to see the 'Parish Lions, as with us to go to a Play or 'an Opera. And it was reckoned convenient to 'be near the Church, either for marrying the 'Virgin, if she escaped the Trial, or for burying her Bones when the Lion had devoured the 'rest, as he constantly did."

To go on therefore with the Dream: "We 'called first (as I remember) to see *St. Dunstan's* * 'Lion; but we were told they did not shew 'To-day. From thence we went to that of 'Covent.

* Name of a church.

*Covent-Garden**, which, to my great Surprise,
 we found as lean as a Skeleton, when I ex-
 pected quite the contrary; but the Keeper said,
 it was no Wonder at all, because the poor
 Beast had not got an Ounce of Woman's Flesh
 since he came into the Parish. This amazed
 me more than the other, and I was forming
 to myself a mighty Veneration for the Ladies
 in that Quarter of the Town; when the Keeper
 went on, and said he wondered the Parish
 would be at the Charge of maintaining a Lion
 for nothing. Friend (said I) do you call it
 nothing to justify the Virtue of so many La-
 dies; or hath your Lion lost his distinguishing
 Faculty? Can there be any thing more for
 the honour of your Parish, than that all the
 Ladies married in your Church were pure
 Virgins? That is true (said he) and the Doctor
 knows it to his Sorrow; for there hath not
 been a Couple married in our Church since his
 Worship came amongst us. The Virgins here-
 abouts are too wise to venture the Claws of
 the Lion; and, because nobody will marry
 them, have all entered into a Vow of Virgini-
 ty; so that in proportion we have much the
 largest Nunnery in the whole Town. This
 manner of Ladies entering into a Vow of *Vir-*
ginity, because they were not *Virgins*, I easi-
 ly conceived; and my Dream told me that the
 whole Kingdom was full of Nunneries plenti-
 fully stocked from the same Reason.

I 5

“We

* *Covent-Garden* church.

'We went to see another Lion, where we
 'found much Company met in the Gallery. The
 'Keeper told us we should see *Sport* enough, as
 'he called it; and in a little time we saw a
 'young beautiful Lady put into the Den, who
 'walked up towards the Lion with all imaginable
 'Security in her Countenance, and looked
 'smiling upon her Lover and Friends in the Gal-
 'lery, which I thought nothing extraordinary,
 'because it was never known that any Lion
 'had been mistaken. But however, we were
 'all disappointed; for the Lion lifted up his
 'right Paw, which was the fatal Sign, and ad-
 'vancing forward, seized her by the Arm, and
 'began to tear it. The poor Lady gave a ter-
 'rible Shriek, and cried out, *The Lion is just,*
 '*I am no Virgin! Oh! Sappho, Sappho!* She
 'could say no more, for the Lion gave her the
 '*Coup the grace*, by a Squeeze in the Throat,
 'and she expired at his Feet. The Keeper drag-
 'ged away her Body to feed the Animal after the
 'Company should be gone; for the Parish Lions
 'never used to eat in publick. After a little
 'Pause another Lady came on toward the Lion
 'in the same Manner as the former. We ob-
 'served the Beast smell her with great Diligence.
 'He scratched both her Hands with lifting them
 'to his Nose, and laying one of his Claws on
 'her Bosom drew Blood; however he let her go,
 'and at the same time turned from her with a
 'Sort of Contempt, at which she was not a
 'little mortified, and retired with some Con-
 fusion

'fusion to her friends in the Gallery. Methought
 'the whole Company immediately understood
 'the Meaning of this: that the Easiness of the
 'Lady had suffered her to admit certain impru-
 'dent and dangerous Familiarities, bordering too
 'much upon what is criminal; neither was it
 'sure whether the Lover then present had not some
 Sharers with him in those Freedoms, of which
 'a Lady can never be too sparing.

'This happened to be an extraordinary Day,
 'for a third Lady came into the Den, laughing
 'loud, playing with her Fan, tossing her Head,
 'and smiling round on the young Fellows in the
 'Gallery. However the Lion leaped on her with
 'great Fury, and we gave her for gone; but on
 'a sudden he let go his Hold, and turned from
 her as if he were nauseated, then gave her a
 'Lash with his Tail; after which she returned
 'to the Gallery, not the least out of Countenance:
 'And this, it seems; was the usual Treatment of
 'Coquets.

'I thought we had seen enough, but my
 'Friend would needs have us go and visit one
 'or two Lions in the City. We called at two
 'or three Dens where they happened not to
 'shew; but we generally found half a Score
 'young Girls, between eight and eleven Years
 'old, playing with each Lion, sitting on his
 'Back, and putting their Hands into his Mouth:
 'some of them would now and then get a
 'Scratch, but we always discovered upon ex-
 amining,

‘aming, that they had been hoydening with
 ‘the young Apprentices. One of them was cal-
 ‘ling to a pretty Girl about twelve Years old,
 ‘who stood by us in the Gallery, to come down
 ‘to the Lion, and upon her Refusal, said, *Ab!*
 ‘*Miss Betty, we could never get you to come near*
 ‘*the Lion, since you played at Hoop and Hide*
 ‘*with my Brother in the Garret.*

‘We followed a Couple, with the Wedding
 ‘Folks, going to the Church of *St. Mary Ax.*
 ‘The Lady, although well stricken in Years, ex-
 ‘tremely crooked and deformed, was dressed
 ‘out beyond the Gaiety of fifteen, having jum-
 ‘bled together, as I imagined, all the tawdry
 ‘Remains of Aunts, God-mothers, and Grand-
 ‘mothers for some Generations past. One of
 ‘the Neighbours whispered me that she was an
 ‘old Maid, and had the clearest Reputation of
 ‘any in the Parish. There is nothing strange
 ‘in that, thought I, but was much surprized
 ‘when I observed afterwards that she went to-
 ‘ward the Lion with Distrust and Concern. The
 ‘Beast was lying down; but upon Sight of her
 ‘snuffed up his Nose two or three times, and
 ‘then, giving the Sign of Death, proceeded in-
 ‘stantly to Execution. In the midst of her Ago-
 ‘nies she was heard to name the Words *Italy*
 ‘and *Artifices*, with the utmost Horror, and
 ‘several repeated Execrations; and at last con-
 ‘cluded, *Fool that I was to put so much Con-*
 ‘*fidence in the Toughness of my Skin!*

‘The

'The Keeper immediately set all in Order again
 'for another Customer, which happened to be
 'a famous prude, whom her Parents, after long
 'Threatnings and much Persuasion, had, with
 'the extremest Difficulty, prevailed on to accept
 'a young handsome Goldsmith, who might
 'have pretended to five times her Fortune. The
 'Fathers and Mothers in the Neighbourhood
 'used to quote her for an Example to their
 'Daughters; her Elbows were rivetted to her
 'Sides, and her whole Person so ordered as
 'to inform every body that she was afraid
 'they should touch her. She only dreaded
 'to approach the Lion because it was a He
 'one, and abhorred to think a Male Ani-
 'mal should presume to breathe on her.
 'The Sight of a Man at twenty Yards Distance
 'made her draw back her Head. She always
 'sat upon the farther Corner of the Chair, al-
 'though there were six Chairs between her and
 'her Lover, and with the Door wide open, and
 'her little Sister in the Room. She was never
 'saluted but at the Tip of her Ear; and her
 'Father had much ado to make her dine without
 'her Gloves when there was a Man at Table.
 'She entered the Den with some Fear, which
 'we took to proceed from the height of her
 'Modesty, offended at the Sight of so many
 Men in the Gallery. The Lion, beholding her
 'at a Distance, immediately gave the deadly
 'Sign, at which the poor Creature (methinks
 'I see her still) miscarried in a Fright, before

us all. The Lion seemed to be as much surprized as we, and gave her Time to make her Confession; *Tbat she was five Months gone, by the Foreman of her Father's Shop; that this was her third big Belly:* And when her Friends asked, why she would venture the Trial? she said *her Nurse told her, that a Lion would never hurt a Woman with Child.*" Upon this I immediately awaked, and could not help wishing that these parish lions were indued with the same instinct, and applied to, in regard to married womens faithfulness to their husbands, and the widows continency. Would there be many in a parish who durst venture to undergo such dangerous trials with these lions, as Queen *Emma* * did that of *fire ordeal*; and would they get off as unhurt as that Queen?

A Tritical Essay upon the Faculties of the Mind.
by Dr. SWIFT.

To - - - - -

S I R,

BEING, so great a Lover of Antiquities, it was reasonable to suppose you would be very much obliged with any thing that was new. I have been of late offended with many Writers of
Essays

* She was accused by King Edward, her son, of an infamous correspondence with Alwyne, Bishop of Winchester.

Essays and moral Discourses, for running into stale Topicks and thread bare Quotations, and not handling their Subject fully and closely: All which Errors I have carefully avoided in the following Essay, which I have proposed as a Pattern for young Writers to imitate. The Thoughts and Observations being entirely new, the Quotations untouched by others, the Subject of mighty Importance, and treated with much Order and Perspicuity: It has cost me a great deal of Time; and I desire you will accept and consider it as the utmost Effort of my Genius.

Philosophers say, that Man is a Microcosm or little World, resembling in Miniature every part of the Great: And, in my opinion, the Body natural may be compared to the body politick: And if this be so, how can the *Epicurean's* opinion be true, that the Universe was formed by a fortuitous Concourse of Atoms: which I will no more believe, than that the accidental Jumbling of the letters in the Alphabet would fall by chance into a most ingenious and learned Treatise of Philosophy. *Risum tenetis amici?* (HOR.) This false Opinion must needs create many more; 'tis like an Error in the first Concoction, which cannot be corrected in the second; the Foundation is weak, and whatever Superstructure you raise upon it, must of necessity fall to the ground. Thus men are led from one error to another, till with *Ixion* they embrace a Cloud instead of *Juno*; or like the

the Dog in the Fable, lose the Substance in gaping at the Shadow. For such Opinions cannot cohere; but like the Iron and the Clay in the Toes of *Nebuchadnezzar's* Image, must separate and break in pieces. I have read in a certain Author, that *Alexander* wept because he had no more worlds to conquer; which he need not have done, if the fortuitous concurrence of Atoms could create one: But this is an opinion fitter for that manyheaded beast the Vulgar to entertain, than for so wise a man as *Epicurus*; the corrupt part of his Sect only borrowed his Name, as the Monkey did the Cat's Claw, to draw the Chesnut out of the Fire.

However, the first step to the Cure is to know the Disease; and tho' Truth may be difficult to find, because, as the Philosopher observes, she lives in the bottom of a Well, yet we need not, like blind men, grope in open day-light. I hope I may be allowed among so many far more learned men to offer my Mite, since a stander-by may sometimes perhaps see more of the game than he that plays it. But I do not think a Philosopher obliged to account for every Phænomenon in Nature, or drown himself with *Aristotle*, for not being able to solve the ebbing and flowing of the Tide, in that fatal Sentence he past upon himself, *Quia te non capio, tu capies me.*

Wherein he was at once the Judge and the Criminal, the Accuser and Executioner. *Socrates*

crates on the other hand, who said he knew nothing, was pronounced by the Oracle to be the wisest man in the world.

But to return from this Digression, I think it as clear as any Demonstration in *Euclic*, that Nature does nothing in vain; if we were able to dive into her secret Recesses, we should find that the smallest Blade of Grass, or most contemptible Weed, has its particular use; but she is chiefly admirable in her minutest compositions, the least and most contemptible Insect most discovers the Art of Nature, if I may so call it; tho' Nature, which delights in variety, will always triumph over Art: and as the Poet observes,

Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret,

HOR.

But the various Opinions of Philosophers have scatter'd thro' the world as many Plagues of the Mind, as *Pandora's* Box did those of the Body, only with this difference that they have not left hope at the bottom. And if Truth be not fled with *Astrea*, she is certainly as hidden as the Source of *Nile*, and can be found only in *Utopia*. Not that I would reflect on those wise Sages, which would be a sort of Ingratitude; and he that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the Evil a man can be guilty of,

Ingratum si dixeris, omnia dicis.

But what I blame the Philosophers for (tho' some may think it a Paradox) is chiefly their

K

Pride;

Pride; nothing less than an *ipse dixit*, and you must pin your Faith on their Sleeve. And tho' *Diogenes* lived in a Tub, there might be, for ought I know, as much Pride under his Rags, as in the fine Garment of the divine *Plato*. It is reported of this *Diogenes*, that when *Alexander* came to see him, and promised to give him whatever he would ask, the *Cynick* only answer'd. *Take not from me what thou canst not give me, but stand from between me and the Light*; which was almost as extravagant as the Philosopher that flung his Money into the Sea, with this remarkable Saying - - - -

How different was this man from the Usurer, who being told his Son would spend all he had got, replied, *He cannot take more Pleasure in Spending, than I did in Getting it*. These men could see the Faults of each other, but not their own; those they flung into the bag behind; *Non videmus id mantice quod in tergo est*. I may perhaps be censured for my free opinions by those carping *Momus's*, whom Authors worship as the *Indians* do the Devil, for fear. They will endeavour to give my Reputation as many wounds as the man in the Almanack; but I value it not; and perhaps, like Flies, they may buz so often about the Candle, till they burn their Wings. They must pardon me if I venture to give them this Advice, not to rail at what they cannot understand: it does but discover that self-tormenting Passion of Envy, than which

which the greatest Tyrant never invented a more cruel Torment.

Invidua Siculi non invenerere Tyranni.

Tormentum majus . . .

JUL

I must be so bold to tell my Criticks and Writings, that they are no more judges of this, than a man that is born blind can have any true idea of Colours. I have always observed, that your empty vessels sound loudest: I value their Lashes as little as the Sea did when *Xerxes* whipp'd it. The utmost favour a Man can expect from them is, that which *Polyphemus* promised *Ulysses*, that he would devour him the last: They think to subdue a Writer as *Cæsar* did his Enemy, with a *Veni, vidi, vici*. I confess I value the opinion of the judicious few, a *R—r*, a *D—s* or a *W—b*; but for the rest, to give my judgment at once, I think the long dispute among the Philosophers about a *Vacuum* may be determined in the Affirmative, that it is to be found in a Critick's head. They are at best but the Drones of the learned world, who devour the Honey, and will not work themselves; and a Writer need no more regard them than the Moon does the barking of a little senseless Cur. For, in spite of their terrible roaring, you may with half an eye discover the *Ass* under the *Lion's* skin.

But to return to our Discourse: *Demosthenes* being ask'd what was the first part of an Orator, replies, *Action*: What was the second, *Action*:

What was the third, *Action*: And so on *ad infinitum*. This may be true in Oratory; but Contemplation in other things exceeds Action. And therefore a wise man is never less alone, than when he is alone:

Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus.

And *Archimedes*, the famous Mathematician, was so intent upon his Problems, that he never minded the Soldier who came to kill him. Therefore not to detract from the just Praise which belongs to Orators, they ought to consider that Nature, which gave us two Eyes to see, and two Ears to hear, has given us but one Tongue to speak, wherein however some do so abound, that the *Virtuosi* who have been so long in search for the perpetual Motion, may infallibly find it there.

Some men admire Republicks, because Orators flourish there most, and are the great Enemies of Tyranny: But my opinion is, that one Tyrant is better than an hundred. Besides, these Orators inflame the people, whose anger is really but a short Fit of Madness.

Ira furor brevis est. —

HOR.

After which, Laws are like Cobwebs, which may catch small Flies, but let Wasps and Hornets break through. But in Oratory the greatest Art is to hide Art,

Artis

Artis est celare Artem.

But this may be the work of Time, we must lay hold on all opportunities, and let slip no occasion, else we shall be forced to weave *Penelope's* Web, unravel in the night what we did in the day. And therefore I have observed, that Time is painted with a Lock before, and bald behind, signifying thereby, that we must take Time (as we say) by the Forelock, for when 'tis once past there is no recalling it.

The Mind of Man is at first (if you will pardon the Expression) like a *Tabula rasa*, or like Wax, which, while it is soft, is capable of any Impression, till Time has harden'd it. And at length Death, that grim Tyrant, stops us in the midst of our career. The greatest Conquerors have at last been conquered by Death, which spares none, from the Sceptre to the Spade.

Mors omnibus communis.

All Rivers go to the Sea, but none return from it. *Xerxes* wept when he beheld his Army, to consider that in less than an hundred years they would be all dead. *Anacreon* was choak'd with a Crape stone; and violent Joy kills as well as violent Grief. There is nothing in this world constant, but Inconstancy; yet *Plato* thought, that if Virtue would appear to the world in her own native dress, all men would be enamour'd with her. But now since Interest governs the World, and Men neglect the golden Mean, *Jupiter* himself, if he came on the Earth, would

be despised, unless it were, as he did to *Danae*, in a Golden Shower: For men now-a-days worship the Rising Sun, and not the Setting.

Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos.

Thus have I, in Obedience to your Commands, ventured to expose myself to Censure in this critical age. Whether I have done right to my subject, must be left to the judgment of the learned Reader: However, I cannot but hope that my attempting of it may be an Encouragement for some able Pen to perform it with more Success.

A Passage of the Reverend Mr.
 HERVEY'S *Meditations among the*
 TOMBS.

ON this Hand is lodged One, whose Sepulchral Stone tells a most pitiable Tale indeed! Well may the *little images*, reclined over the sleeping Ashes hang down their Heads with that *pensive Air*! None can consider so mournful a Story, without feeling some Touches of sympathizing Concern. — His Age twenty-eight; his Death *sudden*; himself cut down in the *Prime* of Life, amidst all the Vivacity and Vigour of *Manhood*; while “his Breasts were full of Milk, and his Bones “moistened with Marrow.” — Probably, he entertained no Apprehensions of the evil Hour:
 And

And indeed, who could have suspected, that so bright a *Sun* should go down at *Noon*? To human Appearance, his Hill stood strong: Length of Days seemed written in his sanguine Countenance: He solaced himself with the Prospect of a long, long Series of earthly Satisfaction—When, lo! an unexpected Stroke descends! descends from that mighty Arm, which “over-
“turneth the Mountains by their Roots; and
“crushes the imaginary Hero, *before the Moth*; as quickly, and more easily, than our Fingers squeeze such a feeble fluttering Insect to Death.

PERHAPS, the *nuptial Joys* were all he thought on. — Were not such the Breathings of his enamoured Soul? “Yet a very little
“while and I shall possess the utmost of my
“Wishes: I shall call my Charmer mine; and,
“in *her*, enjoy whatever my Heart can crave.,— In the midst of such enchanting Views, had some faithful Friend but *softly reminded* him of an opening Grave, and the End of all Things: how *unseasonable*, would he have reckoned the Admonition; and how *impertinent*, the Person that administered it! Yet, though all warm with life, and rich in visionary Bliss, he was even then tottering upon the Brink of both.— O! dreadful Vicissitude! to have the *bridal Festivity* turned into the *funeral Solemnity*. O! deplorable Misfortune! to be shipwrecked even in the haven! and perish in Sight of Happiness —! What a memorable Proof is here

of the *Frailty of Man*, in his *best Estate*! Look, O! look, on this Monument, ye *Gay and Careless*! Attend to this Date; and boast no more of To-morrow!

Who can tell, but the *Bride maids*, girded with Gladness, had prepared the Marriage-Bed? Had decked it with the richest Covers, and dressed it in Pillows of Down? When — Oh! trust not in Youth, or Strength, or in any thing mortal; for there is nothing certain, nothing to be depended on, beneath the unchangeable GOD — Death relentless Death, is making him another Kind of Bed in the Dust of the Earth. Unto this he must be conveyed, not with a splendid Procession of *joyous Attendants*; but stretched in the *gloomy Hearse*, and followed by a Train of Mourners. On this he must take up a lonely Lodging, nor ever be released, “till the Heavens are no more.” — In vain does the *consenting Fair-one* put on her Ornaments, and expect her Spouse. Did she not, like *Sisera’s* Mother, look out of the Lattice; chide the Delays of her Beloved; and wonder “why his Chariot was so long in coming?,” Little thinking, that the *intended Bridegroom* had for ever done with transitory Things! That now everlasting Cares employ his Mind, without one single Remembrance of his lovely *Lucinda*! — Go, disappointed Virgin! Go, mourn the *Uncertainty* of all *created* Bliss! Teach thy Soul to
aspire

aspire after a sure and *immutable Felicity* ! For the once gay and gallant *Fidelio* sleeps in other Embraces ; even in the icy Arms of Death ! Forgetful, eternally forgetful, of the World — and *thee*.

HITHERTO, one is tempted to exclaim against the *King of terrors*, and call him *capriciously cruel*. He seems, by beginning at the wrong End of the Register, to have inverted the Laws of Nature. Passing over the Couch of decrepit Age, he has nipped *Infancy* in its *Bud* ; blasted *Youth* in its *Bloom* ; and torn up *Manhood* in its full *Maturity*. — Terrible indeed are these Providences, yet not unsearchable the Counsels :

*For us they sicken, and for us they die **.

SUCH Strokes, must not only grieve the *Relatives*, but *surprise* the whole *Neighbourhood*. They sound a powerful Alarm to heedless dreaming Mortals, and are intended as a *Remedy* for *Carnal Security*. Such Passing-Bells, inculcate loudly our LORD's Admonition ; "Take ye heed, watch, and pray : for ye know not, when the Time is., — We *nod*, like intoxicated Creatures, upon the very *Verge* of a tremendous *Precipice*. These astonishing Dispensations are the kind Messengers of Heaven ; to *rouse* us from our *Supineness*, and quicken us into timely Circumspection. I need not, surely,

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accom-

* *Night - Thoughts.*

accommodate them with Language, nor act as their Interpreter. Let every one's Conscience be awake, and this will appear their awful Meaning — “O! ye Sons of Men, in the Midst of Life you are in Death. No State, no Circumstances, can ascertain your Preservation a single Moment. So *strong* is the Tyrant's Arm, that nothing can resist its Force; so *unerring* his Aim, that nothing can elude the Blow: *Sudden* as Lightning, sometimes, is his Arrow launched; and wounds, and kills, in the Twinkling of an Eye. Never promise yourselves Safety in any Expedient, but constant Preparation. The fatal Shafts fly so promiscuously, that none can guess the next Victim. Therefore, *be ye always ready: for in such an Hour as ye think not*, the final Summons cometh. „

Be ye always ready: for in such an Hour as Ye think not — Important Admonition! Methinks, it reverberates from Sepulchre to Sepulchre; and addresses me with Line upon Line, Precept upon Precept. — The reiterated Warning, I acknowledge in too needful; may cooperating Grace, render it effectual! The momentous Truth, thought worthy to be *engraved*, on the Tables of a most *tenacious* Memory; is *slightly sketched*, on the transient Flow of Passion. We see our Neighbours fall; we turn pale at the Shock; and feel a trembling Dread. No sooner are they removed from our Sight; but, driven
in

in the Whirl of Business, or lulled in the Languors of Pleasure, we forget the Providence, and neglect its Errand. The Impression made on our unstable Minds, is like the Trace of an Arrow, through the penetrated Air; or the Path of a Keel, in the furrowed Wave. — Strange stupidity! To cure it, another Monitor bespeaks me from a Neighbouring Stone. It contains the Narrative of a poor Mortal, *snatched* from his Friends, and *hurried* to the awful Bar; without Leisure, either to take a *last Farewell* of the One, or to put up so much as a *single Prayer* preparatory for the other: killed, according to the usual Expression, by a sudden Stroke of *Casualty*.

*The Beginning of the Reflections on a
Flower-Garden, in a letter to a Lady.*

(by the same.)

MADAM,

SOME Time ago, my Meditations took a Turn among the *Tombs*: They visited the awful and melancholy Mansions of the Dead: and you was pleased to favour them, with your Attention — May I, now, beg the Honour of your Company, in a more inviting and delightful Excursion? In a beautiful *Flower Garden*; where I lately walked, and at once regaled the Sense, and indulged the Fancy.

It

It was early in a *Summer Morning*; when the Air was cool; the Earth moist; the whole Face of the Creation fresh and gay. The noisy World was scarce awake. *Business* had not quite shook off his sound Sleep; and *Riot* had but just reclined his giddy Head. All was serene: All was still: Every thing tended to inspire *Tranquillity* of Mind, and invite to serious *Thought*.

ONLY the wakeful *Lark* had left her Nest, and was mounting on high, to salute the opening Day. Elevated in Air, she seemed to call the laborious *Husbandman* to his Toil, and all her *Fellow-Songsters* to their Notes. — Earliest of Birds, said I, Companion of the Dawn, may I always rise at thy Voice! Rise, to offer the *Matin-Song*; and adore that beneficent Being, “who ‘maketh the Out-goings of the Morning and ‘Evening to rejoice.,,”

O! how charming to rove abroad, at this sweet *Hour of Prime*! To enjoy the Calm of Nature; to tread the dewy Lawns; and taste the unruffled Freshness of the Air!

*Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her Rising sweet,
With Charm of earliest Birds*.*

What a Pleasure do the Sons of *Sloth* lose? Little, ah! little is the Sluggard sensible, how *delicious* an Entertainment he foregoes, for the poorest of all animal Gratifications.

THE

* *Milz. Par. Lost*, B. IV. l. 641.

THE *Greyness* of the Dawn decays gradually. Abundance of ruddy Streaks tinge the Fleeces of the Firmament. Till, at length, the *dappled* Aspect of the East, is lost in one ardent and universal *Blush*. — Is it the Surmise of Imagination, or do the Skies really redden with *Shame*; to see so many supinely stretched, on their drowsy Pillows? — Shall Man be lost, in luxurious Ease? Shall Man waste these precious Hours, in idle Slumbers? While the vigorous *Sun* is up, and going on his Maker's Errand? While all the *feathered Choir* are hymning the Creator, and paying their Homage in Harmony? Oh! no. Let *Him* heighten the Melody of the tuneful Tribes, by adding the rational Strains of Devotion. Let *Him* improve the fragrant Oblations of Nature, by mingling, with the rising Odours, the more refined Breath of Praise.

'Tis natural for Man to look upward *; to throw his first Glance upon the Objects that are above Him.

*Strait towards Heav'n my wond'ring Eyes
I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample SKY **.*

* *Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri*

Fussit, & erectos ad sidera tollere vultus. OVID.

** *Milt. Par. Lost, B. VIII. l. 257.*

A Passage

A Passage on Gardening out of Sir William TEMPLE.

THE pleasures of the senses grow a little more choice and refined; those of imagination are turned upon embellishing the scenes he chooses to live in; ease, conveniency, elegance, magnificence, are sought in building first, and then in furnishing houses or palaces: the admirable imitations of nature are introduced by pictures, statues, tapestry, and other such achievements of arts. And the most exquisite delights of sense are pursued, in the contrivance and plantation of gardens; which, with fruits, flowers, shades, fountains, and the musick of birds that frequent such happy places, seem to furnish all the pleasures of the several senses, and with the greatest, or at least the most natural perfections.

Thus the first race of *Assyrian* Kings, after the conquests of *Ninus* and *Semiramis*, passed their lives, till their empire fell to the *Medes*. Thus the *Caliphs* of *Egypt*, deposed by their *Mamalukes*. Thus passed the latter parts of those great lives of *Scipio*, *Lucullus*, *Augustus*, *Dioclesian*. Thus turned the great thoughts of *Henry II.* of *France*, after the end of his wars with *Spain*. Thus the present King of *Morocco*, after having subdued all his competitors, passes his life in a country villa, gives audience in a grove of orange trees planted among

among purling streams. And thus the King of *France*, after all the successes of his councils or arms, and in the mighty elevation of his present greatness and power, when he gives himself leisure from such designs or pursuits, passes the softer and easier parts of his time in country houses and gardens, in building, planting, or adorning the scenes, or in the common sports and entertainments of such kind of lives. And *Epicurus* passed his life wholly in his garden; there he studied, there he exercised, there he taught his philosophy; and indeed, no other sort of abode seems to contribute so much, to both the tranquillity of mind, and indolence of body, which he made his chief ends. The sweetness of air, the pleasantness of smell, the verdure of plants, the cleanness and lightness of food, the exercises of working or walking; but above all, the exemption from cares and solicitude, seem equally to favour and improve both contemplation and health, the enjoyment of sense and imagination, and thereby the quiet and ease both of the body and mind.

Though *Epicurus* be said to have been the first that had a garden in *Athens*, whose citizens before him had theirs in their villa's or farms without the city; yet the use of gardens seems to have been the most ancient and most general of any sorts of possession among mankind, and to have preceded those of corn or of cattle,

cattle, as yielding the easier, the pleasanter, and more natural food. As it has been the inclination of Kings, and the choice of philosophers, so it has been the common favourite of publick and private men; a pleasure of the greatest, and the care of the meanest; and indeed an employment and a possession, for which no man is too high nor too low.

If we believe the Scripture, we must allow that God Almighty esteemed the life of a man in a garden the happiest he could give him, or else he would not have placed *Adam* in that of *Eden*; that it was the state of innocence and pleasure; and that the life of husbandry and cities came after the fall, with guilt and with labour.

Where paradise was, has been much debated, and little agreed; but what sort of place is meant by it may perhaps easier be conjectured. It seems to have been a *Persian* word, since *Xenophon* and other *Greek* authors mention it, as what was much in use and delight among the Kings of those *eastern* countries. *Strabo*, describing *Jericho*, says, *Ibi est palmetum, cui immixtae sunt etiam aliae stirpes hortenses, locus ferax, palmis abundans, spatium stadiorum centum, totus irriguus, ibi est Regi et Balsami paradisus*. He mentions another place to be *prope Libanum et Paradisum*. And *Alexander* is written to have seen *Cyrus's* tomb in a paradise, being a tower not very great, and covered with a
shade

shade of trees about it. So that a paradise among them seems to have been a large space of ground, adorned and beautified with all sorts of trees, both of fruits and of forest, either found there before it was inclosed, or planted after; either cultivated like gardens, for shades and for walks, with fountains or streams, and all sorts of plants usual in the climate, and pleasant to the eye, the smell, or the taste; or else employed, like our parks, for inclosure and harbour of all sorts of wild beasts, as well as for the pleasure of riding and walking: and so they were of more or less extend, and of differing entertainment, according to the several humours of the Princes that ordered and inclosed them.

Semiramis is the first, we are told of in story, that brought them in use through her empire, and was so fond of them, as to make one where-ever she built, and in all, or most of the provinces she subdued, which are said to have been from *Babylon* as far as *India*. The *Assyrian* Kings continued this custom and care, or rather this pleasure, till one of them brought in the use of smaller and more regular gardens: for having married a wife he was fond of, out of one of the provinces, where such paradises or gardens were much in use, and the country Lady not well bearing the air or inclosure of the palace in *Babylon* to which the *Assyrian* Kings used to confine themselves; he made her

gardens, not only within the palaces, but upon terrasses raised with earth, over the arched roofs, and even upon the top of the highest tower, planted them with all sorts of fruit-trees, as well as other plants and flowers, the most pleasant of that country; and thereby made at least the most airy gardens, as well as the most costly, that have been heard of in the world. This Lady may probably have been native of the provinces of *Chasimir*, or of *Damascus*, which have in all times been the happiest regions for fruits of all the *East*, by the excellence of soil, the position of mountains, the frequency of streams, rather than the advantages of climat. And 'tis great pity we do not yet see the history of *Chasimir*, which *Monsieur Bernier* assured me he had translated out of *Persian*, and intended to publish; and of which he has given such a taste, in his excellent *Memoirs of the Mogul's country*.

The next gardens we read of are those of *Solomon*, planted with all sorts of fruit-trees, and watered with fountains; and, though we have no more particular description of them, yet we may find, they were the places where he passed the times of his leisure and delight, where the houses as well as grounds were adorned with all that could be of pleasing and elegant, and were the retreats and entertainments of those among his wives that he loved the best; and 'tis not improbable, that the paradises,
men-

mentioned by *Strabo*, were planted by this great and wisest King. But the idea of the garden must be very great, if it answers at all to that of the gardener, who must have employed a great deal of his care, and of his study, as well as of his leisure and thought, in these entertainments, since he writ of all plants, from the cedar to the shrub.

The history of the Tryal of the famous Sir THOMAS MORE, Knt. In the 26th of Henry VIII. for denying the King's Supremacy, ann. 1535. With an account of his Death and Execution. Coll-cted by D. I. and published in the year 1725.

Sir Thomas More was born at London, in the year 14 . . . His Education in Grammar Learning was at St. *Anthony's* School there. He was afterwards received into the Family of Cardinal *Morton*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, meerly upon the Account of the Towardliness of his person, and the promising Hopes there was of him from the Pregnancy of his Parts. The same Cardinal was pleased soon after to send him to the University of *Oxford*, where *Grocinus* read publickly the *Greek Tongue*, whom *More* constantly heard,

and he became a great Proficient in that Language, and indeed in most other Parts of Learning, by the Care of *Linacre*, his Tutor. From *Oxford* he went into an Inn in *Chancery*; called *New-Inn**, in *London*, and from thence he remov'd to *Lincolns-Inn*, where easily mastering those Studies, he was at length called to the Bar. He afterwards grew into great Favour with King *Henry VIII.* who indeed highly valued him for his Learning, Wisdom, Experience, and the extraordinary Gifts of Nature, where-with he was endow'd; and that Prince conferr'd many honours and employments successively upon him, till he was made Lord High Chancellor of *England*, in which last and great Office no body ever carried himself with more Uprightness and Integrity, or with a greater Approbation from the Generality of the People than he.

But Sir *Thomas*, on the 20th of *May*, 1533. having thought fit to deliver up the Great Seal to the King, upon the Foresight of some Things he did not like, that were to come to pass, his Troubles came on apace. His refusing to attend on Queen *Anne Bollen's* Coronation was much dislik'd at Court; his Conference and Correspondence with *Elizabeth Barton*, called then

* *New-Inn and Lincolns-Inn are particular houses or colleges established for the entertainment of Students in the law.*

then *The holy Maid of Kent*, was laid hold on, and made the Groundwork of his Ruin.

A Bill being preferred in Parliament Nov. 1534. to attain *Elizabeth Barton*, and several others, of High Treason, Bishop *Fisher* and Sir *Thomas More* were also brought into it for Misprision of Treason*, and for the refusing of the *Oath of Succession*. Says my Lord *Herbert*, and avows the Bill did so pass; but Sir *Thomas's* great Grandson in his Life, shews the contrary, and that notwithstanding the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, the Lord Chancellor, Duke of *Norfolk*, and Secretary *Cromwell*, by the King's Command, went to him and pressed him to a Compliance; yet the Chancellor influenced the King so far, that the Matter of Misprision was dropt.

Sir *Thomas* was also examined at other Times by the Lord Chancellor, Dukes of *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*, Mr. Secretary, and others of the Privy Council, who pressed him with all the Arguments they could think of to own the King's Supremacy in direct and open Terms, or plainly to deny it; but he being loath to aggravate the King's Displeasure, would say no more than that the Statute was like a two edg'd Sword, for if he spoke against it he

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should

* *Misprision of Treason is the concealment, or not disclosing of known treason; for which the offender is to suffer imprisonment during the King's pleasure, lose his goods, and the profits of his lands.*

should be the Cause of the Death of his Body,
 and if he assented to it he shou'd purchase the
 Death of his Soul. Those Examinations being
 over, *Richard Rich*, newly made Solicitor
 General, and afterwards Lord *Rich*, with Sir
Richard Southwell, and Mr. *Palmer*, Secretary
Cromwel's Man, were sent by the King to take
 away his Books. *Rich* pretending Friendship
 to him, and protesting he had no Commission
 to talk with him about the former Affair of
 the Supremacy, he put a Case to him thus; if
 it were enacted by Parliament that *Richard
 Rich* should be King, and that it should be
 Treason in any body to deny it, what Offence
 it were to contravene that Act? Sir *Thomas
 More* answered, that he should offend if he
 said so, because he was bound by the Act;
 but that this was *casus levis*. Whereupon Sir
Thomas said he would propose a higher Case:
 Suppose it were enacted by Parliament *Quod
 Deus, non si Deus*, and that it were Treason
 to contravene, whether it were not an Offence
 to say it according to the said Act? *Rich*
 reply'd, yea, but said withal, I will propose
 a middle Case, because this is too high: The
 King, you know, is constituted Supreme Head
 of the Church upon Earth, Why should not
 you, Master *More*, accept him for such? As
 you would me, if I were made King by the
 aforesaid Supposition. *More* answered the Case
 was not the same; because, said he, A Parlia-
 ment can make a King, and depose him; and
 that

that every Parliament Man may give his Consent thereunto, but that a Subject cannot be bound so in the Case of Supremacy. *Quia consensus ab eo ad Parliamentum præbere non potest* (so says my Lord *Herbert*) it is in my Copy if it be not mistaken, & *quanquam Rex sic acceptus sit in Anglia, plurimæ tamen Partes exteræ idem non affirmant.*

Sir *Thomas* having continu'd a Prisoner in the *Tower* somewhat more than a Twelvemonth, for he was committed about the middle of *April* 1534, and was brought to his Tryal on the 7th of *May* 1535. He went into the Court leaning on his Staff, because he was much weakened by his Imprisonment, but appear'd with a cheerful and composed Countenance.

The Indictment was very long, but where to procure a Copy of it, I could never learn; it's said in general it contain'd all the Crimes that could be laid to the Charge of any notorious Malefactor, and Sir *Thomas* professed it was so long that he could scarce remember the third Part of what was objected therein against him. It was read aloud by the Attorney-General; and Sir *Thomas's* mortal Sin seem'd plainly to be his refusing the Oath of Succession, already mention'd.

To prove this, his double Examination in the *Tower* was alledged against him, the first before Secretary *Cromwell*, *Thomas Beade*, *John Tregonel*, &c. to whom he professed he had given

over all thoughts of Titles either to Popes or Princes, tho' the whole World should be given him, he being fully determined only to serve God. The second Time, before the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of *Suffolk*, Earl of *Wiltshire*, and others, before whom he compared that Oath to a two edg'd Sword, as before observed.

Presently after the Indictment was read, the Lord Chancellor, and the Duke of *Norfolk*, who it seems was one of the Commissioners, tho' his Name is not in the List, spoke to him to this Effect; *You see now how grievously you have offended his Majesty; yet he is so very merciful, that if you will lay aside your Obstinacy, and change your Opinion, we hope you may obtain Pardon and Favour in his Sight:* But Sir *Thomas* stoutly reply'd, 'Most Noble Lords, I have great Reason to return Thanks to your Honours, for this your great Civility, but I beseech Almighty God, that I may continue in the Mind I am in thro' his Grace unto Death.

Then having Intimation given that he might say what he thought fit in his own Defence, he began thus; 'When I consider the length of my Accusation, and what heinous Matters are laid to my Charge, I am struck with Fear, least my Memory and Understanding, which are both impaired, together with my bodily Health, thro' a long Indisposition contracted by my Imprisonment, shou'd now fail me so far,

‘far, as to make me incapable of making such
 ‘ready Answers in my Defence as otherwise I
 ‘might have done.

The Court being sensible of his Weakness,
 ordered a Chair to be brought in, wherein he
 was told he might seat himself, which he did
 accordingly, and then went on thus. ‘This
 ‘my Indictment, if I mistake not, consists of
 ‘four Principal Heads, each of which I purpose,
 ‘God willing, to answer in order. As to the
 ‘first Crime objected against me, that I have
 ‘been an Enemy out of stubbornness of Mind to
 ‘the King’s second Marriage, I confess, I al-
 ‘ways told his Majesty my Opinion of it, ac-
 ‘cording to the dictates of my Conscience,
 ‘which I neither ever would, nor ought to have
 ‘concealed; for which I am so far from think-
 ‘ing my self guilty of High Treason, that on
 ‘the contrary, being required to give my Opi-
 ‘nion by so great a Prince in an Affair of so
 ‘much Importance, upon which the Peace of
 ‘the Kingdom depended; I should have basely
 ‘flatter’d him, and my own Conscience, had
 ‘not I spoke the Truth as I thought: Then in-
 ‘deed I might justly have been esteemed a most
 ‘wicked Subject, and a perfidious Traytor to
 ‘God. If I have offended the King herein; if
 ‘it can be an Offence to tell one’s Mind freely,
 ‘when his Sovereign puts the Question to him;
 ‘I suppose I have been sufficiently punish’d al-
 ‘ready for the Fault, by the great Afflictions I

‘have endured, by the loss of my Estate, and
 ‘my tedious Imprisonment, which has continued
 ‘already near Fifteen Months.

‘The second Charge against me, is, That I
 ‘have violated the Act made in the last Parlia-
 ‘ment, that is, being a Prisoner, and twice ex-
 ‘amined, I would not, out of a malignant, per-
 ‘fidious, obstinate and traiterous Mind, tell
 ‘them my Opinion, whether the King was Su-
 ‘preme Head of the Church or not, but con-
 ‘fessed then, that I had nothing to do with that
 ‘Act, as to the Justice or Injustice of it, because
 ‘I had no Benefice in the Church; yet I then
 ‘protested, that I had never said nor done any
 ‘Thing against it; neither can any one Word
 ‘or Action of mine be alledged, or produced,
 ‘to make me culpable. Nay, this I own was
 ‘then my answer to their Honours, that I
 ‘would think of nothing else hereafter, but
 ‘of the bitter Passions of our Blessed Saviour,
 ‘and of my Exit out of this miserable World. I
 ‘wish no Body any Harm, and if this does not
 ‘keep me alive, I desire not to live; by all
 ‘which I know, I would not transgress any
 ‘Law, or become guilty of any treasonable
 ‘Crime; for this Statute, nor no other Law in
 ‘the World can punish any Man for his silence,
 ‘seeing they can do no more than punish
 ‘Words or Deeds; ’tis God only that is the
 ‘Judge of the Secrets of our Hearts.

Attor-

Attorney. Sir Thomas, Tho' we have not one Word or Deed of yours to object against you, yet we have your silence, which is an evident sign of the Malice of your Heart, because no dutiful Subject, being lawfully asked this Question, will refuse to answer it.

Sir Thomas More, 'Sir, my Silence is no sign of any Malice in my Heart, which the King himself must own by my Conduct upon divers Occasions, neither doth it convince any Man of the breach of the Law; for it is a Maxim amongst the Civilians and Canonists, *Qui tacet consentire videtur*; And as to what you say, that no good Subject will refuse to give a direct Answer; I do really think it to be the Duty of every good Subject, except he be such a Subject as will be a bad Christian, rather to obey God than Man; to be more cautious to offend his Conscience, than of any Thing else in the whole World; especially if his Conscience be not the Occasion of some Sedition and great Injury to his Prince and Country; for I do here sincerely protest, that I never revealed it to any Man alive.

'I come now to the third Principal Article in my Indictment, by which I am accused of malicious Attempts, traiterous Endeavours, and perfidious Practices against that Statute, as the Words therein do alledge, because I wrote, while in the Tower, divers Packets of Letters, to Bishop Fisher, whereby I exhorted him to
violate

'violate the same Law, and encouraged him in
 'the like Obstinacy. I do insist that these Let-
 'ters be produced and read in Court, by which
 'I may be either acquitted or convinced of a
 'Lie; but because you say the Bishop burnt
 'them all, I will here tell you the whole Truth
 'of the Matter: Some of my Letters related on-
 'ly to our private Affairs, as about our old
 'Friendship and Acquaintance: One of them
 'was in answer to his, wherein he desired me
 'to let him know what Answers I made upon
 'my Examinations concerning the Oath of Supre-
 'macy, and what I wrote to him upon it was
 'this, That I had already settled my Conscience,
 'and let him satisfy his according to his own
 'Mind. God is my Witness, and as I hope he
 'will save my Soul, I gave him no other Answer;
 'and this I presume is no Breach of the Laws.

As to the principal Crime objected against
 'me that I should say upon my Examination in
 'the *Tower*, That this Law was like a two edged
 'Sword; for in consenting to it, I should en-
 'danger my Soul, and in rejecting it should lose
 'my Life. It's evidently concluded, as you say,
 'from this Answer, because Bishop *Fisher* made
 'the like, that he was in the same Conspiracy.
 'To this I reply, That my Answer there was
 'conditional, if there were both Danger either
 'in allowing or disallowing that Act, and there-
 'fore like a two edg'd Sword it seem'd a hard
 'Thing it should be put upon me, who had ne-
 ver

‘ver hitherto contradicted it either in Word or
 ‘Deed; these were my Words. What the Bi-
 ‘shop answered I know not; if his Answer was
 ‘like mine, it did nor proceed from any Con-
 ‘spiracy of ours, but from the Similitude of our
 ‘Learning and Understanding. To conclude,
 ‘I do sincerely avouch, that I never spoke a
 ‘Word against this Law to any Man living,
 ‘tho’ perhaps the King’s Majesty has been told
 ‘the contrary.

There was little or no reply made to this full
 Answer by Mr. Attorney, or any Body else,
 the Word Malice was what was principally in-
 sisted on, and in the Mouths of the whole
 Court, tho’ for Proof of it no Body could
 produce either Words or Actions; nevertheless,
 to set the best gloss that could be upon the
 Matter, Mr. *Rich* was called to give Evidence
 in open Court, upon Oath, which he imme-
 diately did, affirming what we have already
 related concerning a Conference between him
 and Sir *Thomas* in the *Tower*; to which Sir
Thomas made Answer, ‘If I were a Man, my
 ‘Lords, that had no regard to my Oath, I had
 ‘had no Occasion to be here at this time, as is
 ‘well known to every Body, as a Criminal;
 ‘and if this Oath, Mr. *Rich*, which you have
 ‘taken be true, then I pray I may never see
 ‘God’s Face, which, were it otherwise, is
 ‘an Imprecation I would not be guilty of to
 ‘gain the whole World.

More

More having recited in the Face of the Court
 all the Discourse they had together in the *Tower*,
 as it truly and sincerely was, he added; 'In
 'good Faith, Mr. *Rich*, I am more concerned
 'for your Perjury, than my own Danger: and
 'I must tell you, that neither my self nor any
 'Body else to my Knowledge, ever took you to
 'be a Man of such Reputation, that I or any o-
 'ther would have any Thing to do with you in
 'any Matter of Importance. You know that I
 'have been acquainted with your manner of
 'Life and Conversation a long time, even from
 'your Youth to the present Juncture, for we
 'lived in the same Parish, and you very well know,
 'I am sorry I am forced to speak it, you always
 'lay under the odium of a very lying Tongue,
 'of a great Gamester, and of no good Name
 'and Character either there or in the *Temple*,
 'where you was educated. Can it therefore
 'seem likely to your Lordships, that I should in
 'so weighty an Affair as this act so unadvisedly,
 'as to trust Mr. *Rich*, a Man I had always so
 'mean an Opinion of, in reference to his Truth
 'and Honesty, so very much before my So-
 'vereign Lord the King, to whom I am so deeply
 'indebted for his manifold Favours, or any of
 'his noble and grave Counsellors, that I should
 'only impart to Mr. *Rich*, the Secrets of my
 'Conscience in respect to the King's Suprema-
 'cy, the particular Subject, and only Point a-
 'bout which I have been so long pressed to ex-
 'plain my self; which I never did, nor never
 would

'would reveal, when the Act was conce made,
 'either to the King himself, or any of his Privy
 'Counsellors, as is well known to your Ho-
 'nours, who have been sent upon no other Ac-
 'count at several Times by his Majesty to me in
 'the *Tower*. I refer it to your Judgments, my
 'Lords, whether this can seem credible to any
 'of your Lordships?

'But supposing what Mr. *Rich* has swore
 'should be true, seeing the Words were spoke in
 'familiar and private Conversation, and that
 'there was nothing at all asserted, but only Ca-
 'ses put without any offensive Circumstances; it
 'cannot in Justice be said, that they were spoke
 'maliciously, and where there is no Malice,
 'there is no Offence: Besides, my Lords, I
 'cannot think so many reverend Bishops, so
 'many honourable Personages, and so many
 'virtuous and learned Men, of whom the Parlia-
 'ment consisted in the enacting of that Law,
 'ever meant to have any Man punish'd with
 'Death, in whom no Malice could be found,
 'taking the Word *Malitia* for *Malevolentia*; for
 'if *Malitia* be taken in a general Signification for
 'any Crime, there is no Man can be free:
 'Wherefore this Word *Maliciously* is so far signi-
 'ficant in this Statute, as the Word *Forcible* is in
 'that of *Forcible Entry*; for in that case if any
 'enter peaceably, and puts his Adversary out
 'forcibly, it is no Offence, but if he enters
 'forcibly, he shall be punished by that Statute.

Besi-

'Besides, all the unspeakable Goodness of his
 'Majesty towards me, who has been so many
 'ways my singular good Lord, and graciously
 'he, I say, who has so dearly loved and trusted
 'me, even from my first Entrance into his Royal
 'Service, vouchsafing to honour me with the
 'Dignity of being one of his Privy Council,
 'and has most generously promoted me to Offi-
 'ces of great Reputation and Honour, and
 'lastly to that of Lord High Chancellor, which
 'Honour he never did to any Layman before,
 'the same being the highest Dignity in this fa-
 'mous Kingdom, and next to the King's Royal
 'Person, so far beyond my Merits and Quali-
 'fications; honouring and exalting me by his
 'incomparable Benignity, for these twenty Years
 'and upwards, heaping continual Favours upon
 'me, and now at last, at my own humble Re-
 'quest, given me Liberty to dedicate the Re-
 'mainder of my Life to the service of God for the
 'better saving of my Soul, has been pleased to
 'discharge and free me from that weighty Digni-
 'ty; before which he had still heaped more
 'and more Honours upon me; I say all this his
 'Majesty's Bounty so long and so plentifully
 'conferred upon me, is enough, in my Opinion,
 'to invalidate the scandalous Accusation so
 'injuriously surmized and urged by this Man
 'against me.

This touch'd the Reputation of Mr. *Rich* to
 the very quick, and was a Slur that could not
 be effaced, without the utmost Difficulty, and
 the

the only Way to do it, was, if possible to produce substantial and credible Witnesses to attest the contrary; and therefore he caused Sir *Richard Southwell*, and Mr. *Palmer*, who were in the same Room with Sir *Thomas* and Mr. *Rich*, when they conferred together, to be sworn as to the Words that passed between them: whereupon Mr. *Palmer* deposed, *That he was so busy in thrusting Sir Thomas's Books into a Sack, that he took no Notice of their Talk.* And Sir *R. Southwell* likewise swore, *That because his Business was only to take Care of conveying his Books away, he gave no Ear to their Discourse.*

Sir *Thomas* having urged other Reasons in his own Defence, to the discrediting of Mr. *Rich's* Evidence; the Judge proceeded to give the Charge to the Jury*. The twelve Persons on whose Verdict his Life now depended, were these:
Sir

* *A Jury consists of twelve substantial Men, Householders, out of the neighbourhood of that place where the matter contested lies; these twelve Men, standing near, may hear all that is said and produced on either part, and may ask what questions they please of the witnesses. When all these are examined, and all pleadings over, the judge briefly recapitulates all that has past, putting the twelve Men in mind of what has been alledged, and defended on either side, and informing them what points are according to law, and what not; after which, this Jury of twelve Men are bid to retire by themselves, an officer being charged with them, to see that they have neither*

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Sir Thomas Palmer, Knt. Sir Thomas Peirt, Knt. &c.

Now the Jury having withdrawn, scarce were out a quarter of an Hour before they return'd with their Verdict, by which they found the Prisoner Guilty; upon which the Lord Chancellor, as chief in the Commission for this Tryal, immediately began to proceed to Judgement; which *Sir Thomas* observing, he said to him, 'My Lord, When I was concerned in the Law, 'the Practice in such Cases was to ask the Prisoner before Sentence, Whether he had any 'thing to offer why Judgment should not be 'pronounced against him. The Lord Chancellor hereupon stopping his Sentence, wherein he had already proceeded in part ask'd *Sir Thomas*, *What he was able to say to the contrary?* who presently made Answer in these words: 'For as much as, my Lords, this Indictment is 'grounded upon an Act of Parliament, directly 'repugnant to the Laws of God, and his holy 'Church, the supreme Government of which, 'or of any Part thereof, no temporal Person 'may

ther Meat, Drink, Fire, nor Candle, that they may the sooner conclude their opinions, which must be all unanimous. When they are agreed, they come back into Court, and one of them declares in two or three words the opinion of all the jury, all being of one mind, or else to be remanded back to their confinement, and according to their judgment the sentence passes finally.

'may by any Law presume to take upon him
 'that which of right belongs to the See of
 'Rome: It is therefore, amongst Catholick
 'Christians, insufficient in Law, to charge a-
 'ny Christian to obey it. And in order to the
 Proof of his Assertion, he declared among some
 other Things, 'That whereas this Kingdom a-
 'lone being but one Member, and a small Part
 'of the Church, was not to make a particular
 'Law, disagreeing with the general Law of
 'Christ's universal Catholick Church; no more
 'than the City of *London*, being but one Mem-
 'ber, in respect to the whole Kingdom, might
 'enact a Law against an Act of Parliament, to
 'be binding to the whole Realm. So he shewed
 farther 'That Law was even contrary to the
 'Laws and Statutes of the Kingdom yet unre-
 'pealed, as might evidently be seen by *Magna*
 '*Charta*, wherein are these Words; *Ecclesia*
 '*Anglicana libera sit, et habet omnia jura integra,*
 '*& libertates suas illasas:* And it is contrary
 'also to that sacred Oath which the King's
 'Majesty himself, and every other Christian
 'Prince always take with great Solemnity, at
 'their Coronations. So great was Sir *Thomas's*
 Zeal, that he further alledg'd, 'That it was
 'worse in the Kingdom of *England* to refuse
 'Obedience to the See of *Rome*, than for any
 'Child to do to his natural Parent; for, as St.
 'Paul said to the *Corinthians*, *I have regene-*
 '*rated you, my Children, in Christ;* so might that
 'worthy Pope of *Rome*, St. *Gregory the Great*,

'say of us *Englishmen*, *Ye are my Children*,
 'because I have given you everlasting *Salvation*;
 'for by *St. Augustin*, and his followers, his im-
 'mediate Messengers, *England*, first received the
 'Christian Faith, which is a far higher and bet-
 'ter Inheritance than any carnal Father can
 'leave to his Children; for a Son is only by
 'Generation, we are by Regeneration made
 'the spiritual Children of Christ and the Pope.

Here the Lord Chancellor took him up, and
 'said; *That seeing all the Bishops, Universities,*
 '*and the most learned Men in the Kingdom had*
 '*agreed to that Act, it was much wondred that*
 '*he alone should so stiffly stickle, and so vehemently*
 '*argue there against it.*

His Answer was, 'That if the Number of
 'Bishops and Universities were so material as
 'his Lordship seem'd to make it; then, my
 'Lord, I see no Reason why that thing should
 'make any Change in my Conscience; for I
 'doubt not, but of the learned and virtuous
 'Men now alive, I do not speak only of this
 'Realm, but of all Christendom, there are ten to
 'one of my Mind in this Matter; but if I should
 'take Notice of those learned Doctors and vir-
 'tuous Fathers that are already dead, many of
 'whom are Saints in Heaven; I am sure there
 'are far more who all the while they lived
 'thought in this Case as I do now. And
 'therefore, my Lord, I do not think myself
 'bound to conform my Conscience to the Coun-
 sel

‘sel of one Kingdom against the general Consent
‘of all Christendom.

Here it seems the Lord Chancellor, not willing to take the whole Load of this Condemnation upon himself, asked in open Court the Advice of Sir *John Fitz-James*, the Lord Chief Justice of *England*, Whether the Indictment was valid, or no? who wisely answered thus: *My Lords all, By St. Gilliam (for that was always his Oath) I must needs confess, That if the Act of Parliament be not unlawful, then the Indictment is not in my Conscience invalid.* Some have wrote, That the Lord Chancellor should hereupon say, *Quid adhuc desideramus testimonium, reus est mortis*, and then presently proceeded to give Sentence to this Effect:

That he should be carried back to the Tower of London, by the Help of William Kingston, Sheriff, and from thence drawn on a Hurdle through the City of London to Tyburn there to be hanged till he should be half dead, that then he should be cut down alive, his Belly ripped, his Bowels burnt, his four Quarters set up over four Gates of the City, and his Head upon London-Bridge.*

This was the Judgment pronounced upon this Great Man, who had deserved so well both of the King and Kingdom, and for which *Paulus Jovius* calls King Henry VIII. another *Phalaris*.

* Tyburn is the common place of execution.

This severe Sentence was afterwards by the King's Pardon changed to beheading; because he had born the greatest Office in the Kingdom; of which Mercy of the King's; Word being brought to Sir *Thomas*, he merrily said, 'God forbid the King should use any more such Mercy to any of my Friends, and God preserve all my Posterity from such Pardons.

When he had received Sentence of Death, he spake thus with a resolute and sedate Aspect: 'Well seeing I am condemn'd, God knows how justly, I will freely speak for the disburthening my Conscience, what I think of this Law. 'When I perceived it was the King's Pleasure to 'sift out from whence the Pope's Authority was 'derived; I confess I studied seven Years together to find out the Truth of it, and I could 'not meet with the Works of any one Doctor, 'approved by the Church, that avouch a Layman was, or ever could be the Head of the 'Church.

Chancellor. *Would you be esteemed wiser, or to have a sincerer Conscience, than all the Bishops, learned Doctors, Nobility and Commons, of this Realm.*

More. 'I am able to produce against one Bishop which you can produce on your side, 'a hundred holy and Catholick Bishops, for my 'Opinion; and against one Realm, the Consent 'of Christendom for 1000 Years.

Mor-

Morfolk. *Sir Thomas, You shew your obstinate and Malicious Mind.*

More. 'Noble Sir, It's no Malice, or Obstinacy, that makes me say this; but the just Necessity of the Cause obliges me to it for the Discharge of my Conscience; and I Call God to Witness, that nothing but this has excited me to it.

After this, the Judges kindly offering him their favourable Audience, if he had any thing else to say; he answered most mildly and charitably, 'I have no more to say, but that as the blessed Apostle *St. Paul*, as we read in the *Acts* of the Apostles, was present and consenting to the Protomartyr *Stephen*, keeping their Cloaths, that stoned him to Death, and yet they are both now holy Saints in Heaven, and there shall continue Friends to Eternity: So I verily trust, and shall therefore heartily pray, that albeit your Lorships have been on Earth my Judges to Condemnation, yet that we may hereafter meet joyfully together in Heaven to our everlasting Salvation, and God preserve you, especially my Sovereign Lord the King, and grant him faithful Counsellors.

Sir Thomas, after his Condemnation, was conducted from the Bar to the *Tower*, an Axe being carried before him, with the Edge towards him, being led by *Sir William Kingston*, the Constable, and his very good Friend, at what time his eldest Son threw himself at his

Feet, humbly craving his Blessing, not without Tears in his Eyes; he blessed and tenderly kissed him, and it appeared by a Letter of Sir *Thomas*, that this his Behaviour pleased him extremely. When Sir *William* had brought him as far as the *Old Swan*, he there took his Leave of him with a sorrowful Heart, and Tears trickling down his Cheeks; but Sir *Thomas* cheer'd him up with kind Expressions, saying, *Good Sir William, do not grieve, but be cheerful, for I will pray for you, and my good Lady your Wife, that we may meet in Heaven, where we shall rejoice for ever and ever.*

Being come to *Tower-Wharf*, his Daughter *Roper* being afraid she should never see him, without any Regard to Danger, thrust her self thro' the armed Men to come at him, fell upon his Neck and kissed him; being not able to utter any other Words than *Oh! my Father. Oh! my Father.*

This, and other heroical Acts of his, made Cardinal *Pool* write of him thus: *Strangers, and Men of other Nations, that never had seen him in their Lives, were so much grieved when they heard of his Death, that read an Account of it, they could not refrain from Tears, bewailing an unknown Person, only famous unto them for his worthy Acts: Yea, continued he, I cannot refrain weeping as I write, tho' I am remote from my native Country: I loved him dearly, who had not so many urgent Causes of his*
Love,

Love, as many others had, only on the Account of his Virtues and worthy Actions, for which he was a most necessary Member of his Country: And now God is my Witness, I shed for him, whether I will or not, so many Tears, that they binder me to write, so that I can proceed no farther.

While he continued in the *Tower*, a vain Courtier came to him, asking him again and again to change his Mind. Being wearied with his Importunity, he told him he had, the Gentleman pleased with the imaginary Success, presently went and acquainted the King with it, who commanding him to go and inform himself wherein he had changed his Mind: Sir *Thomas* blamed him for his Levity, that he wou'd go and tell the King every Thing he said in Jest; for his meaning was, That whereas he had designed to be shaved, that he might appear to others in the same manner as usual, he was now fully resolved his Beard should run the same Fate with his Head, which put the Spark much in Confusion, and made the King very angry.

Having continued a Prisoner after Sentence for about a Week, there came to him on Tuesday early in the Morning, the 6th of *July*, Sir *Thomas Pope*, his singular good Friend, with a Message from the King and Council, to let him know he was that Day to suffer Death before Nine a Clock, and therefore he ought

forthwith to prepare himself for it. Mr. Pope, said he, *I most heartily thank you for your good News: I have been much oblig'd to the King's Majesty for the Benefits and Honours he has most bountifully conferr'd upon me; yet I am more bound to his Grace, I do assure you, for confining me in this Place, where I have had convenient Place and Opportunity to put me in mind of my last End; and so help me God. I am most of all bound to him, that it has pleased his Majesty to rid me out of the Miseries of this wretched World.* The King's Pleasure further is, Said Sir Thomas Pope, *That you do not use many Words at the Place of Execution.* Mr. Pope, answered he, *You do well to acquaint me with the King's Pleasure, for I had otherwise designed to have made a Speech to the People; but it matters not, and I am ready to conform myself to his Highness's Pleasure; and I beseech you, good Mr. Pope, be a Suitor to his Majesty, that my Daughter Margaret may have leave to attend my Funeral; the King, reply'd he, is willing already, that your Wife, Children, and other Friends, should have Liberty to be present at it. Oh how much am I beholden to his Majesty, who vouchsafes to have so much regard for my poor Burial.* Then Sir Thomas Pope, taking his leave of him, could not refrain from shedding Tears, which the other observing, said, *Be easy, Mr. Pope, and let not your Spirits be cast down, for I hope we shall see one another in another and better Place, where we shall be*
free

free to live and love in eternal Bliss. And further to divert *Pope's* Grief, the Prisoner took his Urinal, and shaking the Water, said cheerfully to him, *I see no Danger, but that this Man may live longer if the King pleases.*

Sir *Thomas Pope* being gone, the other prepared himself for Death, put on his best Clothes, viz. his Silk Camlet Gown, which was a Present to him from *Anthony Bonvise*, a noble Citizen of *Lucca*, since his Confinement. The Lieutenant observing this, advised him to put them off again, saying, *He that is to have them is but a Favill:* What Mr. Lieutenant, said Sir *Thomas*, *Shall I account him a Favill who will this Day do me so singular a Service; nay, I do assure you, were it Cloth of Gold, I should think it well bestow'd upon him; for St. Cyprian, the famous Bishop of Carthage, gave his Executioner Thirty Pieces of Gold, because he knew he should be a means to procure him unspeakable Happiness;* nevertheless the Lieutenant pressing still the Matter to him, he, for the Esteem he had for him, thought fit to put off that fine Gown, and to put on a Frieze one; yet he sent out of the small Remains he had of Money, a good Angel * to the Hangman, as a Sign he had no Prejudice to him, but that rather he had an Esteem for him.

About

* A piece of money anciently coined and impressed with an angel; rated at ten shillings, or about three dollars.

About Nine a Clock the Lieutenant conducted him out of the *Tower*; his beard was long, contrary to his usual Fashion, his Face pale and thin, carrying a red Cross in his Hand, and often lifting up his Eyes to Heaven. Passing forward, a good Woman came out of her House and offered him a Cup of Wine, which he accepted not, saying, *Christ at his Passion drank no Wine, but Gall and Vinegar.* But another Woman came crying to him, and demanded some Papers she had put into his Hands when he was Lord Chancellor; but he answered her, *Good Woman, have Patience but for an Hour, and by that Time the King will rid me of the Care I have for those Papers, and every Thing else.* Another Woman, hired, as some thought, by his Enemies to disgrace him, followed him also and cried out, he had done her much Wrong when he was Lord Chancellor; to which he made Answer, *That he very well remembred her cause, and that if he were then to decide it, he wou'd make the same Decree as before.*

Being brought to the Scaffold, it seem'd to him to be so weak, that it was ready to fall, wherefore he spoke cheerfully to the Lieutenant, *I pray, Sir, see me safe up, and as for my coming down let me shift for my self.* Being ascended, and beginning to speak to the People, who where there in great Multitudes to see the Execution, he was interrupted by the Sheriff; and

and therefore in a few Words he desired the People to pray for him, and to bear Witness that he there died in the Faith of the Holy Catholick Church; a faithful Servant both to God and the King. Then kneeling, he pronounced the *miserere* Psalm with much Devotion; then cheerfully getting up, and the Executioner asking him forgiveness, he kissed him, saying, *Thou wilt do me this Day a greater Kindness than ever any mortal can do; take Courage, Man, and be not afraid to do thy Duty; my Neck is very short, therefore take heed you do not strike awry, for your Reputation sake.* When the Executioner wou'd have covered his Eyes; he said, I will cover them my self, and presently did so with a Napkin he had brought with him for that purpose: Then laying his Head upon the Block, he bid the Executioner stop till he had put his Beard out of the way, saying, *That that had never committed any Treason.*

Having received the fatal Blow with much Resolution and Constancy. When the News was brought to the King, then playing at Tables, and Queen *Anne* looking on, some affirm he should cast his Eyes upon her, and say, *Thou art the Cause of this Man's death;* and that presently leaving off play, he retired into his Chamber and was very melancholy.

Some

Some Passages
out of

LORD SHAFTESBURY'S.
 CHARACTERISTICKS.

Part of the Essay on the Freedom of WIT
and HUMOUR.

PART I.

SECT II.

When one considers what use is sometimes made of this species of wit (raillery) and to what an excess it has risen of late, in some Characters of the Age; one may be startled a little, and in doubt, what to think of the Practice, or whither this rallying Humour will at length carry us. It has pass'd from the Men of Pleasure to the Men of Business. Politicians have been infected with it: and the grave Affairs of State have been treated with an Air of *Irony* and *Banter*. The ablest Negotiators have been known the notablest *Buffoons*: the most celebrated Authors, the greatest Masters of *Burlesque*.

THERE is indeed a kind of *defensive Rail- lery* (if I may so call it) which I am willing enough to allow in Affairs of whatever kind; when the Spirit of Curiosity wou'd force a Discovery of more Truth than can conveniently

ly

ly be tod. For we can never do more injury to Truth, than by discovering too much of it, on some occasions. 'Tis the same with Understandings as with Eyes: To such a certain Size and Make just so much Light is necessary, and no more. Whatever is beyond, brings Darknefs and Confusion.

'Tis real Humanity and Kindness, to hide Truths from tender Eyes. And to do this by a pleasant Amusement, is easier and civiller, than by a harsh Denial, or remarkable Reserve. But to go about industriously to confound Men, in a mysterious manner; and to make advantage or draw pleasure from that Perplexity they are thrown into, by such uncertain Talk; is as unhandsome in a way of Raillery, as when done with the greatest Seriousness, or in the most solemn way of Deceit. 'Tis certainly a mean, impotent, and dull sort of Wit, which amuses all alike, and leaves the most sensible Man, and even a Friend, equally in doubt, and at a loss to understand what one's real mind is, upon any Subject.

THIS in that *gross* sort of *Raillery*, which is so offensive in good Company. And indeed there is as much difference between one sort and another, as between Fair-dealing and Hypocrisy; or between the genteelest Wit, and the most scurrilous Buffoonery. But by Freedom of Conversation this illiberal kind of wit will
lose

lose its Credit. For wit is its own Remedy. Liberty and Commerce bring it to its true Standard. The only danger is, the laying an Embargo. The same thing happens here, as in the Case of *Trade*. Impositions and Restrictions reduce it to a low Ebb: Nothing is so advantageous to it as a *Free-Port*.

WE have seen in our own time the Decline and Ruin of a false sort of Wit, which so much delighted our Ancestors, that their Poems and Plays as well as Sermons, were full of it. All Humour had something of *the Quibble*. The very Language of the Court was *Punning*. But 'tis now banish'd the Town, and all good Company: There are only some few Footsteps of it in the Country; and it seems at last confin'd to the Nurseries of Youth, as the chief Entertainment of Pedants and their Pupils. And thus in other respects *Wit* will mend upon our hands, and *Humour* will refine it self; if we take care not to tamper with it, and bring it under Constraint, by severe Usage and rigorous Prescriptions. All Politeness is owing to Liberty. We polish one another, and rub off our Corners and rough Sides by a sort of *amicable Collision*, To restrain this, is inevitably to bring a Rust upon Mens Understandings. 'Tis a destroying of Civility, Good Breeding, and even Charity it self, under pretence of maintaining it.

PART. IV.

S E C T. I.

By this time (my Friend!) you may possibly, I hope, be satisfied, that as I am in earnest in defending *Raillery*, so I can be sober in the Use of it. 'Tis in reality a serious Study, to learn to temper and regulate that *Humour* which Nature has given us, as a more lenitive Remedy against Vice, and a kind of Specifick against Superstition and melancholy Delusion. There is a great difference between seeking how to raise a Laugh from every thing; and seeking, in every thing, what justly may be laugh'd at. For nothing is ridiculous except what is deform'd: Nor is any thing proof against *Raillery*, except what is handsome and just. And therefore 'tis the hardest thing in the World, to deny *Fair* HONESTY the use of this Weapon, which can never bear an Edge against her-self, and bears against every thing contrary.

If the very *Italian* Buffoons were to give us the Rule in these Cases, we shou'd learn by them, that in their lowest and most scurrilous way of Wit there was nothing so successfully to be play'd upon, as the Passions of Cowardice and Avarice. One may defy the World to turn real *Bravery* or *Generosity* into Ridicule. A Glutton or mere Sensualist, is as ridiculous as the other two Characters. Nor can an unaffected *Temperance* be made the Subject of Contempt to any besides the grossest and most

contemptible of Mankind. Now these *three* Ingredients make up a virtuous Character: as *the contrary three* a vicious one. How therefore can we possibly make a Jest of Honesty? — To laugh *both* ways, is nonsensical. And if the Ridicule lie against *Sottishness, Avarice,* and *Cowardice*; you see the Consequence. A Man must be soundly ridiculous, who, with all the Wit imaginable, wou'd go about to ridicule Wisdom, or laugh at Honesty, or Good Manners.

A MAN of thorough *Good Breeding*, whatever else he be, is incapable of doing a rude or brutal Action, He never *deliberates* in this case, or considers of the matter by prudential Rules of Self-Interest and Advantage. He acts from his Nature, in a manner necessarily, and without Reflection: and if he did not, it were impossible for him to answer his Character, or be found that truly well-bred Man, on every occasion. 'Tis the same with the *Honest Man*. He can't deliberate in the Case of a plain Villany. *A Plum* * is no Temptation to him. He likes and loves himself too well, to change Hearts with one of those corrupt Miscreants, who amongst 'em gave that name to a round Sum of Money gain'd by Rapine and Plunder of the Commonwealth. He who wou'd enjoy *a Freedom of Mind*, and be truly *Possessor of himself*, must be above the Thought of stooping to

* The sum of one hundred thousand pounds sterling.

to what is villanous or base. He, on the other side, who has a Heart to stoop, must necessarily quit the Thought of *Manliness, Resolution, Friendship, Merit*, and a *Character with himself and others*: But to affect these Enjoyments and Advantages, together with the Privileges of a licentious Principle; to pretend to enjoy *Society*, and a *free Mind*, in company with a *knaveish Heart*, is as ridiculous as the way of Children, who eat their Cake, and afterwards cry for it. When Men begin to *deliberate* about Dishonesty, and finding it go less against their Stomach, ask silly, 'Why they shou'd stick at a good Piece of Knavery, for a good Sum?' They shou'd be told, as Children, that *They can't eat their Cake, and have it.*

WHEN Men, indeed, are become *accomplish'd Knaves*, they are past *crying for their Cake*. They *know Themselves*, and are *known* by Mankind. 'Tis not *These* who are so much envy'd or admir'd. The *moderate* Kind are the more taking with us. Yet had we sense, we shou'd consider 'tis in reality the *thorough profligate Knave*, the very compleat *unnatural Villain* alone, who can any way bid for Happiness with the *Honest Man*. True interest is wholly on *one* side, or *the other*. All between is Inconsistency, Irresolution, Remorse, Vexation, and an Ague-Fit: from hot to cold; from one Passion to another quite contrary; a perpetual Discord of Life; and an alternate

Disquiet and Self-dislike. The only Rest or Repose must be thro' *one*, determin'd, considerate Resolution: which when once taken, must be courageously kept; and the Passions and Affections brought under obedience to it: the Temper steel'd and harden'd to the Mind; the Disposition to the Judgment. Both must agree; else all must be Disturbance and Confusion. So that to think with one's self, in good earnest, "Why may not one do this *little* Villany, or commit this *one* Treachery, and 'but for *once*:" is the most ridiculous Imagination in the world, and contrary to COMMON SENSE. For a common honest Man, whilst left to himself, and undisturb'd by Philosophy and subtle Reasonings about his Interest, gives no other Answer to the Thought of Villany, than that *he can't possibly find in his heart* to set about it, or conquer the natural Aversion he has to it. And this is *natural*, and *just*.

THE truth is; as Notions stand now in the World, with respect to Morals, Honesty is like to gain little by Philosophy, or deep Speculations of any kind. In the main, 'tis best to stick to *Common Sense*, and go no further. Mens first Thoughts, in this matter, are generally better than their second: their natural Notions better than those refin'd by Study, or Consultation with *Casuists*. According to common Speech, as well as common Sense, *Honesty is the best Policy*: But according to refin'd Sense,

Sense, the only *well advis'd* Persons, as to this world, are *errant Knaves*: and they alone are thought to serve themselves, who serve their Passions, and indulge their loosest Appetites and Desires. — Such, it seems, are *the Wise*, and such the *Wisdom of this World*!

AN ordinary Man talking of a vile Action, in a way of *Common Sense*, says naturally and heartily, “He wou’d not be guilty of such a “thing for the whole world.” But *speculative Men* find great Modifications in the Case; many ways of Evasion; many Remedies; many Alleviations. A good Gift *rightly* apply’d; a *right* Method of suing out a Pardon; good Alms-Houses, and Charitable Foundations erected, may sufficiently atone for *one wrong Practice*.

ADVICE to an Author.

PART I.

S E C T. I.

I HAVE often thought how ill natur’d a *Maxim* it was, which, on many occasions, I have heard from People of good understanding; “That, as to what related to private Conduct, No - one was ever the better for ADVICE.” But upon further Examination, I have resolv’d with myself, that the *Maxim* might be admitted without any violent prejudice to Mankind.

For in the manner *Advice* was generally given, there was no reason, I thought, to wonder it shou'd be so ill receiv'd. Something there was which strangely inverted the Case, and made *the Giver* to be the only Gainer. For by what I cou'd observe in many Occurrences of our Lives, That which we call'd *giving Advice*, was properly, taking an occasion to shew our own Wisdom, at another's expence. On the other side, to be instructed, or to *receive Advice* on the terms usually prescrib'd to us, was little better than tamely to afford another the Occasion of raising himself a Character from our Defects.

In reality, however able or willing a Man may be *to advise*, 'tis no easy matter to make *ADVICE a free Gift*. For to make a Gift *free* indeed, there must be nothing in it which takes from Another, to add to Our-self. In all other respects, *to give*, and *to dispense*, is Generosity, and Good-will: but to bestow Wisdom, is to gain a Mastery which can't so easily be allow'd us. Men willingly learn whatever else is taught 'em. They can bear a *Master* in Mathematicks, in Musick, or in any other Science; but not in *Understanding* and *Good Sense*.

'Tis the hardest thing imaginable for an AUTHOR not to appear assuming in this respect. For all *Authors at large* are, in a manner, profess'd *Masters of Understanding* to the Age.
And

And for this reason, in early days, *Poets* were look'd upon as authentick *Sages*, for dictating Rules of life, and teaching Manners and good Sense. How they may have lost their Pretension, I can't say. 'Tis their peculiar Happiness and Advantage, not to be oblig'd to lay their Claim openly. And if whilst they profess only *to please*, they secretly *advise*, and give Instruction; they may now perhaps, as well as formerly, be esteem'd, with justice, the best and most honourable among Authors.

MEAN while; "If *dictating* and *perscribing* be of so dangerous a nature, in other Authors; what must his Case be, who dictates to *Authors themselves*?"

To this I answer; That my Pretension is not so much *to give Advice*, as to consider of *the Way and Manner of advising*. My Science, if it be any, is no better than that of a *Language-Master*, or a *Logician*. For I have taken it strongly into my head, that there is a certain Knack or *Legerdemain* in Argument, by which we may safely proceed to the dangerous part of *advising*, and make sure of the good fortune to have our Advice accepted, if it be any thing worth.

My Proposal is to consider of this Affair, as a Case of SURGERY. 'Tis *Practice*, we all allow, which makes a Hand. "But who, on this occasion, will be *practis'd on*? Who will willingly be the first to try *our Hand*, and

“afford us the requisite *Experience*?” Here lies the Difficulty. For supposing we had Hospitals for this sort of *Surgery*, and there were always in readiness certain meek *Patients* who wou’d bear any Incisions, and be prob’d or tented at our pleasure; the advantage no doubt wou’d be considerable in this way of Practice. Some Insight must needs be obtain’d. In time *a Hand* too might be acquir’d; but in all likelihood *a very rough one*: which wou’d by no means serve the purpose of this latter *Surgery*. For here, *a Tenderness of Hand* is principally requisite. No Surgeon will be call’d, who has not Feeling and Compassion. And where to find a Subject in which the Operator is likely to preserve the highest *Tenderness*, and yet act with the greatest *Resolution* and *Boldness*, is certainly a matter of no slight Consideration.

I AM sensible there is in all considerable Projects, at first appearance, a certain Air of chimerical Fancy and Conceit, which is apt to render the Projectors somewhat liable to Ridicule. I wou’d therefore prepare my Reader against this Prejudice; by assuring him, that in the *Operation* propos’d, there is nothing which can justly excite his Laughter; or if there be, the Laugh perhaps may turn against him, by his own Consent, and with his own Concurrence: Which is *a Specimen* of that very Art or Science we are about to illustrate.

ACCOR-

ACCORDINGLY, if it be objected against the above-mention'd *Practice*, and Art of *Surgery*, "That we can no where find such
 "a *meek Patient*, with whom we can in rea-
 "lity *make bold*, and for whom nevertheless we
 "are sure to preserve *the greatest Tenderness and*
 "*Regard*:" I assert the contrary: and say,
 for instance, *That we have each of us OUR*
SELVES to practice on. "Mere Quibble!
 "(you'll say :) For who can thus multiply him-
 "self into *two Persons*, and be *his own Sub-*
ject? Who can properly laugh at *himself*, or
 "find in his heart to be either merry or severe
 "on such an occasion?"

Go to the *Poets*, and they will present you with many Instances. Nothing is more common with them, than this sort of SOLILOQUY. A Person of profound Parts, or perhaps of ordinary Capacity, happens, on some occasion, to commit a Fault. He is concern'd for it. He comes alone upon the Stage; looks about him, to see if any body be near; then takes himself to talk, without sparing himself in the least. You wou'd wonder to hear how close he pushes matters, and thoroughly he carries on the Business of *Self Dissection*. By virtue of this SOLILOQUY he becomes two distinct *Persons*. He is Pupil and Preceptor. He teaches, and he learns. And in good earnest, had I nothing else to plead in behalf of the *Morals* of our modern Dramatick Poets, I

shou'd defend 'em still against their Accusers for the sake of this very Practice, which they have taken care to keep up in its full force. For whether the Practice be *natural* or no, in respect of common Custom and Usage; I take upon me to assert, that it is an honest and laudable Practice; and that if already it be not natural to us, we ought however to make it so, by Study and Application.

“ARE we to go therefore to the Stage for Edification? Must we learn our Catechism from the Poets? And, like the Players, speak *aloud*, what we debate at any time with our-selves alone?” Not absolutely so perhaps. Tho' where the harm wou'd be, of spending some Discourse, and bestowing a little Breath and clear Voice purely upon *ourselves*, I can't see. We might peradventure be less noisy and more profitable in Company, if at convenient time we discharg'd some of our articulate Sound, and spoke to our-selves *viva voce* when alone. For Company is an extreme Provocative to Fancy; and, like a hot Bed in Gardening, is apt to make our Imaginations sprout too fast. But by this anticipating Remedy of SOLILOQUY, we may effectually provide against the Inconvenience.

WE HAVE an account in History of a certain Nation, who seem to have been extremely apprehensive of the Effects of this Frothiness or Ventosity in Speech, and were accordingly
resolv'd

resolv'd to provide thoroughly against the Evil. They carry'd this *Remedy* of ours so far, that it was not only their Custom, but their Religion and Law, to speak, laugh, use Action, gesticulate, and to all in the same manner when by themselves, as when they were in Company. If you had stol'n upon 'em unawares at any time, when they had been alone, you might have found 'em in high Dispute, arguing with themselves, reproving, counselling, haranguing themselves, and in the most florid manner accosting their own Persons. In all likelihood they had been once a People remarkable fluent in Expression, much pester'd with Orators and Preachers, and mightily subject to that Disease which has been since call'd *the Leprosy of Eloquence*; till some sage Legislator arose amongst 'em, who when he cou'd not oppose the Torrent of Words, and stop the Flux of Speech, by any immediate Application, found means to give a vent to the loquacious Humour, and broke the force of the Distemper by eluding it.

OUR present Manners, I must own, are not so well calculated for this Method of SOLILOQUY, as to suffer it to become a national Practice. 'Tis but a small Portion of this *Regimen*, which I wou'd willingly borrow, and apply to private use; especially in the case of *Authors*. I am sensible how fatal it might prove to many honourable Persons, shou'd they acquire such a Habit as this, or offer to practise

tise such an Art, within the reach of any mortal Ear. For 'tis well known, we are not many of us like that *Roman*, who wish'd for windows to his Breast, that all might be as conspicuous there as in his House, which, for that very reason he had built as open as was possible. I wou'd therefore advise our *Probationer*, upon his first Exercise, to retire into some thick Wood, or rather take the Point of some high Hill; where, besides the Advantage of looking about him for Security, he wou'd find the Air perhaps more rarefy'd, and suitable to the Perspiration requir'd, especially in the case of a *Poetical Genius*.

* *Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit Urbes.*

'Tis remarkable in all great Wits, that they have own'd this Practice of ours, and generally describ'd themselves as a people liable of sufficient Ridicule, for their great Loquacity by themselves, and their profound Taciturnity in Company. Not only the *Poet* and *Philosopher*, but the *Orator* himself was wont to have recourse to our Method. And the Prince of this latter Tribe may be prov'd to have been a great Frequenter of the woods and River-Banks; where he consum'd abundance of his Breath, suffer'd his Fancy to evaporate, and reduct the vehemence both of his Spirit and Voice. If other Authors find nothing which invites 'em

to

* Hor *Epist.* 2 *lib.* 2.

to these *Recesses*, 'tis because their Genius is not of force enough : Or tho' it be, their Character, they may imagine, will hardly bear 'em out. For to be surpriz'd in the odd Actions, Gestures, or Tones, which are proper to such *Asceticks*, I must own wou'd be an ill Adventure for a Man of the world. But with *Poets* and *Philosophers* 'tis a known Case.

* *Aut insanit Homo, aut versus facit.* —

COMPOSING and Raving must necessarily, we see, bear a resemblance. And for those Composers who deal in Systems, and airy Speculations, they have vulgarly pass'd for a sort of *Prose Poets*. Their secret Practice and Habit has been as frequently noted;

** *Murmura cum secum & rabiosa silentia rodunt.*

Both these sorts are happily indulg'd in this Method of Evacuation. They are thought to act naturally, and in their proper way, when they assume these odd Manners. But of other Authors 'tis expected they shou'd be better bred. They are oblig'd to preserve a more conversible Habit; which is no small Misfortune to 'em. For if their Meditation and Revery be obstructed by the fear of a nonconforming Mien in Conversation, they may happen to be so much the worse *Authors* for being *finer Gentlemen*. Their Fervency of Imagination may possibly be as strong as either the Philosopher's or the Poet's. But Being deny'd an equal Benefit of Dis-

* Hor. Sat. 7. lib. 2. ** Pers. Sat. 3.

Discharge, and with-held from the wholesome manner of Relief in private; 'tis no wonder if they appear with so much Froth and Scum in publick.

'Tis observable, that the Writers of MEMOIRS and ESSAYS are chiefly subject to this frothy Distemper. Nor can it be doubted that this is the true Reason why these Gentlemen entertain the world so lavishly with what relates to *themselves*. For having had no opportunity of privately conversing with themselves, or exercising their own *Genius*, so as to make Acquaintance with it, or prove its Strength; they immediately fall to work in a wrong place, and exhibit on the Stage of the world that *Practice*, which they shou'd have kept to themselves; if they design'd that either they, or the world, shou'd be the better for their Moralities. Who indeed can endure to hear *an Empirick* talk of his own Constitution, how he governs and manages it, what Diet agrees best with it, and what his Practice is with himself? The Proverb, no doubt, is very just, *Physician cure thy self*. Yet methinks one shou'd have but an ill time, to be present at these bodily Operations. Nor is the Reader in truth any better entertain'd, when he is oblig'd to assist at the experimental Discussions of his practising Author, who all the while is in reality doing no better, than taking his Physick in publick.

FOR

FOR this reason, I hold it very indecent for any one to publish his *Meditations*, *Occasional Reflections*, *Solitary Thoughts*, or other such Exercises as come under the notion of this *self-discourfing Practice*. And the modesteft Title I can conceive for fuch Works, wou'd be that of a certain Author, who call'd them his *Crudities*. 'Tis the Unhappinefs of thofe wits, who conceive fuddenly, but without being able to go out their full time, that after many Miscarriages and Abortions, they can bring nothing well-shapen, or perfect into the world. They are not however the lefs fond of their Offspring, which in a manner they beget in publick. For fo publick-fpirited they are, that they can never afford themfelves the leaft time to think in private, for their own particular Benefit and Ufe. For this reason, tho' they are often retir'd, they are never *by themfelves*. The World is ever of the Party. They have their *Author-Character* in view, and are always confidering how this or that Thought wou'd ferve to compleat fome Set of *Contemplations*, or furnifh out the Common-Place Book, from whence thefe treafur'd Riches are to flow in plenty on the neceffitous world.

Miscellaneous Reflections.

MISCELLANY I.

CHAP. I.

Of the Nature, Rise, and Establishment of
MISCELLANIES.

PEACE be with the Soul of that Charitable and Courteous Author, who for the common Benefit of his Fellow-Authors, introduc'd the ingenious way of MISCELLANEOUS *Writing!* — It must be own'd that since this happy Method was establish'd, the Harvest of *Wit* has been more plentiful, and the Labourers more in number than heretofore. 'Tis well known to the able Practitioners in *the Writing Art*; "That as easy as it is *to conceive Wit*, 'tis the hardest thing imaginable *to be deliver'd* of it, upon certain Terms." Nothing cou'd be more severe or rigid than the Conditions formerly prescrib'd to Writers; when CRITICISM took place, and *Regularity* and Order were thought essential in a Treatise. The Notion of a *genuine Work*, a *legitimate and just Piece*, has certainly been the occasion of great Timidity and Backwardness among the Adventures in *Wit*: And the Imposition of such strict *Laws* and *Rules* of Composition, has sat heavy on the free Spirits and forward Genius's of Mankind. 'Twas a *Yoke*, it seems, which our Forefathers bore; but which, for our parts,
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we have generously thrown off. In effect, the invidious Distinctions of *Bastardy* and *Legitimacy* being at length remov'd; the natural and lawful Issue of the Brain comes with like advantage into the World: And *Wit* (*mere wit*) is well receiv'd; without examination of *the Kind*, or Censure of *the Form*.

THIS the MISCELLANEOUS *Manner* of Writing, it must be own'd, has happily effected. It has render'd almost every Soil productive. It has disclos'd those various *Seeds* of Wit, which lay suppress'd in many a Bosom; and has rear'd numberless *Conceits* and curious *Fancies*, which the natural Rudeness and Asperity of their native Soil wou'd have withheld, or at least not have permitted to rise above the ground. From every *Field*, from every *Hedge* or *Hillock*, we now gather as delicious Fruits and fragrant Flowers, as of old from the richest and best cultivated *Gardens*. Miserable were those antient Planters, who understanding not how to conform themselves to the rude *Taste* of unpolish'd Mankind, made it so difficult a Task to serve the World with *intellectual* Entertainments, and furnish out the Repasts of *Literature* and *Science*.

THERE was certainly a time when the Name of AUTHOR stood for something considerable in the World. To succeed happily in such a Labour as that of writing a *Treatise* or a *Poem*, was taken as a sure mark of Understanding

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and

and Good Sense. The Task was painful: But, it seems, 'twas honourable. How the Case happen'd, in process of time, to be so much revers'd, is hard to say. The primitive Authors perhaps being few in number, and highly respected for their Art, fell under the weight of *Envy*. Being sensible of their Misfortune, in this respect, and being excited, as 'tis probable, by the Example of some popular Genius; they quitted their regular Schemes and accurate Forms of Workmanship, in favour of those *Wits* who cou'd not possibly be receiv'd as AUTHORS upon such difficult Terms. 'Twas necessary, it seems, that *the Bottom* of wit shou'd be enlarg'd. 'Twas advisable that more Hands shou'd be taken into the work. And nothing cou'd better serve this popular purpose than the way of MISCELLANY, or *common ESSAY*; in which the most confus'd Head, if fraught with a little Invention, and provided with *Common place-Book* Learning, might exert itself to as much advantage, as the most orderly and well-settled Judgment.

To explain the better how this Revolution in Letters has been effected, it may not perhaps be indecent, shou'd we offer to compare our Writing-Artists, to the *Manufactures* in *Stuff* or *Silk*. For among These 'tis esteem'd a piece of Skill, to frame a Pattern, or Plan of Workmanship, in which the several Colours are agreeably dispos'd; with such proportionable
Adjutt-

Adjustment of the various Figures and Devises, as may, in the whole, create a kind of *Harmony* to the Eye. According to this Method, each *Piece* must be, in reality, *an Original*. For to copy what has gone before, can be of no use. The Fraud wou'd easily be perceiv'd. On the other side, to work *originally*, and in a manner *create* each time anew, must be a matter of pressing weight, and fitted to the Strength and Capacity of none besides the choicest Workman.

A MANNER therefore is invented to confound this Simplicity and Conformity of Design. *Patchwork* is substituted. *Cuttings* and *Shreds* of Learning, with various *Fragments*, and *Points* of wit, are drawn together, and tack'd in any fantastick form. If they chance to cast a *Luster*, and spread a sort of sprightly *Glare*; the MISCELLANY is approv'd, and the *complex* Form and Texture of the work admir'd. The EYE, which before was to be won by Regularity, and had kept true to Measure and strict Proportion, is by this means pleasingly drawn aside, to commit a kind of *Debauch*, and amuse itself in gaudy Colours, and disfigur'd Shapes of things. Custom, in the meanwhile, has not only tolerated this Licentiousness, but render'd it even commendable, and brought it into the highest repute. The *Wild* and *Whimsical*, under the name of the *Odd* and *Pretty*, succeed in the room of the *Graceful* and the

Beautiful. Justness and Accuracy of Thought are set aside, as to constraining, and of too painful an aspect to be endur'd in the agreeable and more easy Commerce of *Gallantry*, and modern *Wit*.

Now since it has been thought convenient, in these latter Ages, to distinguish the Provinces of WIT and WISDOM, and set apart *the agreeable* from *the useful*; 'tis evident there cou'd be nothing devis'd more suitable to the distinct and separate Interest of the former of these Provinces, than this *complex* manner of Performance which we call MISCELLANY. For whatever is *capricious* and *odd*, is sure to create *Diversiō*, to those who look no further. And where there is nothing like *Nature*, there is no room for the troublesome part of *Thought* or *Contemplation*. 'Tis the Perfection of certain *Grotesque-Painters*, to keep as far from *Nature* as possible. To find a *Likeness* in their works, is to find the greatest Fault imaginable. A natural *Connexion* is a Slur. A *Coherence*, a *Design*, a *Meaning*, is against their purpose, and destroys the very Spirit and Genius of their Workmanship.

I REMEMBER formerly when I was a Spectator in the *French Theater*, I found it the Custom, at the end of every grave and solemn *Tragedy*, to introduce a comick *Farce*, or MISCELLANY, which they call'd *the little Piece*. We have indeed a Method still more extraordinary-

dinary upon our own Stage. For we think it agreeable and just, to mix the *little Piece* or *Farce* with the main Plot or Fable, thro' every Act. This perhaps may be the rather chosen, because our Tragedy is so much *deeper* and *bloodier* than that of the *French*, and therefore needs more immediate Refreshment from the elegant way of *Drollery*, and *Burlesque - Wit*; which being thus closely interwoven with its opposite, makes that most accomplish'd kind of *Theatrical MISCELLANY*, call'd by our Poets *A Tragi-Comedy*.

MISCELLANY V.

CHAP. I.

Ceremonial adjusted, between AUTHOR
and READER.

OF all the artificial Relations form'd between Mankind, the most capricious and variable is that of *Author* and *Reader*. Our Author, for his part, has declar'd his Opinion of this, where he gives his Advice to modern Authors. And tho' he supposes that every *Author in Form*, is, in respect of the particular matter he explains, superiour in Understanding to his *Reader*; yet he allows not that any Author shou'd assume the upper hand, or pretend to withdraw himself from that necessary Subjection to foreign judgment and Criticism, which must

determine the Place of Honour on the Reader's side.

'Tis evident that an Author's Art and Labour are for his *Reader's* sake alone. 'Tis to his Reader he makes his application, if not openly and avowedly, yet, at least, with implicit Courtship. *Poets* indeed, and especially those of a modern kind, have a peculiar manner of treating this affair with a high hand. They pretend to set themselves above Mankind. "Their *Pens* are *sacred*: Their *Stile* and "Utterance *Divine*." They write, often, as in a Language foreign to Human Kind; and wou'd disdain to be reminded of those poor Elements of Speech, their *Alphabet* and *Grammar*.

BUT here inferiour Mortals presume often to intercept their Flight, and remind them of their fallible and human part. Had those first Poets, who began this Pretence to *Inspiration*, been taught a manner of communicating their rapturous Thoughts and high Ideas, by some other Medium than that of *Stile* and *Language*; the Case might have stood otherwise. But the *inspiring* DIVINITY OR MUSE having, in the Explanation of her-self, submitted her wit and Sense to the Mechanick Rules of *human arbitrary* Composition; she must, in consequence, and by necessity, submit her-self to *human Arbitration*, and the *Judgment* of the *literate World*. And thus THE READER is still superior, and keeps the upper hand.

CHAP. II.

Generation and Succession of modern Wit.

ACCORDING to the common Course of Practice in our Age, we seldom see the Character of *Writer* and that of *Critick* united in the same Person. There is, I know, a certain Species of *Authors* who subsist wholly by the *criticizing* or *commenting* Practice upon others, and can appear in no other Form besides what this Employment authorizes them to assume. They have no *original* Character, or *first* Part; but wait for something which may be call'd a *Work*, in order to graft upon it, and come in, for Sharers, at second hand.

THE *Pen-Men* of this Capacity and Degree, are, from their Function and Employment, distinguish'd by the Title of ANSWERERS. For it happens in the world, that there are Readers of a Genius and Size just fitted to these *answering* Authors. These, if they teach 'em nothing else, will teach 'em they think, to *criticize*. And tho' the new practising Criticks are of a sort unlikely ever to understand any *original Book* or *Writing*; they can understand, or at least remember, and quote the subsequent Reflections, Flouts, and Jeers, which may accidentally be made on such a Piece. Wherever a Gentleman, of this sort happens, at any

time, to be in company, you shall no sooner hear a new Book spoken of, than 'twill be ask'd, "Who has answer'd it?" or "When is there an Answer to come out?" — Now the *Answer*, as our Gentleman knows, must needs be newer than the *Book*. And the *newer* a thing is, the more fashionable still, and the genteeler the Subject of Discourse. For this the Bookseller knows how to fit our Gentleman to a nicety: For he has commonly an *Answer* ready bespoke, and perhaps finish'd, by the time his *new Book* comes abroad. And 'tis odds but our fashionable Gentleman, who takes both together, may read the *latter* first, and drop the other for good and all.

BUT of these *answering* WITS, and the manner of *Rejoinders*, and reiterate *Replies*, we have said what is sufficient in a former MISCELLANY. We need only remark in general, "That 'tis necessary a *writing* CRITICK "thou'd understand how *to write*. And tho' "every *Writer* is not bound to shew himself in "the capacity of CRITICK, every writing Critick "is bound to shew himself capable of being a "WRITER. For if he be apparently impotent "in this *latter* kind, he is to be deny'd all Title "or Character in *the other*."

A Para-

A Paradox: proving the inhabitants of the Island, called Madagascar, or St. Lawrence (in things temporal) to be the happiest people in the world.

I confess that I have undertaken an argument, which, at the first sight, will seem to most men idle and impertinent; although I might answer for my excuse, that I was therefore idle, because I would not be idle; for it may be objected to me: Will you take upon you to prefer this poor, naked, and simple ignorant people, before the rich, galant, understanding men of *Europe*. These are naked, we are cloathed; these are poor and miserable, we are rich and wealthy; these are simple innocents, we have experience of many things, wherein they are altogether ignorant.

All this I confess to be true; yet let us examine their defects, which are supposed to consist in their nakedness, poverty, and simplicity. As for their nakedness, I hold them therefore happy, as approaching nearest to the greatest perfection of mankind. For *Adam* in the state of innocency was naked; sin and apparel entered both together, those fig-leaves being sewed together, for a veil or covering to hide his filthiness and deformities, as his vain heart conceived, from the eye of heaven:

For as a painter or statuary, having limned a curious piece, or carved a goodly Image, does take a great delight in the sight of it, as of his master piece; for if it should, by some accident, become spotted, or blemished, he will delight no more in the beholding of it, but is ashamed of his work every time he looks upon it, and will therefore either cast it aside or hide and cover it out of his sight.

So, when this admirable piece of work, this perfection of nature, this master-piece, this Epitome of the world, this Image of the Diety, man, was spotted and blemished by sin, it grieved the Almighty to see his Image so defaced in him; who therefore did cloath him, as it were, to hide and cover him out of his sight.

Apparel is but like unto so many plaisters and rollers, to cover our sores and deformities; or like masking suits, wherein we act not what we are, but what we seem to be; it is the outside that deceives us, and, by a juggling trick, makes us take that for a brave man, which is a piece of shreds, a mere thing of a tailor's fashioning.

For example, put the spruce gallant into a contemptible habit, and what is he then? A poor, miserable wretch, in the world's opinion, which judges by the outward appearance, and so esteems him. But the same man he was? No, he is a ragged rogue, a tattered knave.

knave. Again, put such a rogue, or knave, into the accoutrement of a gallant, let him be scarlified and beverised; let his juppon be carbonadoed, to discover his damask purpoint, or his embroidered camise; arm his side with steel, his heels with Iron, and his head with feathers; and then, like Nebuchadnezzar's Image, every man is ready to adore him; as, will it please your worship to command me any service? I will wait upon your worship; it is right as your worship says. And all this while, we reverence nothing but a suit of cloaths, which these happy people, happy in this want, judiciously contemn. Apparel to them is a burden, an impediment, a very disease; they care not for it, they count it as an unnecessary bundle, and know that it will make them dull, heavy, and effeminate. They prefer the good constructure of the limbs, and lineaments of the body, which they have by nature, before all our artificial, bombasted patches. We wonder at them, how they can go naked, but they wonder more at us, how we can endure to go packed up in a fardel of clouts sewed together. We are bound up in prison, whilst they are free, and at liberty. We are stifled up in our sweat and stink, whilst the exhalations of their vapours offend them not. Nor does the coldness of the air hurt their naked bodies, more than it does our naked faces; it was our evil custom that cloathed us,
and

and their innocency and freedom of nature that keeps them naked.

For an instance of the premises, I will only call to your remembrance the behaviour of the *Rassee*, or governour *Andrapela*, at that time, when he, with his followers, were invited by captain *Weddle*, aboard the ship*; the Captain seeing him naked, did judge it to be rather by a forced necessity, than a free Election, and caused a suit of his own apparel to be given him, which he knew not what to do with, when he had it: Being told, that they would defend him, and keep him warm, he said that he had no need of them, and that they would be but a trouble to him: For, said he, I can pierce them through with my lance. At last, with much ado, they were put on; but their putting on put him into such a fear and agony, as if they had been so many fetters and manacles laid upon him. He looked as if he had been ashamed of himself, earnestly intreating the Captain that he might be set ashore, expressing, in his countenance, a great deal of grief and discontent, to be, as he thought, so discourteously dealt withal. The barge being manned, I went ashore with him, to observe his behaviour; and can testify, that he no sooner set foot on land, but he threw away his suit, flinging his doublet into one place

* Aboard the *Charles*, then riding in Augustine Bay.

place his hose into another, and at last he tore his shirt from his back, as if he had been poisoned with the blood of *Nessus*, the Centaur; and then, fetching two or three triks, he expressed a great deal of Joy, that he was freed from that bondage and imprisonment.

As for ourselves, we are compelled (so miserable and poor we are) to be beholden to the unreasonable creatures for our rayment, robbing one of his skin, another of his wool, another of his hair; nay, not so much as the poor worms do escape us, whose very excrements we take to cover us withall, while they, in the mean time, are nothing beholden unto us? Was nature a mother to them, and a stepdame to us? No, but, as a kind and loving mother, she has sufficiently provided for us. It is our own luxurious effeminacy, that has stripped us out of our natural simplicity, and cloathed us with the rags of dissimulation. Let us consider, the natural beauties of all the plants, fruits, and flowers, they have no artificial coverings, yet they so far exceed man in Beauty and magnificence (the lilly in particular, truth itself has spoken it) that *Solomon*, in all his Royalty, was not cloathed like one of them.

The greatest and sole Monarch of the world, *Adam*, was cloathed but with the skins of dead beasts, which Divines hold, was to put him in mind of his mortality; but now the height
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of apparel is grown to that excess, that not the skins of the cattle, or the other commodities accruing, but the soil of a whole Lordship is scarce sufficient to cloath us. Now the taylor is become the best surveyor; *Euclid* might have spared his pains in Geometry, he can measure all our lands by his yard-wand. And what are the effects of this monstrous pride in apparel, but the ruin of families, the decay of hospitality, the ushering in of oppression, bribery and extortion, theft, murder, counselling and deceit, and in the end, beggary; or which is worse, a death with ignominy.

Now, for pride, such is the happiness of these people, that they know not what it means; here is no man that respects another the better for his outside, but for his inward virtue, and natural endowments, If he have but a clout to cover his privities, he thinks himself sufficiently appareled.

Concerning their poverty, I do confess, indeed, that to be poor is to be miserable, contemptible, and wretched; a very abject of men, a reproach to his kindred, and a shame to his friends; but if you admit this definition of poverty which I dare aver to be a true one (poverty is a want of all necessaries useful for this present life) and if I can prove that they want no necessary thing for the use of this present life, I hope there is no man that will judge them poor, but will pronounce us poor,
who

who are always complaining of want, and them rich, who, in their imagined poverty, express no token of discontent.

True it is, that they have not so many superfluous things as we have, and therein they are happy. When *Diogenes* came by chance into a fair, and saw so many toys and baubles to be sold, he broke out into these words:

Oh, how happy am I, that have no want of any of these things! And upon a time, to shew how despicable unnecessary things are, he threw away his dish, because he saw another lap water out of the hollow of his hand.

These people know, that nature is contented with a little; and that it is not these outward things, which make the possessor anything the better. They know that the inordinate desire of riches is the root of all mischief, a raging famished beast, that will not be satisfied; a bottomless gulf that cannot be filled; a very dropy, wherein, by desire of drink, a man may sooner break his bowels, than quench his thirst.

They know that they are gotten with labour, Anxiety, and care; kept with continual fear, suspicion, and watchfulness; and lost with extreme grief and despair.

As for gold, the soul of the world (as I may call it, for it gives life, motion, and action to all) these people know it not; or do they know it, they regard it not; at least,
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I am sure, they value it not. Happy people, unto whom the desire of gold has not yet arrived: But it may be objected here, that although they respect not gold, yet they are covetous of red beads. It is true, they affect ornaments, not as incumbrances for them; as whilst we lie, as it were, chained and manacled in golden fetters, they adorn themselves with them, as with Jewels; only here is the difference, they covet red stones, and we desire a refined earth, almost of the same colour. We think them fools, because they give us an ox for a few beads; but they account us greater fools to part with such jewels for so small a value; for tis the opinion of men, not their virtue, that makes them to be dear, or of small price.

Those red beads, which peradventure we value, but at six pence *, they may rate at six pounds. ** But suppose, that they should give us the price of twenty oxen, bought at the dearest market in *Europe*, for one white stone, of the same bigness; would not they laugh at our extreme folly? And yet, when it is bought, they will not give you a *calabash* *** of milk for it, though there is no more virtue in the one,

* a penny is about 8 Pf. here.

** one pound (sterling) amounts in this country to about six dollars.

*** A gourd.

one, than there is in the other *; yet the offensive condition of the Diamond is notoriously exceeding the cornelian, for the powder of the diamond, taken inwardly, is almost mortal poison, and corrodes the stomach, as learned physicians have observed, who never could accuse the undervalued *cornelian* of such a venomous quality.

The golden age, so much celebrated by ancient writers, was not so called, from the estimation, or predomination, that gold had in the hearts of men; for in that sense, as one said wittily.

Aurea saturni redierunt secula, nam nunc auro venit honos, conciliatur amor.

This may be truly called the age of gold, for it, both honour, love, and friends are sold. But, from the contempt thereof, the love and concord flourished; then rapine, theft, extortion and oppression were not known; which happy age these people do at this present enjoy. But when men begin to dive into the bowels of the earth, to make descents, as it were, down into hell, to fetch this glittering ore, from the habitations of devils, and terrestrial goblins, with it came up contention, deceit, lying, swearing, theft, Murder, and all the seven capi-

* This I have tried, by offering them a diamond and a red bead; and they have taken the bead, and refused the diamond.

capital sins ; as pride , covetousness , wrath , gluttony , and the rest ; so that we must needs confess , that it had been happy for us , if gold had never been known.

For the attaining whereof , what labours , what sorrow , and what dangers do we endure ? We are contented daily to expose ourselves to a thousand perils , to suffer a thousand injuries , in hope to enjoy it ; and yet scarce one , in a thousand , attains to the end of his labour.

For this do we suffer a voluntary exile from our native country ; for this are we contented to be imprisoned in a nasty ship , to expose our lives to the tempestuous fury of the merciless elements , and to expose our bodies to the rage of the enemies thundering ordnance , where , through heats , cold , hunger , thirst , watching , ill lodging , bad diet , infected air , and a thousand other inconveniences , we not only endanger our lives every minute , but sometimes lose them.

But grant that we do escape all these perils , and obtain , in some measure , what we have so dearly purchased , it will be so confessed , there is more care and danger in the keeping of them , than in the attaining them.

For this do thieves lie in wait to rob us , friends to entrap us , and our enemies to betray us ; Nay , suppose we do escape all these
out-

outward casualties, our inward vices, our disordered affections, and our evil concupiscences, do all threaten to ruin us.

The consideration hereof caused the lady *Catharine* * (who out of her own experience, had tried both fortunes) that if it were put to her choice, to suffer the extremity of fortune in prosperity or adversity; she would chuse adversity, because the former was never without danger, nor the latter, without comfort.

From their poverty, I come in the last place to speak of their simplicity, which (as the simple uncompounded and unmixed Elements are purest) is an argument, if not of their freedom from corruption, yet that it does not tyrannise over them, and that they enjoy the happiest condition, which mankind can live in; out of doubt, had our first parents been contented with that simplicity of estate, they were at the first created in, and not have been so curious in the knowledge of forbidden mysteries, they had not purchased the wrath of God upon themselves and their posterity.

But let us see wherein their ignorance and simplicity does consist; it may be objected, that they are ignorant of the use of the creatures, which we have attained to, and of many arts, that we profess, and that they are simple in all their actions.

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For,

* Dowager to King Henry the eight.

For, first, their houses are but simple sheds made with a few boughs heaped together (in comparison of which) ours are stately palaces.

That their diet is gross, and ill cooked; that they eat their meat half raw and badly dressed; whereas our tables are furnished plentifully, with sundry delicacies, curiously dressed by the art of cookery, and that with great variety.

That their drink is water simply, which is common to them and their beasts alike, whilst we are served with all kind of pleasant wines, and other artificial aromattick drinks.

That their simplicity appears in their ignorance of many sciences, wherein the well-being of a commonwealth does consist; as the art of navigation, by means whereof we are able to visit the remotest parts of the world, to transport our own commodities to them, and to import theirs to the enriching of ourselves; as also, that they know not military art, nor the use of powder and shot; all which are evidences of their stupid Ignorance, both in these and all other sciences.

What a heat do these small coals cast? What a terrible shew do these poor anticks make? They are just like the pageants on the galley-foists, upon the Lord Mayor's day, de-face their paintings, rip off the canvas, thou wilt find nothing in them, but a few rotten sticks in the one, and a trimmed dung-boat of the other.

Let

Let us compare them together by the square of reason, and we shall find their defects, in these things, to be a main testimony of their happiness, and on the contrary, our excess herein the cause of our misery and wretchedness.

And first for their buildings, they are such as best suit with their free estate and condition, using them but as tabernacles for the present, and changing them according to the quality of the season, and goodness of the soil. We may commend the wisdom of the stork, and swallow, for this cause.

These men fear not the oppression of a covetous landlord, nor the danger of a cracked title; his quarter's racked-rent rends not his sleep, nor takes he care for the renewing of his old lease; the breaking in of thieves he fears not, for he has nothing to lose; and the surprise of enemies he regards not, for if they be not strong enough for encounter, they can suddenly remove themselves to a place of more security.

I have seen a town, consisting of above one hundred families, and all of them busied about their several employments: Some about their cattle, some making of lances, and darts, and some weaving of cotton, to make their aprons, when upon a sudden, suspecting us as enemies, in the space of half an hour, they have planted and removed their dwellings.

The women carrying their implements for dressing their food, and their young infants; their children driving away the cattle, and the rest of their people as a guard unto them, with their darts, and lances, some in front, some in flank, and the rest in the rear *; when again we having understood the cause of their departure, with a little persuasion, they returned and suddenly replanted themselves, and every man quietly settled himself to his business as before, without any noise, tumult, or uproar, all which was done in the space of an hour.

Whereas we, like so many wild beasts, can hardly be forced out of our dens, except famine, sword, or fire do compel us. And then, oh! what lamentation, what exclamation, and grievous complaints do we make? Yet what are our houses, but so many strong prisons, wherein the owner lies bound in several actions of debt, which I forbear to particularise; and although he walk abroad sometimes, he does but trail his fetters after him, and is bound to keep within the rule **.

He must endure discommodity of evil neighbours, the unhealthfulness of the situation, which

* *The cause of their removal was the coming ashore of one with a fowling-piece, to kill fowls for the captain.*

** *Rule is here a privileged place for debtors.*

which these happy people can avoid at their pleasure without much pudder or turmoil.

And lastly, suppose that one of our houses should take fire, by accident, or otherwise, then what passion? What rage? What ungoverned fury, do we fall into? Oh, I am undone forever, oh, I have lost that chest, that box of writings, that casket of Jewels, out alas! I am undone; what shall I do? Nay, we are so far out of ourselves, and transported with fury, that, as if the black chambers of death were not to be found otherwise, we sometimes lay violent hands upon ourselves, and increase the danger of an eternal death, to prevent a temporal dereliction.

Whereas, on the contrary, if any of their houses happen to be on fire, he is not moved at all with it, but can patiently stand by, and warm himself at the flame, and say, here is a good fire, I find much comfort by it. This is the last Benefit my house can do me, and in this point they are happier than we are.

THEIR DIET.

As for their food, it may be objected, that it is but coarse and simple; for defence whereof, I might answer; that it is therefore the more healthful, and agreeable to nature, which is best pleased with meats of simple qualities. But it is further objected, that it is fluttishly dressed, nauseous and loathsome. How know

we that? because we love it not, is it therefore unwholesome? One man loves no fish, another no cheese, another no flesh; which are not only hurtful, but poison to their constitutions. Should we therefore infer, that fish, cheese, or flesh, are poison; such judges are we of their food, which best agrees with their constitutions, and preserves them in health, strength, and vigour; for they eat not, but for necessity, knowing no other sauce, than the *Lacedemonian* sauce, hunger; eating rather for preservation of life, than delight, or luxury; whilst we in our diet are so voluptuous, *that we even dig our graves with our teeth*, (as the *french* proverb has it) the whole world being scarce sufficient to make a *Bacchanalian* sacrifice for that diety, the belly: *France, Spain, Italy, the Indies, yea, and the Molluccas**, must be ransacked, to make sauce for our meat; whilst we impoverish the land, air, and water, to enrich a private table. Thus we live, as if we were born to no other end, but by gluttony, and surfeiting to oppose nature, dull the spirits, subvert the animal faculties, and upon ourselves an innumerable company of diseases, it being a maxim amongst our *European* physicians, that gluttony has killed more than the sword. Whereas, to the contrary, such is the temperance of these people, that I can

* *The Molucca Islands in the Indian sea, famous for spices, and for the bird of Paradise.*

can scarce see one sick or diseased among them.

Now for wine, the cherisher of the heart, the expeller of cares and sorrows, the reviver of the spirits, and the infuser of valour, and courage, these people know it not; and herein I esteem them (whatever our epicures think) most happy. For when I consider the dangerous effects thereof, as namely, how it confounds our reason, disturbs our senses, dulls our understanding, consumes our memory, depraves our judgment, and finally transforms us from men to beasts: I know not whether I should bewail our own miserable condition, or applaud their happy state.

Heretofore, in our country of *England*, all foreign wines were sold in apothecaries shops, for the relief of the sick, weak, and aged; then physicians walked on foot, for the service of God's people; but when it once came to be sold publickly in taverns, then they rode on horseback like Princes; the excess of wine being a main upholder of theirs; thence proceed fevers, convulsions, Epilepsies, Vertigo's, Lethargies, gouts, and all Exotick diseases, unknown to our ancestors.

Besides, what horrible and execrable actions has it not perpetrated? What sacrileges, what rapes, what murders have not been committed by the excess of wine? The examples of this kind are infinite, and the consideration thereof

moved some Kings and Princes * to prohibit, and lay great mulcts and penalties upon them which used it, though with moderation; knowing that in transports men unto all unjust actions, and transformed them into beasts.

Where, to the contrary, water produces no evil effects; for it assuages thirst, refreshes the spirits, abates choler, quickens the senses, and temperately does humect and moisten the inward parts of the body. And, had not the distemperature of our parents, our evil education, and our natural corruptions prevailed against us, we might have enjoyed the like happiness which these people possess.

And may not their ignorance, in the art of navigation, be deservedly accounted a happiness? Certainly by this means they are not contaminated with the vices and evil customs of strangers, when we have derived to ourselves, with our commerce with foreign nations, with their wares and commodities, their vices and evil conditions; as our drunkenness and rudeness from the *Germans*; our fashions and factions from the *French*; our insolence from the *Spaniards*; our *Machiavilism* from the *Italians*; our levity and inconstancy from the *Greeks*; our usury and extortion from the *Jews*; our Atheism and impiety from the *Turks* and *Moors*; and our voluptuous luxury from the

* As the Turkish Emperor, and all the Eastern Princes.

the *Persians* and *Indians* *; which, perhaps, might have passed without censure by natural men, had not we been infected, by this means, with some diseases of the body; as well as corruption of the soul. Besides, to balance the account, what are our ships fraught withal, but with toys and vanities, which we might well be without, and serve but as *fomenta luxuriosa*, stirrers up of pride, luxury, and wantonness; for which cause only, some nations ** are forbidden to have any commerce or traffick with strangers, lest they should be infected with their vices and evil customs.

Besides, those happy people have no need of any foreign commodity, nature having sufficiently supplied their necessities, wherewith they remain contented. But it is we that are in want, and are compelled, like famished wolves, to range the world about for our living, to the hazard both of our souls and bodies; the one by the corruption of the air, the other by the corruption of religion.

THEIR ARMS.

As for their ignorance in the military profession, though they be not trained up in the
prac-

* *As the pox, brought into England, by the first discovery of America.*

** *As the Chinese, who will suffer no stranger to come into their country. NB. The Chinese have altered this law since this author's time.*

practice of those arms our moderns have lately invented, they retain the use of those weapons, which have been in use from all Antiquity, I mean, the lance and dart; wherein they have attained to such perfection, that therein, I believe, no nation in the world does equal, I am sure cannot exceed them. But you will say, they want defensive armour, and places of strength and retirement. It is true, they have no other armour than their own valour; nor forts, but fortitude and courage; who like the *Parthians*, fight flying, make their retreat as dangerous to the enemy as their first encounter.

And lastly, for the use of powder and shot, and the managing of great ordnance, whereof they are altogether ignorant: herein they are happy also, above all other nations; it being one of the most damnable inventions that ever was forged in the devil's conclave; against the fury whereof neither the courage of the valiant, nor the strength of the mighty can prevail: so that if *Hercules* himself, whom the poets falsely, or *Sampson*, whom the scriptures truly deliver for the strongest of men, were living in these times, a child might kill them with a pistol. Let us examine the invention, state, and progress of this pernicious and cruel engine.

All writers do agree, that a *German* monk was the first inventor of the materials thereof; and,

and, as it is thought, not without the devil, to shew his hatred to mankind. The first invention was but rude and simple, but time and the wickedness of men have added to the first project, even to the mounting them upon wheels, that they might be the easier transported, and run, as it were, to the ruin of mankind. From hence have proceeded these monsters of cannons, and double cannons, and culverins, these furious basilisks, and murderers, those fiery falcons and fakers; wherein it seems the inventors knew well what they did, when they imposed them the names of snakes, serpents, and ravenous birds; the very names of them being terrible, and apt to beget in us a horror and detestation of them. I forbear to speak of lesser engines, but of greater danger; as, the dagger and pistol, which may be concealed in a man's pocket, wherewith many have been treacherously slain without any provocation. Out of this miserable and cruel Magazine have issued these mines, counter-mines, fire-pots, fire pikes, oranges, granado's, hedge hogs, petards, and the like; a most cursed invention, wherein the malice of man to man is grown to that height, whom we ought to love, as our brother: that such as can invent the most wicked, cruel, and execrable project to destroy men withal, are held the most worthy to receive the greatest honour, respect, and reward; and now, if ever, it may truly be said, *Homo homini*
Demon,

Demon, that is, One man is a Devil to another.

All inventions, as they are but the imitations of nature, do ever fall short of the pattern; but in this they have exceeded nature. Take it thus briefly: The thunder and lightning which these *Salmonians* would imitate, transcend the other in fury and violence; for the thunderbolt, as natural and accidental, falls sometimes on a tree, mountain, a tower, seldom on a man; but this infernal engine, guided by the malice of man, aims only at man, to whose destruction it is wholly directed. There are some countries, that by reason of the coldness of the climate, as *Russia, Tartary, Greenland*, at certain seasons of the year, are exempt from thunder. But no country or season can privilege the inhabitants from the fury of this pernicious engine. The thunderbolt, by the means of the lightning and noise in the air, gives some warning to men, to avoid the ensuing danger; but this thunders in striking, and strikes in thunder, sending the mortal bullet, as soon into our bowels as the sound into our ears. Therefore, we have good reason to detest the author of this so pernicious and damnable an invention.

And here I cease not presuming to advise Kings and Princes (this being but a paradox) in the use of the instrument (for I know it
to

to be as well defensive as offensive but magnifying the mercies of God towards this people, whose simplicity has herein made them more happy than our too dear bought knowledge has advantaged us.

THE C H O I C E.

By the Rev. Mr. POMFRET.

IF heav'n the grateful liberty wou'd give,
That I might chuse my method how to live:
And all those hours, propitious fate should lend,
In blisful ease, and satisfaction spend.

Near some fair town, I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great:
Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
Fields on this side on that a neighbouring wood,
It shou'd within no other things contain,
But what were useful, necessary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.

A little garden, grateful to the eye,
And a cool rivulet run murm'ring by:
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes, or sycamores should grow.
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,
Shou'd be with all the noblest authors grac'd.
Horace, and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit, and solid learning shines.

Sharp

Sharp Juvenal, and am'rous Ovid too,
 Who all the turns of loves soft passion knew;
 He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
 In which strong art, with stronger nature joins,
 Must grant his fancy does the best excel:
 His thoughts so tender and exprest so well.
 With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
 Esteem'd for learning, and for eloquence.
 In some of these, as fancy thou'd advise,
 I'd always take my morning exercise:

For sure no minutes bring us more content,
 Than those in pleasing, useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear, and competent estate,
 That I might live genteely, but not great.
 As much as I cou'd moderately spend,
 A little more, sometimes t'oblige a friend.
 Nor shou'd the sons of poverty repine
 Too much at fortune, they shou'd taste of mine;
 And all that objects of true pity were,
 Shou'd be reliev'd with what my wants cou'd spare.
 For that, our Maker has too largely giv'n,
 Shou'd be return'd, in gratitude, to heav'n.
 A frugal plenty shou'd my table spread;
 With healthy, not luxurious dishes fed:
 Enough to satisfy, and something more
 To feed the stranger, and the neighb'ring poor.
 Strong meat indulges vice, and pamp'ring food
 Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
 But what's sufficient to make nature strong
 And the bright Lamp of life continue long,
 I'd freely take, and as I did possess,
 The bounteous author of my plenty bless.

I'd

I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd
 With the best wines, each vintage cou'd afford,
 Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
 And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse:
 By making all our spirits debonair,
 Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.
 But as the greatest blessing, heaven lends,
 May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends:
 So, but too oft, the grapes refreshing juice
 Does many mischievous effects produce,
 My house shou'd no such rude disorders know,
 As from high drinking consequently flow.
 Nor wou'd I use, what was so kindly giv'n,
 To the dishonour of indulgent heav'n.
 If any neighbour came, he shou'd be free,
 Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be,
 In my retreat, or to himself, or me. }
 What freedom, prudence, and right reason give,
 All men may with impunity receive:
 But the least swerving from their rule's too much:
 For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.

That life might be more comfortable yet,
 And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great;
 I'd chuse two friends, whose company wou'd be
 A great advance to my felicity.
 Well born, of humours suited to my own;
 Discreet, and men, as well as books, have known.
 Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free
 From loose behaviour, or formality.
 Airy, and prudent, merry, but not light;
 Quick in discerning, and in judging right.

Secret they shou'd be, faithful to their trust;
 In reas'ning cool, strong, temperate, and just,
 Obliging, open, without huffing brave,
 Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave.
 Close in dispute, but not tenacious, try'd
 By solid reason, and let that decide.
 Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate;
 Nor busy medlers with intrigues of state.
 Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spight,
 Not quarrellsome, but stout enough to fight.
 Loyal, and pious, friends to Caesar, true,
 As dying martyrs, to their Maker too.
 In their society, I cou'd not miss
 A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.
 Wou'd bounteous heav'n once more indulge, I'd
 choose,

(For who wou'd so much satisfaction lose,
 As witty nymphs, in conversation, give?)
 Near some obliging, modest fair to live;
 For there's that sweetness in a female mind,
 Which in a man's we cannot hope to find:
 That by a secret, but a pow'rful art,
 Winds up the springs of life; and does impart }
 Fresh vital heat to the transported heart. }

I'd have her reason all her passions sway;
 Easy in company, in private gay:
 Coy to a fop, to the deserving free;
 Still constant to her self, and just to me.
 A soul she shou'd have, for great actions fit;
 Prudence, and wisdom to direct her wit:
 Courage to look bold danger in the face,
 No fear, but only to be proud, or base:

Quick

Quick to advise, by an emergence prest,
 To give good counsel, or to take the best.
 I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,
 She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much;
 That shews a want of judgment and of sense:
 More than enough is but impertinence.
 Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd,
 Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind.
 Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride,
 In all the methods of deceit untry'd.
 So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
 No censure might upon her actions fall:
 Then wou'd e'en envy be compell'd to say,
 She goes the least of womankind astray.

To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire;
 Her conversation wou'd new joys inspire;
 Give life an edge so keen, no surly care
 Would venture to assault my soul, or dare
 Near my retreat to hide one secret snare. }

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar,
 Belov'd by all, not vainly popular,
 Whate'er assistance I had pow'r to bring
 T' oblige my country, or to serve my king,
 Whene'er they call'd, I'd readily afford
 My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.
 Law-suits I'd shun, with as much studious care,
 As I wou'd dens where hungry lyons are:
 And rather put up injuries; than be
 A plague to him who'd be a plague to me.
 I value quiet at a price to great,
 To give for my revenge so dear a rate:

For what do we, by all our bustle, gain,
But counterfeit delight, for real pain?

If heav'n a date of many years wou'd give,
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation, (if I had no wife)
Shou'd take upon him all my wordly care,
While I did for a better state prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd;
Nor have the ev'ning of my days perplex'd.
But by a silent, and a peaceful death,
Without a sigh, resign my aged breath:
And when committed to the dust, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave.
Then wou'd my exit so propitious be;
All men wou'd wish to live, and dye like me.

TO
HIS FRIEND
UNDER AFFLICTION.
BY THE SAME.

NONE lives in this tumultuous state of things,
Where ev'ry morning some new trouble
brings,

But bold inquietudes will break his rest,
And gloomy thoughts disturb his anxious breast.
Angelick forms, and happy spirits are
Above the malice of perplexing care:

But

But that's a blessing too sublime, too high
 For those who bend beneath mortality.
If in the body there was but one part
Subject to pain, and sensible to smart,
And but one passion cou'd torment the mind,
That part, that passion busy fate wou'd find.
 But since infirmities in both abound,
 Since sorrow both so many ways can wound,
 'Tis not so great a wonder that we grieve
 Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.

The happiest man that ever breath'd on earth,
 With all the glories of estate and birth,
 Had yet some anxious care to make him know
 No grandeur was above the reach of woe.
 To be from all things that disquiet, free,
 Is not consistent with humanity.

Youth, wit, and beauty, are such charming things,
 O'er which, if affluence spreads her gaudy wings,
 We think the person, who enjoys so much,
 No care can move, and no affliction touch.
 Yet cou'd we but some secret method find
 To view the dark recesses of the mind.

We there might see the hidden seeds of strife,
 And woes in embrio rip'ning into life;
 How some fierce lust, or boistrous passion, fills
 The labouring spirit with prolifick ills:
 Pride, envy, or revenge, distract his soul,
 And all right reason's god-like pow'rs controul,
 But if she must not be allow'd to sway,
 Tho' all without appears serene and gay,
 A cankerous venom on the vitals preys,
 And poisons all the comforts of his days.

External pomp, and visible success,
 Sometimes contribute to our happiness;
 But that, which makes it genuine refin'd,
 Is a good conscience, and a soul resign'd:
 Then, to whatever end affliction's sent,
 To try our virtues, or for punishment,
 We bear it calmly, tho' a pondrous woe,
 And still adore the hand that gives the blow.
 For in misfortunes this advantage lies,
 They make us humble, and they make us wise,
 And he that can acquire such virtues, gains
 An ample recompence for all his pains.

Too soft caresses of a prosperous fate
 The pious fervours of the soul abate;
 Tempt to luxurious ease our careless days,
 And gloomy vapours round the spirits raise.
 Thus lull'd into a sleep, we dosing lie,
 And find our ruin in security;
 Unless some sorrow comes to our relief,
 And breaks th'incantment by a timely grief.
 But as we are allow'd, to chear our sight,
 In blackest days, some glimmerings of light:
 So in the most dejected hours we may
 The secret pleasure have to weep and pray.
 And those requests the speediest passage find
 To Heav'n, which flow from an afflicted mind:
 And while to him we open our distress,
 Our pains grow lighter, and our sorrows less.
 The finest musick of the grove, we owe
 To mourning Philomel's harmonious woe;
 And while her grief's in charming notes exprest,
 A thorny bramble pricks her tender breast:

In

In warbling melody she spends the night,
And moves at once compassion and delight.

No choice had e'er so happy an event,
But he that made it, did that choice repent.
So weak's our judgment, and so short's our sight,
We cannot level our own wishes right:
And if sometimes we make a wise advance,
Ourselves we little owe, but much to chance.
So that when Providence, for secret ends,
Corroding cares, or sharp affliction sends,
We must conclude it best it shou'd be so,
And not desponding, or impatient grow.
For he that will his confidence remove,
From boundless wisdom, and eternal love,
To place it on himself, or human aid,
Will meet those woes he labours to evade.
But in the keenest agonies of grief,
Content's a cordial that still gives relief.
Heav'n is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those whom most he likes,
And if with humble spirits they complain,
Relieves the anguish, or rewards the pain.

R E A S O N:

A

P O E M

BY THE SAME.

U NHAPPY man! who thro' successive years,
From early youth to life's last childhood errs;

Q 4

No

No sooner born, but proves a foe to truth;
 For infant season is o'erpower'd in youth.
 The cheats of sense will half our learning share;
 And pre-conceptions all our knowledge are.
 Reason, 'tis true, should over sense preside,
 Correct our notions. and our judgment guide;
 But false opinions, rooted in the mind,
 Hoodwink the soul and keep our Reason blind.
 Reason's a taper which but faintly burns,
 A languid flame, that glows, and dies by turns;
 We see't a little while, and but a little way,
 We travel by its light, as men by day.
 But quickly dying it forsakes us soon,
 Like morning stars that never stay till noon.

The soul can scarce above the body rise,
 And all we see is with corporeal eyes.
 Life now does scarce one glimpse of light display;
 We mourn in darkness, and despair of day:
 That nat'ral light once drest with orient beams,
 Is now diminish'd, and a twilight seems,
 A miscellaneous composition, made
 Of night, and day, of sunshine, and of shade,
 Thro' an uncertain Medium now we look,
 And find that Falshood, which for Truth we took:
 So rays projected from the Eastern skies,
 Shew the false day before the sun can rise.

That little knowledge now which man obtains,
 From outward objects and from sense he gains;
 He, like a wretched slave, must plod and sweat,
 By day must toil, by night that toil repeat;
 And yet, at last, what little fruit he gains?
 A beggar's harvest glean'd with mighty pains.

The

The parents precepts early are instill'd,
And spoil the man, while they instruct the child.
To what hard fate is human-kind betray'd,
When thus implicit faith's a virtue made;
When education more than truth prevails,
And nought is current but what custom seals?
Thus from the time we first begin to know,
We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.

We seldom use our liberty aright,
Nor judge of things by universal light:
Our prepossessions and affections bind
The soul in chains, and lord it o'er the mind,
And if self-int'rest be but in the case,
Our unexamin'd principles may pass.
Good heav'ns! that man should thus himself
deceive,

To learn on credit, and on trust believe;
Better the mind no notions had retain'd,
But still a fair unwritten blank remain'd;
For now, who truth from falshood would discern,
Must first disrobe the mind, and all unlearn:
Errors contracted in unmindful youth
When once remov'd, will smoothe the way to
truth:

To dispossess the child the mortal lives,
But death approaches e'er the man arrives.

Those who would learning's glorious king-
dom find,
The dear-bought purchase of the trading mind;
From many dangers must themselves acquit,
And more than Scylla and Charibdis meet:

Oh !

Oh! what an ocean must be voyag'd o'er,
To gain a prospect of the shining shore;
Resisting rocks oppose th'inquiring soul,
And adverse waves retard it as they roll.

Does not that foolish deference we pay,
To men that liv'd long since, our passage stay?
What odd prepost'rous paths at first we tread?
And learn to walk, by stumbling on the dead.
First we a blessing from the grave implore,
Worship Old Urns, and Monuments adore;
The rev'rent sage with vast esteem we prize,
He liv'd long since, and must be wond'rous
wise;

Thus are we debtors to the famous dead,
For all those errors which their fancies bred :
Errors indeed ! for real knowledge staid
With those first times, nor farther was convey'd :
While light opinions are much lower brought,
For on the waves of ignorance they float ;
But solid truth scarce ever gains the shore,
So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.

Suppose those many dreadful dangers past,
Will knowledge dawn, and bliss the mind at last?
Ah! no, 'tis now environ'd from our eyes,
Hides all its charms, and undiscover'd lies.
Truth like a single point escapes the sight,
And claims attention to perceive it right;
But what resembles truth is soon descry'd,
Spread like a surface and expanded wide.
The first man rarely, very rarely finds
The tedious search of long inquiring minds;

But

But yet, what's worse, we know not when we err;
 What mark does truth, what bright distinction
 bear?

How do we know, that 'what we know, is true?'
 How shall we falsehood fly, and truth pursue?
 Let none then here, his certain knowledge boast,
 'Tis all but Probability at most;
 This is the easy purchase of the mind,
 The Vulgar's Treasure, which we soon may find:
 But Truth lies hid, and e'er we can explore
 The glitt'ring gem, our fleeting life is o'er.

On POVERTY.

By the Rev. Mr. STEPHEN DUCK,
who, by the late Queen CAROLINE'S,
Bounty, was raised from a poor
THRESHER to a Parson.

NO Ill on Earth we tim'rous Mortals fly
 With so much Dread as abject Poverty:
 O despicable Name! We, thee to shun,
 On ev'ry other Evil blindly run.
 For Fear of thee, distrustful Nigards go }
 In tatter'd Rags, and starve their Bodies too, }
 And still are poor, for Fear of being so. }
 For Fear of thee, the cheating Trader vows,
 His Wares are good, altho' his Conscience
 knows,

He

He has employ'd his utmost Skill and Care,
To hide their Faults, and make their Beauties
glare.

The Sailor, terrify'd with Thoughts of thee,
Boldly attempts the Dangers of the Sea;
From east to West, o'er Rocks and Quickfands
steers;

'Tis Poverty, and that alone, he fears;
The Soldier too whom nought but thee can scare,
In Hopes of Plunder, bravely meets the War;
To fly from Poverty, he runs on Death,
And thews he prizes Riches more than Breath.
Strange Terror of Mankind! By thee misled,
Not Conscience, Quickfands, Rock, or Death
they dread!

And yet thou art no formidable Foe,
Except to little Souls, who think thee so:
Who thro' the Glass of Prejudice survey
Thy Face, a thousand frightful Forms display.

Thus Men, at Night, in foolish Fears grown
old,

Who mind the fairy Tales their Nurses told,
Start at a Goblin, which their Fancy made,
And, for a Spectre, often take a Shade.

CONTENTED Poverty's no dismal Thing,
Free from the Cares unwieldy Riches bring:
At Distance both alike deceive our View;
Nearer approach'd, they take another Hue.
The poor Man's Labour relishes his Meat;
His Morsel's pleasant, and his Rest is sweet:
Not so the Rich, who find their weary'd Taste
Pall'd with the Prospect of the cumb'rous Feast;

For

For what they have more than they can enjoy,
Instead of satisfying, does but cloy.

BUT let us state the Case another Way:
Were Poverty so hideous as they say,
'Tis nobler chearfully to bear our Fate,
Than murmur and repine beneath its Weight.
The Man deserves the Praise of human Kind,
Who bears ill Fortune with a Christian Mind:
How does his great heroick Soul aspire
Above that sordid Wealth the rest admire!
His nobler Thoughts are fix'd on Things above;
His faithful Eyes survey the GOD of Love:
Hold forth the heavenly Prize, which makes
him run

His mortal Race, to gain th' immortal Crown,
Not all the Snares a crafty Dev'l can lay,
Can intercept, or daunt him in his Way,
Not all the scornful Insults of the Proud,
Not all the Censures of the grov'ling Croud,
Not Poverty, in all her Terrors drest,
Can shake the solid Quiet of his Breast:
Unmov'd he stands against the worst of Foes,
And mocks the Darts, which adverse Fortune
throws,

Calm and compos'd, amidst or Ease or Pain;
And finds Content, which others seek in vain.

So stands a steady Rock, sublimely steep,
Within the Confines of the briny Deep;
Lash'd by the foaming Surge on ev'ry Side,
Yet can't be shaken by the furious Tide.

THEN

THEN why should Phantoms discompose the
Mind;

Or Woes, so far from real, fright Mankind?
Since Wealth can never make the Vicious blest,
Nor Poverty subdue the virtuous Breast;
Since both from Heav'n's unerring Hand are sent,
LORD, give me either, give me but CONTENT.

GRATITUDE

A

PASTORAL.

BY THE SAME.

MENALCAS, COLIN.

MENALCAS.

FRIEND COLIN! well o'ertook. I have of late
Observ'd thy chearful Mien, and airy Gait:
Say, what auspicious Change, since t'other Day,
When by thy lonely Cot I took my Way?
Sorrow and Sadness then o'erspread thy Brows,
And ev'ry Look did gloomy Cares disclose:
Now Joys diffusive in thy Aspect rise,
And Mirth and Gladness sparkle in thy Eyes.

COLIN.

WHERE hast thou liv'd, MENALCAS, not
to know,

Whose gen'rous Bounty has remov'd my Woe?
I thought, the gracious CAROLINA's Name,
Ere this, had fill'd the sounding Trump of Fame.

MENAL-

MENALCAS.

THAT gracious Name, the World is bound
to bless;

All grateful Swains her gen'rous Deeds confess:
But, COLIN, say, has she remov'd thy Care?
I'm happy, when thy Happiness I hear.

COLIN.

O You, MENALCAS, know my abject Birth,
Born in a Cot, and bred to till the Earth:
On rigid Worldlings always doom'd to wait,
Forc'd at their frugal Hands my Bread to get:
But when my Wants to CAROLINE were
known,
She bless'd me with a Pasture of my own.
This makes new Pleasures in my Bosom glow;
These joyful Looks I to her Bounty owe.

MENALCAS.

AND may kind Heav'n reward that graci-
ous Queen,
Who to thy wants has so propitious been!
Yet, tho' her Bounty has thy wants supply'd,
Let not her Bounty e'er exalt thy Pride;
But keep an humble Mind, a grateful Heart;
Her Favours far exceed thy own Desert:
Heav'n mov'd the Goodness of the Royal Dame;
And Heav'n and She thy Gratitude must claim.

COLIN.

WHEN me She first into her Favour took,
I cut this oaken Staff, ('tis now my Crook)
And grav'd her Royal Bounty in the Rind;
But grav'd it deeper in my grateful Mind:

The

The Letters in the Staff may wear away ;
Those written in my Soul shall ne'er decay.

M E N A L C A S.

So may thy little Flock increase their Tale ;
So may thy Field of Pasture never fail ;
May Heav'n and She, in just Proportion, still
Or smile, or frown, as thou art good, or ill.

C O L I N.

MAY hungry Foxes kill my tender Lambs,
May pois' nous Serpents suck their bleating
Dams ;

And may my Cows distended Udders fail,
Elude my Hopes, and never fill the Pail ;
In short, (to make my Curse the more complete,
Tho' 'tis the only Thing I dread and hate)
May Heav'n and heav'nly CAROLINE remove
Their Smiles, if COLIN e'er ungrateful prove.

M E N A L C A S.

THY Thanks and Pray'rs her gen'rous Soul
will please ;

A tribute justly due, and paid with Ease :
Sometimes a Song, perhaps, she may require ;
And thou to sing, but lately didst aspire ;
When in an abject, low, laborious State,
Sunk deep in Cares, and press'd beneath their
Weight :

Then (so, at least, 'tis said among our Swains)
In Sonnets COLIN charm'd away his Pains :
Much sooner now thou may'st a Song rehearse,
Whene'er she condescends to hear thy Verse.

R

C O L I N.

COLIN.

O Friend! too well you know, my simple Strains
 Are far inferior to each rural Swain's:
 Yet since Great CAROLINA thinks no Scorn,
 To patronize a Shepherd meanly born;
 Henceforth I'll strive to raise my Voice sublime,
 And with her Royal Name adorn my Rhyme:
 I'll on each verdant Mountain sing her Praise,
 And vocal Groves shall echo to my Lays;
 To ev'ry Swain her Godlike Worth proclaim,
 Nor ever drop the pleasing glorious Theme.

MENALCAS.

THEN, since we're met, where friendly
 Branches spread,
 And trembling Leaves diffuse a cooling Shade;
 Since on the Sprays, the Thrush and Finch rejoice,
 Invoke thy Muse, and tune thy rural Voice.

COLIN.

ANOTHER Day my rural Voice I'll raise,
 Another Day the Muse shall tune her Lays:
 But now, alas! such crowding Joys I find,
 No words can speak the transports of my Mind.
 Would PHOEBUS warm me with poetick Fire,
 Or would the *Mantuan* Muse my Tongue inspire;
 As great ELIZA shone in SPENCER'S Line,
 The Greater CAROLINA should in mine;
 Then would I emulate the tuneful Throng,
 And with her glorious Name immortalize my
 Song.

CON.

CONTENTMENT.

BY THE SAME.

Farewell aspiring Thoughts, no more
My Soul shall leave the peaceful Shore,
To sail Ambition's Main;
Fallacious as the Harlot's Kiss,
You promise me uncertain Bliss,
And give me certain Pain.

A BEAUTEOUS Prospect first you shew,
Which ere survey'd you paint anew,
And paint it wond'rous pleasant:
This in a third is quickly lost;
Thus future Good we covet most,
But ne'er enjoy the present.

DELUDED on from Scene to Scene,
We never end, but still begin,
By flatt'ring Hope betray'd;
I'm weary of the painful Chace,
Let others run this endless Race
To catch a flying Shade.

LET others boast their useless wealth;
Have I not Honesty and Health?
Which Riches cannot give:
Let others to Preferment soar,
And, changing Liberty for Pow'r,
In golden Shackles live.

'Tis time, at length, I should be wise,
 'Tis time to seek substantial Joys;
 Joys out of Fortune's Pow'r:
 Wealth, Honours, Dignities, and Fame,
 Are Toys the blind capricious Dame
 Takes from us ev'ry Hour.

COME, conscious Virtue, fill my Breast,
 And bring Content, thy Daughter, dress'd
 In ever-smiling Charms:
 Let sacred Friendship too attend;
 A Friendship worthy of my Friend,
 Such as my LAELIVS warms.

WITH these I'll in my Bosom make
 A Bulwark Fortune cannot shake,
 Tho' all her Storms arise;
 Look down and pity gilded Slaves,
 Despise Ambition's giddy Knaves,
 And wish the Fools were wise.

THE DUELLIST

A FABLE.

Twas on a time — the lord knows when —
 In *Ely*, or in *Lincoln* fen,
 A frog and mouse had strong disputes,
 Held in the language of the brutes,

Who

Who of a certain pool and pasture
Should be the sovereign and master.
Sir, says the frog, (and d—n'd his blood)
I hold that my pretensions good,
Nor can a *brute* of *reason* doubt it,
For all that you can squeak about it.

The mouse, averse to be o'erpower'd,
Gave him the lie, and call'd him coward;
Too hard for any frog's digestion,
To have his *Frog hood* call'd in question!
A bargain instantly was made
No mouse of honour could evade,
On the next morn, as soon as light,
With desperate bull rushes to fight.
The morning came—and, man to man,
The grand *Monomachy* began.
Need I recount how each bravado
Shone in *montalto* and *passado*,
To what a height their ire they carry'd,
How oft they thrust'd and they parry'd.
But as these champions kept dispensing
Finesses in the art of fencing,
A furious vulture took upon her,
Quick to decide this point of honour;
And, lawyer-like, to make an end on't,
Devour'd both plaintiff and defendant.

Thus often in a certain nation,
(I speak by way of application,
A lie, direct to some hot youth,
The giving which, perhaps, was truth;
The treading on a scoundrel's toe,
Or dealing impudence her blow;

Disputes in politicks and law ,
About a feather and a straw ;
A thousand trifles not worth naming,
In whoring , jockeying , and gaming ,
Shall cause a challenge's inditing ,
And set two logger heads a fighting .
Mean while the father of despair ,
The prince of vanity and air ,
His quarry , like an hawk , discovering ,
O'er their devoted heads hangs hovering ,
Secure to get in his tuition ,
These volunteers for black perdition .

That more than wish'd; the little in my pow'r,
 I chear'd the sorrowing, sooth'd the dying hour:
 Yearn'd, though in vain, to save life's panting
 thread;

Much mourn'd the pious, more the vicious dead.
 Spare me one tear, and then, kind readers, go,
 Live foe to none, and die without a foe;
 Live, and, if possible, enlarge thy plan,
 Not live alone, die too the friend of man:
 And when our dust obeys the trumpet's call,
 He'll prove our friend who liv'd and dy'd for all.

Another to a MISER.

In vain you number, add, and multiply,
 Divide, and you'll be rich, at least on high.

TO A FRIEND

asking what GOD was.

Is there a man, whose daring hand
 Can number ev'ry grain of sand?
 Can count the drops that fill the sea?
 And tell how many stars there be?
 Who shall presume to comprehend
 Infinity, that knows no end?
 Who shall set bounds to boundless pow'r,
 Restrain Omnipotence, or lower
 Eternity to one poor hour?

Who shall disclose his Maker's plan,
 Or dare his secret will to scan?
 Shall feeble, short liv'd, sordid man?

264 THE SELECT MISCELLANIES.

Believe me, friend; thou can'st no more
The vast designs of God explore,
Than thy short arm can reach the sky,
Or turn the spacious ocean dry.

None but perfection such as his
Can know th' Almighty as he is;
His searchless glory can't be brought
Adapted to a mortal's thought?
His Majesty we can't discern,
His attributes we cannot learn,
'Till he removes the fleshly glass,
And shows his glory face to face.

Vain is the wisdom, vain the skill,
That strives to take away the veil;
That searches ev'ry mystery,
While clouded with morality.

God is a theme too great for thought;
An awful something, who knows what?
Be silent, and submit to show
Respect to what thou can'st not know.
Remember what thou art; and fear
This unknown witness always near.

Search not into his deep decree;
The subject's too refin'd for thee;
Thou must not ask, nor wish to see. }

Cast each presumptuous doubt away; }
Consider thou'rt at best but clay, }
Whose only province is t'obey. }

THE
IN C U R I O U S.

A
S O N G.

GIVE me but a wife I expect not to find,
Each virtue and grace in one female
combin'd,

No goddess for me, 'tis a woman I prize,
And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

2.

Be she young she's not stubborn, but easy to
mould,

Or she claims my respect, like a mother, if old,
Thus either can please me, since woman I prize,
And he that, &c.

3.

Like Venus she ogles, if wanton her eye,
If blind, she the roving of mine cannot spy,
Thus either is lovely, for woman I prize,
And he that, &c.

4.

If rich be my bride, she brings tokens of love,
If poor, the further from pride's my remove,
Thus either contents me, for woman I prize,
And he that, &c.

5.

I ne'er shall want converse, if tongue she
possess,
And if mute, still the rarity pleases no less,

I'm suited to either, for woman I prize,
And he that, &c.

6.

Then cease ye profane, on the sex to descant,
If you've wit to discern, no perfection they want,
Each fair can make happy, if woman we prize,
And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

A P O L O G Y FOR THE MEN WHO DESERTED GEN. BRADDOCK.

WHEN surprized by the ambuscade,
Ah! BRADDOCK why did you persuade
To stand and fight each recreant blade,
That left thee in the wood?
They knew that those who run away,
Might live to fight another day,
But all must die that stood.

ON FLOWERS IN A YOUNG LADY'S HAND. A MORAL THOUGHT.

THOSE tender flowers which vainly court
the eye,
And bloom neglected when *Elyza's* by,
Are yet too just an emblem of the maid,
Who, tho' more blooming, must as surely fade;
Know then wherein the chief distinction lies,
They fade to perish, she shall fairer rise.

PRO-

PROLOGUE
TO PHILOSOPHICAL EXERCISES

AT
PHILADELPHIA.

Spoken by Mr. JACOB DUCHE.

SHE comes! she comes! ye *Nine* strike ev'ry
string,

,Till yonder arch with gratulations ring!
,From distant realms PHILOSOPHY serene,
,The heav'n-taught nurse of ev'ry muse's strain,
,Exultant comes to seek a calm retreat,
,And make this hallow'd *dome** her chosen seat.

Hail sacred wisdom, progeny divine!
Awful we bend at thy unspotted shrine!
Thy lofty precepts raise th'exulting soul
The passions ballance, and the will controul;
The virtuous thought they rear, and warm the
heart,

For freedom, truth, and each ennobling art.
O! while our raptur'd strains to thee aspire,
One spark impart of thy celestial fire!

** You, who in polish'd arts and merit shine,
The kind protectors of the sacred nine,
Whose patriot toils, your country's pride and
grace,

Built up her fame on virtue's lasting base;
To you our first essays in prose belong!
Be you the patrons of our early song.

For

* *The Academy.*

** *Addressing himself to the trustees of the Academy.*

,For many a joyless age, from eldest times'
 ,*Barbarian* darkness o'er these hapless climes
 ,Lour'd horrible, with raven-wing display'd,
 ,And wrapt them, death-like, in her baleful
 shade.

,Witness ye hills, and every conscious wood!
 ,Witness ye dales, and each meandering flood!
 ,Nay, witness ev'n ye stones that strew the
 plain,

,Long did ye mourn her unrelenting reign!
 At last, illustrious worthies! you appear'd,
In modest elegance these walls were rear'd;
 SCIENCE you call'd to chace the train of night,
 The goddess hears—descends—and *all is light!*
Rome's ample treasures soon our care engage,
 With all the labours of the *Grecian* sage.

But vain their treasures, all their labours vain,
 Their sense unnotic'd, and unfelt their strain;
 Fruitless we search the *Greek* and *Roman* page
 Without the critick's skill, and poet's rage;
 Their morals, wrapt in fable, useless lie,
 Lost are their beauties to the wilder'd eye,

Yet here your active zeal in learning's cause,
 Permits not genius uninform'd to pause.
 Fearless you bid your daring pupils soar,
 And heights of SCIENCE, yet untry'd, explore
 While chosen guides, whose worth ev'n envy
 tells,

Point up th'ascent, where fame with virtue
 dwells.

By such examples rous'd, the sounding lyre
 We grasp, and catch the soaring *Pindar's* fire
 Each

Thus all come off — and on the dear employ
 The bearded fools are glad to send — *A Boy*.
 Well! you may hang philosophy for *Billy*,
 If, to my *Bess*, it made me look so silly.

But now I'm come! — The question's what
 to say,

Or what to call the produce of the day?

Tragick or comick, there is no discerning; —

'Tis all in all, they think to shew their learning —

Perhaps they shew it — But you shew what's
 better,

Much sense, good breeding, sweetness and good
 nature,

Patient so long to hear such crabbed matter. }

'Tis gen'rous thus, with your applauding
 smile,

To fire their souls for fame, and sooth their toil.

When some few years have ripen'd them in
 knowledge,

And time subdues the stiffness of the college,

In humble gratitude — they bid me say — }

For all your kind indulgence shewn to day — }

They'll act for *you* — some more *engaging* play. }

AN ODE

TO SPRING.

BY A LADY.

HAIL, genial goddess, bloomy 'spring
 Thy blest return, O! let me sing,

And

And aid my languid lays.
 Let me not sink in sloth supine,
 While all creation, at thy shrine,
 In annual tribute pays.

Escap'd from *Winter's* freezing pow'r,
 Each blossom greets thee, and each flow'r,
 While foremost of the train,
 By *nature* (artless handmaid!) drest,
 The snow-drop comes in lilly'd vest,
 Prophetick of thy reign.

The lark now strains his warbling throat,
 And, with a loud and chearful note,
 Calls *E bo* from her cell.

Be warn'd, ye fair, that listen round,
 A beauteous nymph became a *sound*,
 By having lov'd too well.

The bright-hair'd sun, with warmth divine,
 Bids trees and shrubs before thy shrine.

Their infant buds display.
 Again the streams refresh the plains.
 Which winter bound in icy chains,
 And sparkling bless his ray?

Life-giving *Zephyrs* breathe around,
 And instant glows th' enamell'd ground

With nature's vary'd hues:
 Not so returns our youth decay'd;
 Alas! nor air, nor sun, nor shade,
 The spring of life renews.

The sun's too quick-revolving beams,
 Dissolves at once the human dreams,

And

And brings th'appointed hour.
 Too late we catch his parting ray,
 And mourn the idly-wasted day
 No longer in our power.

Then happiest he, whose lengthen'd fight
 Pursues by virtue's steady light
 A hope beyond the skies;
 Where frowning winter ne'er shall come,
 But rosy spring for ever bloom,
 And suns eternal rise!

*Verses written to a Friend on his
 Marriage.*

WHAT! — has that heart, so wild, so
 roving,
 So prone to changing, fighting, loving,
 Which widows, maids, attack'd in vain,
 At last submitted to the chain?
 Who is this paragon, this matchless she,
 Has fix'd a *weather cock* like thee?

THE REPLY.

ILL tell thee, friend, that heart so roving,
 So prone to changing, fighting, loving,
 No more with empty pleasures fir'd,
 Is now to real bliss retir'd:
 The wand'rer's lodg'd within a breast,
 A loving and beloved guest;
 Exchanging care and transient toys,
 For wish'd content and lasting joys! —

Nor

Nor is't, my friend, her speaking face,
 Her shape, her youth, her winning grace,
 Mere *outward* charms, that pass away;
 But *those* that bloom when these decay,
 Have reach'd my heart — the fair one's mind,
 Quick as her eyes, yet soft and kind;
 A gaiety with innocence,
 A soft address with manly sense,
 Bewitching manners, void of art,
 A chearful, firm, yet feeling heart;
 Beauty that thuns all publick gaze,
 And humble 'midst pomp and praise:
 These are the charms my heart have bound,
 Charms often sought, so rarely found!
 Nor think the lover's partial voice,
 In flatt'ring colours paints his choice:
 When you MARIA hear and see, }
 Yous will not wonder such a she }
 Has fix'd a *weather-cock* like me. }

ON
Mr. P I T T's

RESIGNING THE SEALS.

NE'ER yet in vain did heav'n its omens send,
 Some dreadful ills unusual signs portend!
 When Pitt resign'd, a nation's tears will own,
 * *Then fell the noblest jewel in the crown.*

ON

* *Alluding to the largest jewel falling out of the king's
 crown at his coronation.*

ON

Mr. P I T T's

RESIGNATION.

EGyptian darkness cover'd all the land;
 And locusts swarm'd (a ministerial band!)
 'Till Pitt dispell'd that dreadful gloom of night,
 And from a hideous chaos brought forth light:
 Spawn of corruption, with the ill got prey,
 Fled like the midnight hags, at break of day.

Then did we prosper, God was on our side;
 Pitt was the * pillar for our guard and guide;
 He, like the cloud of fire, in England rose
 A light to us, a terror to our foes.

Forth went our armies thro' the hostile coasts,
 Hivites and Hittites fled before the hosts:
 Conquests and glory always led the van,
 Sure to succeed while prudence form'd each plan
 Thus, thro' the toil some wilderness of war,
 Britannia drove triumphantly her car.

But when her Canaan just began to dawn,
 On Jordan's banks, — this pillar is withdrawn:
 Hence do the tribes in apprehension mourn,
 Lest former plagues and darkness should return:
 Hence do the faithful thus implore the lord,
 "Let P—, our cloud and pillar be restor'd!"

Yet may they not despond! for heav'n will
 bless

A righteous king with honour and success:
 If heav'n then prospers goodness, like his own,
 Britons are safe in — virtue of the throne.

* *Exod. XIV. 20.*

*On a fit of the HEAD-ACH, cured by
dancing with a Young Lady.*

Quack-doctors too often their patients deceive,
By boasted pretensions to skill;
And while they the present disorder relieve,
Fix some more incurable ill.
Thus Celia by dancing my head-ach reliev'd,
And I vainly applauded her art;
Till at length the fair Mountebank's cheat I
perceiv'd,
For the pain is now fixt in my heart.

IMITATION.

*Of old CHAUCER'S doleful droll Ditty
over his EMPTY PURSE, in mock
Heroicks. By a VETERAN GAR-
RETEER.*

WHERE are thy babes? — to thee I must
complain: —
Their absence I must mourn, but mourn in
vain: —
They were my only comfort, my delight,
My bosom friends, my play mates day and
night:
My joy, my life, the darling of my heart: —
I little thought that we should ever part!

“Oh, that upon my bier my coarse was lain!
 “Then should I weep no more! — no more
 “complain!

“To thee for mercy thy old master cries,
 “Be heavy once again, or else he dies!

Sure some ill planet rul’d when I was born,
 To be thus desolate, and thus forlorn!
 Tho’ Job, ’tis true, had reason to repine,
 What were his sorrows, when compar’d with
 mine?

Ixion’s pangs, when stretch’d upon his wheel,
 Were but mere flea bites to the pangs I feel.

“To thee for mercy thy old master cries;
 “Be heavy once again, or else he dies!”

Let thy sweet babes return, and bless my sight,
 Early by day, or at the noon of night;
 With their sweet sounds, O! let ’em charm
 my ear!

Their warbling sounds I could forever hear!
 Their matchless yellow looks by far out shone }
 The radiant lustre of the noon-day sun. — }
 Break, break, my heart! — thy smiling babes }
 are gone!

“Oh, that upon my bier my coarse was lain!
 “Then should I weep no more! — no more
 “complain!

“To thee for mercy thy old master cries;

“Be heavy once again, or else he dies!”

Poorer than Irus now: — Where shall I find
 A friend that will be faithful, true or kind?

Where

Where now, O where shall thy poor master dine?
 Where get one glass of nut-brown ale, or wine?
 No more must he presume to run a score;
 Now must he beg for alms from door to door;
 No priest was ever shav'd so close before.
 At night, dear purse, where shall he rest his
 head?

What landlord now will trust him with a bed?
 "Oh, that upon my bier my coarse was lain?
 "Then should I weep no more! — no more
 "complain!

Henceforth my muse shall sing no more of arms,
 Of Cupid's arrows, or the bottle's charms;
 Henceforth her once lov'd lyre shall lie unstrung,
 And be forever on the willow hung.

No earthly pleasure will I now pursue; —
 I'll bid the court, the town, the stage adieu,
 Unless reliev'd, unless consol'd by you.

"To you alone I will for mercy cry;
 "Be heavy once again, or else I die!

EPIGRAMS.

*By two DOCTORS of Bath. Dr. WYN-
 TER'S modest Question. Humbly pro-
 posed to a fat-headed Scot.*

TELL me from whom, fat-headed Scot.
 Thou didst thy system learn;
 From *Hypocrate* thou hadst it not,
 Nor *Celsus*, nor *Pitcairn*.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
 And say the same of grafs,
 The one for babes is only good,
 The other for an afs.

Doctor, no new prescription try,
 A friend's advice forgive;
 Eat grafs, reduce thy head, and die,
 Thy patients then may live.

Doctor GENY'S Answer.

My system Doctor's all my own,
 No tutor I pretend,
 My blunders hurt myself alone;
 But your's your dearest *Friend*.

Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
 Thrice happy might you be,
 Perhaps you might regain your mind,
 And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
 But heartily forgive,
 'Tis natural you shoud bid me dye,
 That you yourself might live.

E P I T A P H.

For OLIVER CROMWELL.

Here lies the ravisher of sovereign power,
 By fortune favour'd to his dying hour.

For

For old, or modern times, was never known
 One more deserving of a lawful throne.
 Ah! why did heaven this bold usurper grace
 With talents worthy of a royal race?

S O N G.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Ye Criticks above, and ye Criticks below,
 Ye finer-spun Criticks who keep the mid row,
 Oh, tarry one moment, I'll sing you a song,
 Shall prove that like us—*You are all in the wrong.*

*Sing Tantara rara, Wrong all, Wrong all,
 Sing Tantara rara, all Wrong.*

Ye Poets who mount on the fam'd winged steed;
 Of prancing, and wincing, and kicking take heed;
 For when by those hornets the Criticks, he's stung,
 You are thrown in the dirt—*And are all in the*

Wrong. Sing Tantara rara, &c.

Ye actors who act, what those writers have writ,
 Pray stick to your Poet, and spare your own wit;
 For when, with your own, you unbridle your
 tongue,

I'll hold ten to one—*You are all in the Wrong.*

Sing Tantara rara &c.

Ye Knaves who make news for the Foolish to read,
 Who print daily slanders, the hungry to feed;
 For a while you mislead 'em, the news-hunting
 throng

But the pillory proves—*You are all in the Wrong.*

Sing Tantara rara, &c.

THE DESCRIPTION

Of a Salamander. Out of Pliny's Nat.
Hist. Lib. 10. c. 67. and. Lib. 29. c. 4.

BY Dr. SWIFT.

As Mastive Dogs in modern Phrase are
Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Cesar*;
As *Pyes* and *Dawrs* are often stil'd
With Christian Nick-names like a Child;
As we say *Monsieur* to an *Ape*,
Without Offence to human Shape;
So men have got from Bird and Brute
Names, that would best their Natures suit.
The *Lion*, *Eagle*, *Fox*, and *Boar*,
Were Heroes Titles heretofore,
Bestow'd as Hi'roglyphicks fit
T'express their Valour, Strength, or wit,
For what is understood by *Fame*,
Besides the getting of a *Name*?
But e'er since Men invented Guns,
A diff'rent Way their Fancy runs;
To paint a Hero, we enquire
For something that will conquer *Fire*.
Would you describe *Turenne* or *Trump*,
Think of a Bucket or a Pump.
Are these two low? - - - then find out grander,
Call my Lord C - - - a *Salamander*.
'Tis well; - - - but since we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object against the Term,
Pliny shall prove what we affirm;

Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply;
And I'll be judg'd by Standers-by.

First, then, our Author has defin'd
This Reptile of the Serpent Kind,
With gaudy Coat, and shining Train;
But loathsome Spots his Body stain:
Out from some Hole obscure he flies,
When Rains descend, and Tempests rise,
Till the Sun clears the Air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his Den.

So, when the war has rais'd a Storm,
I've seen a *Snake* in human Form,
All stain'd with Infamy and Vice,
Leap from the Dunghill in a Trice,
Burnish, and make a gaudy Show,
Become a Gen'ral, Peer, and Beau,
'Till Peace hath made the Sky serene;
Then shrink into its Hole again.

*All this we grant - - - why then look yonder,
Sure that must be a Salamander!*

Farther, we are by *Pliny* told,
This *Serpent* is extremely cold,
So cold, that, put it in the Fire,
'Twill make the very Flames expire:
Beside, it spews a filthy Froth,
(Whether thro' Rage, or Love, or both,)
Of Matter purulent and white,
Which happening on the Skin to light,
And there corrupting to a Wound,
Spreads Leprosy and Baldness round.

So have I seen a batter'd Beau,
By age and Claps grown cold as Snow,
Whose Breath or Touch, where-e'er he came,
Blew out Love's Torch, or chill'd the Flame.

*Then I'll appeal to each By-Stander,
Is not this same a Salamander?*

* *The Elephant: Or, The Parliament-Man; written many Years since. Taken from Coke's Institutes.*

BY THE SAME.

ERE Bribes convince you whom to chuse,
The precepts of Lord Coke peruse.
Observe an *Elephant*, says he,
And let like him your Member be.
First, take a Man that's free from *Gall*;
For Elephants have none at all:
In *Flocks* or *Parties* he must keep;
For Elephants live just like Sheep:
Stubborn in Honour he must be;
For Elephants *ne'er bend the Knee*:
Last, let his *Memory* be sound,
In which your Elephant's profound;
That *old Examples* from the wise
May prompt him in his No's and I's,

Thus the Lord Coke hath gravely writ
In all the Form of Lawyers wit;
And then with *Latin*, and all that,
Shews the Comparison is pat.

Yet

Yet in some Points my Lord is wrong:
 One's *Teeth* are sold, and t'other's *Tongue*.
 Now Men of Parliament, God knows,
 Are more like *Elephants of Shows*;
 Whose docile Memory and Sense
 Are turn'd to trick, to gather Pence
 To get their Master half a Crown,
 They spread their Flag, or lay it down.
 Those who bore Bulwarks on their Backs,
 And guarded Nations from Attacks,
 Now practise ev'ry pliant Gesture,
 Op'ning their trunk for ev'ry Tester,
Siam, for Elephants so fam'd,
 Is not with *England* to be nam'd;
 Their Elephants by Men are sold;
 Ours sell Themselves, and take the Gold.

PROLOGUE to a Play, called *Three
 Hours after Marriage*.

BY THE SAME.

AUTHORS are judg'd by strange capri-
 cious Rules;

The great ones are thought mad, the small ones
 Fools:

Yet sure the best are most severely fated,
 For Fools are only laugh'd at, wits are hated.
 Blockheads with reason Men of Sense abhor;
 But Fool 'gainst Fool, is barb'rous Civil war.
 Why on all Authors then shou'd Criticks fall?
 Since some have writ, and shewn no wit at all.

Con-

Condemn a Play of theirs, and they evade it,
Cry, "Damn not us, but damn the *French*
"who made it"

By running Goods these graceless Owlers gain;
Theirs are the *Rules of France*, the *Plots of*
Spain:

But, wit, like wine from happier Climates
brought,

Dash'd by these Rogues, turns *English* common
Draught.

They pall *Moliere's* and *Lopez's* sprightly Strain,
And teach dull *Harlequins* to grin in vain.

How shall our Author hope a gentler Fate,
Who dares most impudently not translate.
It had been civil in these ticklish Times
To fetch his Fools and Knaves from foreign
Climes,

Spaniards and *French* abuse to the World's End,
But spare old *England*, lest you hurt a Friend.
If any Fool is by our Satire bit,
Let him hiss loud, to shew you all, he's hit.
Poets make Characters, as *Salesmen* Clothes;
We take no Measure of your Fops and Beaus;
But here all Sizes and all Shapes you meet,
And fit yourselves, like Chaps in *Monmouth-*
Street.

Gallants! look here, this * *Fools-Cap* has an Air
Goodly and smart, with Ears of *Iffachar*.
Let no one Fool engross it, or confine
A common Blessing! now 'tis yours, now mine,
But

* *Shews a Cap with Ears.*

But Poets in all Ages had the Care
 To keep this Cap, for such as will to wear.
 Our Author has it now, (for every wit
 Of course resign'd it to the next that writ;) *By*
 And thus upon the Stage 'tis fairly * thrown;
 Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.

On a certain Lady at Court.

BY THE SAME.

I Know the Thing, that's most uncommon:
 Envy, be silent, and attend!
 I know a reasonable woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a Friend.
 Not warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour,
 Not grave thro' Pride or gay thro' Folly,
 An equal Mixture of good Humour,
 And sensible soft Melancholy.
 "Has she no faults then (Envy says) Sir?"
 Yes she has one. I must aver:
 When all the world conspires to praise her,
 The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

TOM MULLINEX

and DICK.

BY THE SAME.

TOM and Dick had equal Fame,
 And both had equal Knowledge;
 Tom could write and spell his Name,
 But Dick had seen College.

Dick

* *Flings down the Cap, and Exit.*

Dick a Coxcomb, *Tom* was mad,
 And both alike diverting,
Tom was held the merrier Lad,
 But *Dick* the best at f---ing.

Dick would cock his Nose in Scorn,
 But *Tom* was kind and loving;
Tom a Foot boy bred and born,
 But *Dick* was from an Oven.

Dick could neatly dance a Jig,
 But *Tom* was best at Borees;
Tom would pray for ev'ry whig,
 And *Dick* curse all the Tories.

Dick would make a woful Noise,
 And scold at an Election;
Tom huzza'd the black-guard Boys,
 And held them in Subjection.

Tom could move with lordly Grace,
Dick nimbly skip the Gutter;
Tom could talk with solemn Face,
 But *Dick* could better sputter.

Dick was come to high Renown
 Since he commenc'd Physician;
Tom was held by all the Town
 The deeper Politician.

Tom had the genteeler Swing,
 His Hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to swing
 His Cane upon a Button.

Dick

Dick for Repartee was fit,
 And *Tom* for deep discerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
 But *Tom* had better Learning.

Dick with zealous No's and Ay's,
 Could roar as loud as *Stentor*,
 In the House 'tis all he says;
 But *Tom* is eloquenter.

*Upon stealing a CROWN when the DEAN
 was asleep.*

by Dr. SHERIDAN.

DEAR Dean, since you in sleepy wise
 Have op'd your Mouth, and clos'd your Eyes,
 Like Ghost I glide along your Floor,
 And softly shut the Parlour Door;
 For should I break your sweet Repose,
 Who knows what Money you might lose?
 Since oftentimes it has been found,
 A Dream has giv'n ten thousand Pound.
 Then sleep, my Friend, dear Dean, sleep on,
 And all you get shall be your own.
 Provided you to this agree,
 That all you lose belongs to me.

The DEAN'S Answer.

SO about twelve at Night, the Punk
 Steals from the Cully when he's drunk;

Nor

Nor is contented with a Treat,
 Without her Privilege to cheat.
 Nor can I the least Diff'rence find,
 But that you left no Clap behind.
 But jest apart, restore, you Capon ye,
 My twelve Thirteens, and Six-pence ha'penny,
 To eat my Meat, and drink my Medlicot,
 And then to give me such a deadly Cut—
 But 'tis observ'd that Men in Gowns
 Are most inclin'd to plunder *Crowns*.
 Could you but *change* a Crown as easy
 As you can steal one how 'twould please ye!
 I thought the Lady at St. Cath'arines
 Knew how to let you better Patterns;
 For this I will not dine with *Agmondisham*,
 And for his Victuals let a Ragman dish'em,
Saturday Night.

The Furniture of a Woman's
 M I N D.

Written in the Year 1727.

BY THE SAME.

A Set of Phrases learnt by Rote;
 A Passion for a Scarlet Coat:
 When at a Play to laugh, or cry,
 Yet cannot tell the Reason why;
 Never to hold her Tongue a Minute,
 While all the prates has nothing in it;

T

Who.

Whole Hours can with a Coxcomb sit,
 And take his Nonsense all for wit;
 Her Learning mounts to read a Song,
 But half the words pronouncing wrong;
 Has ev'ry Repartee in Store,
 She spoke ten Thousand Times before;
 Can ready Compliments supply
 On all Occasions, cut and dry;
 Such Hatred to a Parson's Gown,
 The Sight will put her in a Swoon;
 For Conversation well endu'd,
 She calls it witty to be rude;
 And, placing Raillery in Railing,
 Will tell aloud your greatest Failing;
 Nor makes a Scruple to expose
 Your bandy Leg, or crooked Nose;
 Can at her Morning Tea, run o'er
 The Scandal of the Day before;
 Improving hourly in her Skill,
 To cheat and wrangle at Quadrille.

In chusing Lace a Critick nice,
 Knows to a Groat the lowest Price;
 Can in her Female Clubs dispute
 What Linen best the Silk will suit,
 What Colours each Complexion match,
 And where with Art to place a Patch.

If chance a Mouse creeps in her Sight,
 Can finely counterfeit a Fright;
 So sweetly screams, if it comes near her,
 She ravishes all Hearts to hear her.

Can dextrously her Husband teize,
 By taking Fits whene'er she please;
 By frequent Practice learns the Trick
 At proper Seasons to be sick;
 Thinks nothing gives one Airs so pretty,
 At once creating Love and Pity:
 If *Molly* happens to be careless,
 And but neglects to warm her Hair-Lace,
 She gets a Cold as sure as Death,
 And vows she scarce can fetch her Breath;
 Admires how modest Women can
 Be so *robustious*, like a Man.

In Party, furious to her Pow'r;
 A bitter whig, or Tory sow'r;
 Her Arguments directly tend
 Against the Side she would defend;
 Will prove herself a Tory plain,
 From Principles the whigs maintain;
 And to defend the whiggish Cause,
 Her Topicks from the Tories draws.

O yes! If any Man can find,
 More Virtues in a woman's Mind,
 Let them be sent to Mrs. * *Harding*;
 She'll pay the Charges to a Farthing:
 Take notice, she has my Commission
 To add them in the next Edition:
 They may out-sell a better Thing:
 So, Holla Boys; God save the King.

* *A Printer.*

*On Stephen Duck, the THRESHER,
and Favourite Poet.*

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM.

Written in the Year 1730.

BY THE SAME.

THE Thresher *Duck*, cou'd o'er the *Q*---
prevail,

The Proverb, says, *No Fence against a Flail.*
From *threshing* Corn, he turns to *thresh* his
Brains;

For which her *M*---y allows him *Grains.*
Though 'tis confest that those who ever saw
His Poems, think them all not worth a *Straw!*
Thrice happy *Duck*, employ'd in threshing
Stubble!

Thy Toil is lessen'd, and thy Profits double.

THE PACK-HORSE AND THE CARRIER.

(GAY.)

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth,
To suffer, nay, encourage truth:
And blame me not for disrespect,
If I the flatt'rer's style reject;
With that by menial tongues supply'd,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.

THE

THE tree's distinguish'd by the fruit,
 Be virtue then your first pursuit:
 Set your great ancestors in view,
 Like them deserve the title too;
 Like them ignoble actions scorn:
 Let virtue prove you greatly born.

THOUGH with less plate their side-board
 shone,
 Their conscience always was their own;
 They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd;
 Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;
 Their hands, by no corruption stain'd,
 The ministerial bribe disdain'd;
 They serv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
 Yet jealous of the publick weal;
 They stood the bulwark of our laws,
 And wore at heart their country's cause;
 By neither place nor pension bought,
 They spoke and voted as they thought.
 Thus did your fires adorn their seat;
 And such alone are truly great.

If you the paths of learning flight,
 You're but a dunce in stronger light:
 In foremost rank, the coward, plac'd,
 Is more conspicuously disgrac'd.
 If you to serve a paltry end,
 To knavish jobs can condescend,
 We pay you the contempt that's due;
 In that you have precedence too.
 Whence had you this illustrious name?
 From virtue and unblemish'd fame,

By birth the name alone descends;
 Your honour on yourself depends.
 Think not your coronet can hide
 Assuming ignorance and pride.
 Learning by study must be won,
 'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
 Superior worth your rank requires:
 For that mankind reveres your fires:
 If you degenerate from your race,
 Their merits heighten your disgrace.

A CARRIER, ev'ry night and morn,
 Would see his horses eat their corn.
 This sunk the hostler's vails, 'tis true;
 But then his horses had their due;
 Were we so cautious in all cases,
 Small gain would rise from greater places.

THE manger now had all its measure;
 He heard the grinding teeth with pleasure:
 When all at once confusion rung;
 They started, jostled, bit, and flung.
 A pack horse turn'd his head aside,
 Foaming, his eye balls swell'd with pride.

Good gods! (says he) how hard's my lot!
 Is then my high descent forgot?
 Reduc'd to drudg'ry and disgrace,
 (A life unworthy of my race)
 Must I too bear the vile attacks
 See scurvy *Roan*, that brute ill-bred,
 Dares from the manger thrust my head!
 Shall I, who boast a noble line,
 On offals of these creatures dine?

Kick'd

Kick'd by old *Baal*! so mean a foe!
 My honour suffers by the blow,
Newmarket speaks my grandfire's fame,
 All jockeys still revere his name:
 There yearly are his triumphs told,
 There all his massy plates enroll'd,
 Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
 You saw him with a liv'ry train;
 Returning too, with laurels crown'd,
 You heard the drums and trumpets sound.
 Let it then, Sir, be understood,
 Respect's my due; for I have blood.

VAIN glorious fool (the Carrier cry'd)
 Respect was never paid to pride.
 Know 'twas thy giddy wilful heart
 Reduc'd thee to this slavish part.
 Did not thy headstrong youth disdain
 To learn the conduct of the rein?
 Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
 In vitious frolicks fancy spirit
 What is't to me by whom begot?
 Thou restif, pert, conceited sot.
 Your fires I reverence; 'tis their due:
 But, worthless fool, what's that to you?
 Ask all the Carriers on the road,
 They'll say thy 'keeping's ill bestow'd.
 Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
 That neither mends thy strength nor pace.
 What profits me thy boast of blood?
 An ass hath more intrinick good.
 By outward shews let's not be cheated:
 An ass should like an ass be treated.

A LOVER'S ANGER.

BY PRIOR.

As Cloe came into the room t'other day,
I peevish began; where so long cou'd you
stay?

In your life-time you never regarded your hour:
You promis'd at two; and (pray look child)
'tis four.

A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels;
'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and
seals.

A temper so heedless no mortal can bear—
Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord ble's me, said she; let a body but speak:
Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n-into my neck:
It has hurt me, and vext me to such a degree—
See here; for you never believe me; pray see,
On the left side my breast what a mark it has
made,

So saying, her bosom she careless display'd. }
That feat of delight I with wonder survey'd; }
And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said. }

EPIGRAM.

BY THE SAME.

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the
meats:

He eats more than six; and drinks more than
he eats.

Four

Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes;
 And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes.
 Yet sighing, he says, we must certainly break; }
 And my cruel unkindness compells him to speak: }
 For of late I invite him— but four times a week. }

A N O T H E R.

BY THE SAME.

YES, every poet is a fool:
 By demonstration Ned can show it:
 Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
 Prove every fool to be a poet.

*To a person who wrote ill, and spake
 worse against me.*

BY THE SAME.

LY E. Philo, untouch'd on my peaceable shelf;
 Nor take it amiss, that so little I heed thee:
 I've no envy to thee, and some love to myself:
 Then why shou'd I answer; since first I must
 read thee?
 Drunk with Helicon's waters and double brew'd
 bub,
 Be a linguist, a poet, a critick, a wag;
 To the solid delight of thy well-judging club,
 To the damage alone of thy bookseller Brag.

Pursue me with satyr; what harm is there in't?
But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear:
There can be no danger from what thou shalt
print:
There may be a little from what thou
may'st swear.

On the same Person.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE faster than his costive brain indites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters
writes ;

His case appears to me like honest Teague's,
When he was run away with, by his legs.
Phoebus, give Philo o'er himself command;
Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand;
Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink:
So may he cease to write, and learn to think.

Quid sit futurum cras fuge querere.

BY THE SAME.

FOR what to-morrow shall disclose,
May spoil what you to-night propose :
England may change; or Cloe stray :
Love and life are for to-day.

DEMO-

DEMOCRITUS
AND
HERACLITUS.

BY THE SAME.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd
mirth,

Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both I unconcern'd stand by:
Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

For my own Tomb-stone.

BY THE SAME.

To me 'twas giv'n to die, to thee 'tis giv'n }
To live: alas! one moment sets us ev'n. }
Mark! how impartial is the will of Heav'n? }

THE
CONVERSATION.
A
T A L E.

BY THE SAME.

IT always has been thought discreet,
To know the company you meet;
And sure there may be secret danger,
In talking much before a stranger.

*Agreed: What then? then drink your ale,
I'll pledge you, and repeat my tale.*

No

No matter where the scene is fixt:
 The persons were but odly mixt;
 When sober Damon thus began:
 (And Damon is a clever man)
 I now grow old; but still, from youth,
 Have held for *modesty* and *truth*.
 The men who by these sea-marks steer,
 In life's great voyage never err:
 Upon this point I dare defy
 The world: I pause for a reply.

Sir, either is a good assistant:
 Said one who sat a little distant:
Truth decks our *speeches* and our *books*;
 And *modesty* adorns our *looks*:
 But farther progress we must take,
 Not only born to *look* and *speak*:
 The man must *act*. The Stagyrte
 Says thus, and says extremely right:
 Strict justice is the sov'raign guide,
 That o'er our actions shou'd preside:
 This queen of virtues is confest,
 To regulate and bind the rest.
 Thrice happy, if you can but find
 Her equal balance poize your mind:
 All diff'rent graces soon will enter,
 Like lines concurrent to their center.

'Twas thus, in short, these two went on,
 With *yea* and *nay*, and *pro* and *con*,
 Thro' many points divinely dark,
 And Waterland assaulting Clarke;

'Till,

'Till, in theology half lost,
 Damon took up the *Evening-Post*;
 Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,
 And deep in politicks held forth,

Methinks we're in the like condition,
 As at the *Treaty of Partition*:
 That stroke, for all King William's care,
 Begat another tedious war.
 Matthew, who knew the *whole Intrigue*,
 Ne'er much approv'd that *Mystick League*;
 In the vile *Utrecht Treaty* too,
 Poor man, he found enough to do,
 Sometimes to me he did apply;
 But down-right dunstable was I,
 And told him, *where* they were *mistaken*,
 And counsell'd him to *save his bacon*:
 But (pass his *politicks* and *prose*)
 I never herded with his foes;
 Nay, in his *verses*, as a friend,
 I still found something to commend:
 Sir, I excus'd his *Nut-brown-Maid*;
 Whate'er severer critick said:
 Too far, I own, the girl was try'd:
 The women all were on my side.
 For Alma I return'd him thanks:
 I lik'd her with her little pranks:
 Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme,
 Was much too grave to be sublime.

Pindar and Damon scorn transition:
 So on he ran a new Division;

'Till

'Till out of breath he turn'd to spit:
 (Chance often helps us more than wit)
 T'other that lucky moment took,
 Just nick'd the time, broke in, and spoke.

Of all the gifts the gods afford,
 (If we may take old Tully's word)
 The greatest is a friend; whose love
 Knows how to praise, and when reprove:
 From such a treasure never part,
 But hang the jewel on your heart:
 And pray, sir (it delights me) tell;
 You know this author mighty well—
 "Know him! d'ye question it? Ods fish!"
 "Sir, does a beggar know his dish?"
 "I lov'd him, as I told you, I
 "Advis'd him — Here a stander by
 Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,
 And thus, unwilling, silence broke;
 "Damon, 'tis time we shou'd retire:
 "The man you talk with is Mat Prior."

PROLOGUE TO THE ORPHAN.

*Represented by some of the Westminster
 Scholars, at Hickford's dancing-room.*

*Spoken by the LORD DUPLIN, who acted
 CORDELIO.**

BY THE SAME.

WHAT! would my humble comrades have
 me say?

Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play?

* *The Page in the Orphan.*

Such

Such work by hireling actors shou'd be done,
Whom you may clap or hiss for half a crown:
Our gen'rous scenes for friendship we repeat;
And if we don't delight; at least we treat.
Ours is the damage, if we chance to blunder,
We may be ask'd *whose patent we act under?*

How shall we gain your *Alamode de France?*
We hir'd this room; but none of us can dance
In cutting capers we shall never please:
Our learning does not lie below our knees.

Shall we procure you symphony and sound?
Then you must each subscribe *two hundred*
pound,
There we shou'd fail too, as to point of voice:
Mistake us not: *We're no Italian boys:*
True Britons born; from Westminster we come;
And only speak the style of ancient Rome.
We wou'd deserve, not poorly beg applause;
And stand or fall by Friend's and Busby's laws.

For the *distress'd* your pity we implore: }
If once refus'd, we'll trouble you no more, }
But leave our *Orphan* squalling at your door. }

*The smoaking Doctor's Soliloquy over his
Pipe.*

Emerging awful thro' a cloud of smoke,
The tall lean doctor snapt his box and
spoke.

Tho'

Tho' scorn'd by fribbles all bedawb'd with
snuff,

I value not their censures of a puff,
Who, if kind heav'n had furnish'd 'em with
brains,

Wou'd into pipes convert their taper canes,
Be sick that nauseous nostril-dust to see,
And substitute tobacco for rappee.

I less regard the rage of female railings —
Some ladies have their waters, and their failings:
Tho' when grey prudence comes, and youth
is past,

They'll learn to smoak (or I'm deceiv'd) at last!
Peace to the beaux, and every scented belle,
Who cries, 'tobacco has an odious smell:'
To men offense I speak and own with pleasure,
That smoaking sooths my studies and my leisure,
It aids my eyes, inspires my mind to think,
And is a calm companion when I drink:
At home how sweetly does a pipe engage
My sense to relish *Tully's* moral page!
Or *Homer's* heav'n aspiring muse divine,
And puffing measure each sonorous line!
But if to *Tom's* I stray to read the *daily*,
Or at the tavern spend my evening gaily,
My pipe still adds, as the mild minutes pass,
Charms to the toast, and flavour to the glass.
Blest *Indian* leaf! what raptures I inhale
From each light breath of thy ambrosial gale!
Thou giv'st the soldier courage, to the hind
Repose, to captives sacred peace of mind,

Can't

Can'st wealth on merchants, state on kings
bestow,

And to physicians only art a foe.

Thou sav'st, when pestilence spreads far and wide,
From that dread plague, and every plague
beside.

Tho' by the fumes the teeth are blacken'd o'er,
Thy ashes scour them whiter than before.

O, with abundant riches amply blest!

He who can buy one ounce of *Freeman's* best!

If in this fob my well-fill'd box I feel,

In that, my thort pipe, touchwood, flint, and steel,

Gold I regard not, I can live without;

I carry every requisite about.

Whether my stomach calls for drink or meat,

Whether the cold affects me or the heat,

The weed of *India* answers the demand,

And is the pleasing remedy at hand.

O! noblest proof of nature's genial power!

O, weed more precious than the choicest
flower!

Thy vapours bland thro' every state engage,

* Charm us when young, and solace us in age;

Adorn when fortune shew's her golden store,

And breathe kind comfort when she smiles no
more:

Tran-

* An imitation of that fine passage in *Tully*. *Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant; secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium & solacium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*

Tranquil *at home* they lull with sweet content;
Abroad they give us no impediment;
 But mild associates, tend us night and day,
 And if we travel cheer us on our way,
 In town or country soft repose incite
 And puff us up with exquisite delight.

An ODE to the Memory of SHAKESPEAR.

RECITATIVE.

TITLES and ermine fall behind —
 Be this a tribute to the mind:

O for a muse of fire,
 Such as did Homer's soul inspire!
 Or such an inspiration as did swell
 The bosom of the Delphick oracle!
 Or one yet more divine,
 Thine, Shakespear, thine!
 Then shou'd this song immortal be!
 Nor the verse blush that praises thee.

A I R.

Taught by himself alone to sing,
 Sublime he soars on nature's wing;
 How sweet the strain! how bold the flight!
 Above the rules
 Of critick schools,
 And cool correctness of the Stagyrte

RECITATIVE.

When horror ombers o'er the scene,
 And terror, with distorted mien,

Erects

Erects the hair, and chills the blood,
Whose painting must be understood
To strike such feelings to the soul?
What master-genius works the whole?

CHORUS.

Shakespear alone.

AIR.

He, pow'rful ruler of the heart,
With ev'ry passion plays;
Now strikes the string and ev'ry parr,
The magick touch obeys.—
He reigns alone;
nor can his throne
Fear usurpation or decay,
Lasting as time, and bright as southern day.

RECITATIVE.

Shakespear! No single merit's thine;
How can we sep'rate what's divine?
Thy mind effulgent shoots forth rays
Like the bright sun, ten thousand ways,
Yet is the body all entire
One glorious mass of intellectual fire.

AIR.

Now roars the scene with humour's jest,
Now plaintive sorrows flow;
And now, with pity's sigh oppress'd,
We feel, — we share the lover's woe:
When jealous passions rage,
When thunder shakes the stage;
Loud as the trump th'arch-angel bears,
When the last sound shall rend the spheres.

RECITATIVE.

Others may, by unweary'd aim,
 One passage only find to fame;
 Thro' one unvary'd track pursue,
 And keep the destin'd mark in view:

But, Shakespear, your undaunted soul
 Leaps into space, and occupies the whole.

A I R.

If e'er thy lofty wing
 Too daringly hath flown,
 'Twas but, Columbus-like,
 To find out worlds unknown;
 Then Britain boast that to thy sons was giv'n,
 The greatest genius ever sent from heav'n.

C H O R U S.

Then Britain boast, &c.

ODE to FRIENDSHIP.

From the CONNOISSEUR.

I.

COME, gentle pow'r! from whom arose
 Whate'er life's checquer'd scene adorns;
 From whom the living current flows,
 Whence science fills her various urns:
 Sacred to thee yon marble dome,
 O goddess, rears its awful head,
 Fraught with the stores of Greece and Rome,
 With gold and glowing gems inlaid;
 Where art, by thy command, has fix'd her seat,
 And ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace retreat.

2.

For erst mankind, a savage race,
 As lawless robbers, rang'd the woods,
 And chose, when wearied with the chace,
 'Midst rocks and caves their dark abodes:
 Till, Friendship, thy persuasive strains,
 Pow'rful as Orpheus' magick song,
 Re-echo'd thro' the squalid plains,
 And drew the brutish herd along:
 Lost in surprize, thy pleasing voice they own'd,
 Chose softer arts, and polish'd at the sound.

3.

Then pity first her sacred flame
 Within their frozen bosoms rais'd;
 Tho' weak the spark, when Friendship came,
 When Friendship wav'd her wing, it blaz'd.
 'Twas then first heav'd the social sigh,
 The social tear began to flow;
 They felt a sympathetick joy,
 And learnt to melt at others woe:
 By just degrees humanity refin'd,
 And virtue fixt her empire in the mind.

4.

O goddess! when thy form appears,
 Revenge, and rage, and factions cease;
 The soul no fury-passion tears,
 But all is harmony and peace.
 Aghast the * purple tyrant stood,
 With awe beheld thy glowing charms;

V 3

Forgot

* *Dionysius*. Alluding to the story of *Damon and Pythias*.

Forgot the impious thirst of blood,
 And wish'd to grasp thee in his arms;
 Felt in his breast unusual softness rise,
 And ; deaf before, heard pity's moving cries.

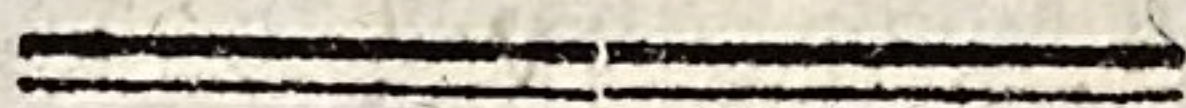
5.

Is there a wretch, in sorrow's shade,
 Who ling'ring wastes life's tedious hours;
 Is there, on whose devoted head
 Her vengeful curses * Ate pours?
 See, to their kind aid Friendship flies,
 Their sorrows sympathetick feels,
 With lenient hand her balm applies,
 And ev'ry care indulgent heals:
 The horrid fiends before her stalk away,
 As pallid spectres shun th'approach of day.

6.

O for a faithful honest friend!
 To whom I ev'ry care could trust,
 Each weakness of my soul commend,
 Nor fear him treach'rous or unjust.
 Drive flattery's faithless train away,
 Those busy, curious, flutt'ring things,
 That, insect-like, in fortune's ray
 Bask and expand their gaudy wings;
 But ah! when once the transient gleam is o'er,
 Behold the change — they die, and are no more!

* *The goddess of misfortune.*



On a Certain most Admirable ADMIRAL:

JF you believe what Frenchmen say,
 * B — G came, was beat, and run away.
 Believe what B—G himself had said;
 He fought, he conquer'd, and he fled.
 To fly, when beat, is no new thing;
 Thousands have don't, as well as B—G,
 But no man did, before B—G, say,
 He conquer'd, and then run away.
 B—G, therefore is, without a fable,
 An admiral most admirable!

A -- B--s letter to S---y C--d versified.

Facit indignatio versum —

Believe me, dear C—d, with pleasure I write,
 Tho' not victor, yet eas'd of a damnable
 fright:

For however we bluster as lords of the main,
 Yet 'twas joy most sincere to steer homeward
 again.

Tho' pressing our orders to save Port-Mahon,
 (Would to God the messieurs would have let
 it alone!

Yet *lente festina* was always my rule,
 And he that loves fighting began is a fool.

By kind adverse winds from poor Blakeney
 detain'd,
 'Twas four weeks at least ere Gibraltar we
 gain'd:

* Byng.

Yet we staid here—to eat, to carouse and live
high,

For who'd not indulge who's tomorrow to
die?

But at last we did sail—for by this time we
hop'd

That the fortress was ta'en, and the French
fleet elop'd:

All, we thought, was now snug—but Galifsoniere,

That blood thirsty villain, G—d—n him, was
there.

Well — we cruized — made signals — and
formed the line—

To leeward, to windward — had you seen it,
'twas fine!

With starboard and larboard we led on the
tack,

Till, by general consent, Sir, we fell all aback.

But as to our fighting—why one, two, or so,
Wou'd, spight of my wishes, bear down on
the foe:—

And the cannon did roar so! — (I quake while
I write)

That the blood of the B — 's, Sir was e'en
forc'd to sh-te!

The French, most amazingly large to my
fight!

Seem'd to wish to edge off, and declined the
fight.

'Twas

'Twas strange! yet 'twas charming — and their
ships did run
(As good luck wou'd have it) three feet to
our one.

But next I'm to give you of wounded and
slain

(Believe me, or not) a most terrible train!
Forty-three, Sir, we lost! — and a carnage so dire
Shows how desp'rate their courage, how dread-
ful their fire!

And so rude were the French, that egad, Sir, at last
They crippled the intrepid, and brought down
her mast:

A balance against us so great! and so clear!
That victory must have declar'd for Monsieur.
Our loss so immense! what was next to be
done?

'Twas needless, you know, to press on to
Mahon —

And to look for the French had been foolish
and evil,
Who, for ought we cou'd tell, might be run
to the devil.

In prudence I summon'd a council of war,
(That surest asylum of dastardly tar)
All — all were agreed! — and we lords of the
main

Are tripping it back to Gibraltar again.

From on board Ramilies my dispatches I
write —

Ramilies! — glorious proof that of old we cou'd
fight.

But, I own, I'm not fond on't—if I am, let
me swing,

Nem. Contradictent. — Your's till death,
F—y B—g.

EPIGRAM.

CRIES* Blakeney to Byng, as he kept at a
distance,

You'll be hang'd, you poltroon, if you don't
bring assistance:

Why aye, — reply'd Byng, what you say may
be true;

But then I may chance to be shot, if I do:
Sudden death I abhor; while there's life, there
is hope:

Let me 'scape but the gun, I can buy off the rope.

ADVICE TO AN AUTHOR.

—*Iniquæ mentis asellus.* HOR.

COME, come, my friend, make no reply,
But lay thy pen and scandal by;

Nor hope to raise thyself to fame,

By writing in a borrow'd name:

For, trust me, here thou seem'st ally'd,

To Aesop's ass in lion's hide:

Do all thou canst, the cheat appears,

The skin's too small to hide thy ears.

* *Governour of Minorca.*

THE COMPLAINT.

COLD winter's gone and youthful spring
 is seen,
 Which decks the smiling fields in chearful
 green:
 No more we hear bleak winds and beating
 rains,
 No more white frosts deface the fruitful plains;
 The rivers, in their native bounds confin'd,
 Are hardly ruff'd by the sighing wind;
 The trees are green, and blooming flow'rs
 appear,
 And tuneful birds proclaim the rising year:
 No joy admist these chearful scenes I find,
 The varying seasons cannot change my mind,
 To common griefs it might afford repose,
 But hopeless love perpetual winter knows.

The beauteous morn' adorn'd with purple
 light,
 Dispels the dusky shades of gloomy night;
 The sun soon follows with his golden ray,
 And gives the verdant earth the welcome day:
 What beauties now adorn each dewy field!
 What harmony the woods and vallies yield!
 They strive, in vain, my anxious mind to ease,
 Not flowery fields nor warbling birds can please:
 When Phoebus' scorching beam the earth in-
 vades,
 I seek, amidst the groves, the thickest shades,
 Or by a river's side that softly flows
 Upon the mossy bank I seek repose;

But

But all in vain, for in the shady grove,
 I still indulge my grief and hopeless love;
 Nor can the lulling murmurs of the spring,
 Calm my fond soul, nor one kind moment bring.

When Phoebus sinks and temp'rate eve returns,
 Fan'd by the cooling breeze my bosom burns;
 Which borrows fragrance from each blooming
 flower,

And breathes sweet odours thro' the woodbine
 bower,

And, while it moves the trembling leaves around,
 The trembling leaves afford a sighing sound;
 Each humid flow'r a look of sorrow wears, }
 The dropping dews resemble falling tears, }
 All seem to sympathize and feel my cares. }

The sun is sinking to her watery bed,
 And dies the western skies with brightest red;
 The cooling breeze delights the feather'd throng,
 Who, from each tree, pour forth their even-
 ing song.

And now he has withdrawn his glorious face,
 And sable night steals on to take his place:
 Each thing enjoys a calm and soft repose,
 All's silent but the brook that murm'ring flows,
 Whilst lovely Philomel, in mournful strains,
 Like me of unrelenting fate complains.

Now when alone my tears with freedom flow,
 I breath my sighs, and give a loose to woe,
 I try to speak the griefs that rack my breast; }
 Those tyrants that will ne'er allow me rest; }
 But O! how can my sorrows be express'd? }

Yet

Yet they who love like me may know my grief,
 Who love, but never hope to find relief;
 Some wretched maid who feels the cruel smart,
 Which preys in secret on her tortur'd heart;
 Since to our weaker sex it is deny'd
 To speak that passion which with pain we hide.

I then must bid adieu to smiling peace,
 My sorrows and my love can never cease,
 Despair torments my heart with all its pains,
 Adieu to e'ry joy, no hope remains!

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

*Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia
 tangunt.* VIRGIL.

HERE let me gaze, and as I gaze be wise.
 Ah! what avails it to have nature known,
 To trace the circling comets round the skies,
 To sit with Science on her splendid throne,
 And then become as senseless as the stone!
 Newton, I wonder at thy noble plan,
 Who to her utmost bounds didst nature scan,
 If not of angel mould, yet something more than
 man!

See, ever awful spot, and ever fair!

Where far-fam'd bards allure the won-
 dring eye;

Whose glory time nor envy can impair,
 For well their fame may envy's tooth defye,

Favour'd

Favour'd by men, and foster'd by the sky.
 Blest spirits, oft I turn your volumes o'er,
 Feed my rapt soul with your celestial lore,
 Attempt your flights in vain, and strive like you
 to soar.

Chaucer, who first in *Britain* taught to sing,
 In his half crumbling dreary tomb I hail;
 Him ev'ry muse inspir'd to wake the string,
 But yet how little doth his mirth avail!
 His rhymes, his language, and his numbers fail,
 So shall the ligh'tnings fade in *Austin's* eye,
 So shall the charms of my *Almira* die,
 Which now abash the sun, and brighter beams
 supply.

Twin'd round the lyre, and swelling to the sight,
 The serpent seems to roll his spires along;
 In *Milton's* strains his frauds afford delight,
 To *Milton's* strains such mighty pow'rs belong,
 And such the force of soul-enchanting song!
 Well might'st thou miss the blessing of thine eyes,
 Whose fame with ancient sightless *Homer's* vies,
 And claims a nobler birth, — the *product of the*
skies.

Lo fancy's fav'rite now attention draws,
Shakespeare, whose foibles glitter to our view,
 With beauties snatch'd beyond the bounds of
 laws,
 He wins the soul, and seems for ever new;
 And deathless laurels to his worth are due,
Shakespeare, I read thy lesson to mankind,

That

That pomp and wealth are fleeting as the wind,
And as the baseless vision leave no wreck
behind.

On *Rowe's* plain bust the friendly tear I shed,
Oft to his strains my eyes this tribute paid;
Oft o'er his tragick tale my heart has bled,
Wept the faln hero, and the captive maid,
With so much softness all his lines perswade!
Taught by his lore, the paths of truth I trace,
Court ev'ry virtue, call forth ev'ry grace,
That speaks our heav'nly birth, and dignifies
our race.

Smit with the speaking stone enrapt I gaze,
Wisdom here views surpriz'd her fav'rite son,
Rhet'rick his worth in all her pomp displays,
Fame writes the trophies by her minion won,
And gilds the thread of life with glory spun.
Argyle, thy fame to *Scipio's* ne'er shall yield,
Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
'And shake with equal might the senate and
the field!'

Oh! *Cornwall*, at thy name my bosom fires;
Thy name to every *Briton* ever dear,
Immortal vengeance 'gainst thy foes inspires,
And mingles curses with each grateful tear,
Thy fate at once I envy and revere.
Who would not die, like thee, in glory's
prime!
Die in defence of *Albion's* favour'd clime!
Heir to the loud applause of never-ending time!

The

The dormant lion now with rage inflam'd,
 Seems to arise beneath *Britannia's* feet,
 Shakes his huge mane, and looks of rest aham'd,
 Whilst real thunders arm the sculptur'd fleet,
 Our foes as erst in *Anna's* days to greet,
Britannia's face contracts a graceful frown,
 And at her side the goddess of renown
 Sounds with her trump the name that wins the
 laurel crown,

Hither let *Albion's* valiant sons repair,
 And as the briny stream of woe they shed,
 Learn in the midst of threatening death to *dare*;
 Or while the dreadful carnage round they
 spread,
 Remember *Cornwall*, for his country dead.
 And at this pile, as *Africk's* son of yore,
 Eternal war with *Rome's* republick swore,
 Swear vengeance against *Gaul*, till *Gaul* shall be
 no more.

An ODE to MORNING.

THE sprightly messenger of day,
 To heav'n ascending, tunes the lay
 That wakes the blushing morn:
 Chear'd by th'inspiring strains I rise,
 And hail the pow'r whose glad supplies,
 Th'enliven'd plains adorn.

Far hence retire, O night! thy praise,
 Majestick queen! in nobler lays

Already

Already has been sung :

When thine own spheres expire, thy name,
Secure from time, shall rise in fame,
Immortaliz'd by Young.

See, while I speak, *Aurora* sheds
Her early honour o'er the meads,
The springing valleys smile,
With chearful haste the village swain
Renews the labours of the plain,
And meets th'accustom'd toil.

Day's monarch comes! to bless the year,
Wing'd zephyrs wanton round his car,
Along th' ætherial road,
Plenty and Health attend his beams,
And Truth, divinely bright! proclaims
The visit of the god.

Aw'd by the view, my soul reveres
The great first cause that bad the spheres
In tuneful order move;
Thrice is the sable-mantl'd night,
Unseen Almighty! and the light,
The radiance of thy love.

Hark? the awaken'd grove repays
With melody the genial rays,
And eccho spreads the strain,
The streams in grateful murmurs run,
The bleating flocks salute the sun,
And musick glads the plain.

While nature thus her charms displays,
Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze

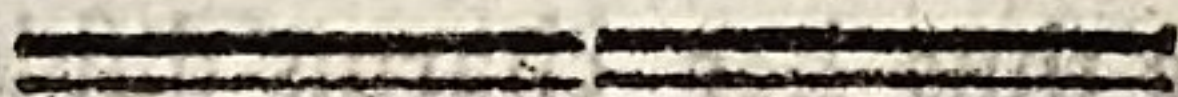
That op'ning flow'rs diffuse;
 Temp'rance and Innocence attend,
 These are your haunts, your influence lend,
 Associates of the muse!

Riot and Guilt, and wasting Care,
 And fell Revenge, and black Despair,
 Avoid the morning's light:
 Nor beams the sun, nor blooms the rose,
 Their restless passions to compose,
 Who Virtue's dictates flight.

Along the mead, and in the wood,
 And on the margin of the flood,
 The goddess walks confest.
 She gives the landscape power to charm,
 The sun his genial heat to warm,
 The wise and gen'rous breast.

Happy the man! whose tranquil mind
 Sees nature in her changes kind,
 And pleas'd, the whole surveys;
 For him the morn benignly smiles,
 And ev'ning shades reward the toils
 That measure out his days.

The varying year may shift the scene,
 The sounding tempests lash the main,
 And heav'n's own thunders roll;
 Calmly he sees the bursting storm;
 Tempests nor thunder can deform
 The morning of his soul.



EVENING CONTEMPLATIONS.

STILL was the eve scarce wak'd the Ze-
 phyr's breeze,
 I walk'd where *Camus* winds his mingled streams,
 While *Cynthia's* light shot trembling thro' the
 trees,

And o'er the current danc'd her silver beams.

While o'er these haunts, (the muses once) I
stray'd

(Once, for here now the muses rarely rest,) Full many irksome thoughts my mind invade,
And grief stole sudden o'er my pensive breast.

For rarely now e'er steps the poet forth,
Or at mild ev'ning seeks the secret shade,
But checks his fancy in its infant birth,
Those arts he loves, to cultivate afraid.

Deny'd the pittance e'en of emty praise,
Th'unwilling bard, (sad change of wayward
fate!)

Quits all pretensions to the sacred bays,
The way to honour lies thro' Dulness gate.

The muses ever fly oppressive foes,
And genius cramp'd is nature's gift in vain.
Ah! what avails tho' earth produce the rose,
If 'tis not nourish'd by the kindly rain.

There was a time (ah! that there only was!)
When thou, o *Camus*, mightst the laurel claim,
Not *Iris* self could rival thy applause,
And ev'n *Ilyssus* was a meaner name.

Of thy enamour'd waves, (thy waves more kind
 Than her he wept,) have heard thy *Spenser* play,
 All as he breath'd his sorrows to the wind,
 Fram'd to the musick of the *Dorick* lay.

Oft hast thou stopt thy current's murm'ring
 stream,

When daring bold he tun'd his raptur'd lays,
 And on the *Fairy lands* allusive theme.

Portray'd thy own, the great *Eliza's* praise.

Tell, *Camus*, tell, how oft with conscious pride,
 Thyself has heard majestick *Milton* sing.

Oft as he mus'd thy margin fast beside,
 And soar'd full plum'd on fancy's eagle wing.

In vain thou boa'st the darlings of the nine,
 A *Cowley's* warmth of wit, a *Prior's* ease,
 A *Dryden's* sense and energy divine,
 Those arts they follow'd have forgot to please.

Rarely thy margin other visit knows,
 Than from the sage of philosophick race,
 Who measures step by step the way he goes,
 And thoughtless stalks along in pensive pace.

Duly each day he seeks thy peaceful shore,
 Or, if bleak whistlings warn him thence retreat,
 Yon cloyster's spacious isle he wanders o'er;
 Attentive to the echo of his feet.

Thus mus'd I grieving, when from forth the waves,
 The hoary *Camus* rais'd his azure head,
 There where the dome of Trinity he laves:
 "Attend, my son, the river genius said;

Thou

The Pedant judging but by partial eye,
 Who reads to puzzle, not inform the mind,
 Who grasps at shadows, slips the substance by,
 Hated by all, and hating all mankind.

—Oh! on my sick'ning sight what prospects rise.
 See where old Dulness takes her hated stand;
 Neglected genius unlamented dies,
 While folly waves her soporifick wand,

Farewell, my son! O would my tears were vain!
 O would the Gods attend old *Camus*' pray'r;
 But see! — He said, and cut the liquid plain,
 While his last sighs came bubbling up in air.

ODE to WINTER.

OH thou! whose dreary pow'r delights to bind,
 In crystal chains, the vegetable kind,
 Stern winter — lo! the gentle breezes sigh,
 While peaceful echo whispers no reply,
 In softest murmurs, hear the youths complain,
 And call the lovely *Flora* to the plain.
 This solemn edict, this report they bear,
Phæbus approaching in his golden car,
 Thy sullen train demands thee to withdraw,
 Thy silver mantle and thy icy law.
 Already thro' the gloom, the eye of day
 Indignant views thy desolating sway,
 The genial spring, impatient to diffuse,
 Her sleeping beauties of a thousand hues,
 Starts from her cloyster'd trance, her dark abode,
 Whilst herds and flocks expect their verdant food,
 The

The snow drop rears her form, nor brooks delay,
The primrose vows she will no longer stay,
The nobly-constant nymph and faithful swain,
Already seem to tread th' enamell'd plain;
In mystick measures happy pairs advance,
And on the living carpet lead the dance.
The cooling groves a fancy'd shade supply,
Clear rills and chrystal streams run triking by.
When potent suns impart with gladsome ray,
Birth to the year, and pleasure to the day,
That iron brow, O winter! which appears
So stern, must soften and dissolve in tears:
Gay blooming prospects court the ravish'd view,
And tepid gales pronounce the vision true:
But when the raging dog-star's fervent heat,
Shall cleave the thirsty glebe and cool retreat,
Then languid mortals, who thy presence mourn,
Shall seek thy absence less than thy return.

ODE *to* MELANCHOLY. *A Poem.*

By John Ogilvie, M. A. Author of the Day of Judgment.

HAIL, queen of thought sublime! propitious
power,

Who o'er the unbounded waste art joy'd to
roam,

Led by the moon when at the distant hour

Her pale rays tremble thro' the dusky gloom.

O bear me, goddess, to thy peaceful seat,
 Whether to *Hecla*'s cloud-wrapt brow convey'd,
 Or lodg'd where mountains screen thy deep
 retreat,
 Or wand'ring wide thro' *Chili*' boundless shade.
 Say, rove thy steps o'er *Lybia*'s naked waste,
 Or seek some distant solitary shore,
 Or on the *Andes*' topmost mountain plac'd,
 Dost sit, and hear the solemn thunder roar?
 Fix'd on some hanging rock's projected brow,
 Hear't thou low murmurs from this distant
 dome!
 Or stay thy feet where pale dejected woe
 Pours her long wail from some lamented tomb.
 Hark! yon deep eccho strikes the trembling ear!
 See night's dun curtain wraps the darksome
 pole,
 O'er heav'n's blue arch yon rolling worlds appear,
 And rouse to solemn thought th' aspiring soul.
 O lead my steps beneath the Moon's dim ray,
 Where *Tadmor* stands all-desert and alone,
 While from her time-shook towers the bird of
 prey
 Sounds through the night her long resound-
 ing moan,
 Or bear me far, to yon bleak dismal plain,
 Where fell-ey'd tigers, all athirst for blood,
 Howl to the desert;—while the horrid train
 Roams o'er the wild where once great *Babel*
 stood.

That

That queen of nations : whose superior call
 Rous'd the broad east, and bid her arms destroy,
 When warm'd to mirth, let judgment mark her
 fall,

And deep reflection dash the cup of joy.

Short is ambition's gay deceitful dream,
 Tho' wreaths of blooming laurel bind her
 brow,

Calm thought dispels the visionary scheme,
 And time's cold breath dissolves the with'ring
 bough.

Slow as some miner saps, th' aspiring tower,
 When working secret with destructive aim,
 Unseen, unheard, thus moves the stealing hour,
 But works the fall of empire, pomp, & name.

Then let thy pencil mark the traits of man,
 Full in the draught be keen-ey'd hope pour-
 tray'd,

Let flutt'ring Cupids crowd the growing plan,
 Then give one touch and dash it deep with
 shade.

Beneath the plume that flames with glancing rays,
 Be Care's deep engines on the soul imprest,
 Beneath the helmet's keen refulgent blaze,
 Let Grief sit pining in the canker'd breast.

Let Love's gay sons, a smiling train, appear,
 With beauty pierc'd, yet heedless of the dart;
 While, closely couch'd, pale sickning Envy near,
 Whets her fell sting, and points it at the heart.

Perch'd like a raven on some blasted yew,
Let Guilt revolve the thought-distracting sin;
Scar'd — while her eyes survey th' æthereal
blue,
Lest hea'vn's strong lightning burst the dark
within.

Then paint, impending o'er the madning deep,
That rock where heart-struck *Sappho*, vainly
brave,
Stood firm of soul; — then from the dizzy steep
Impetuous sprung, and dash'd, the boiling wave.

Here wrapt in studious thought, let Fancy rove,
Still prompt to mark Suspicion's secret snare,
To see where Anguish nips the bloom of love,
Or trace proud Grandeur to the domes of
Care.

Should e'er Ambition's tow'ring hopes inflame,
Let judging Reason draw the veil aside;
Or fir'd with envy at some mighty name,
Read o'er the monument that tells—he dy'd.

What are the ensigns of imperial sway?
 What all that fortune's liberal hand has bro't?
 Teach they the voice to pour a sweeter lay?
 Or rouse the soul to more exalted thought?

When bleeds the heart as genius blooms
unknown,

When melts the eye o'er virtue's mournful bier ;
Not wealth, but pity, swells the bursting groan,
Not power, but whisp'ring nature prompts the
tear.

Say,

Say, gentle mourner, in your mouldy vault,
Where the worm fattens on some scepter'd
brow,

Beneath that roof, with sculptur'd marble fraught,
Why sleeps unmov'd the breathless dust below?

Sleeps it more sweetly than the simple swain,
Beneath some mossy turf that rests his head?

Where the lone widow tells the nights her pain,
And eve, with dewy tear, embalms the dead.

The lily! screen'd from ev'ry ruder gale,

Courts not the cultur'd spot where roses spring,
But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,

And scents the zephyr's balmy breathing wing.

The busts of grandeur, and the pomp of pow'r,

Can these bid sorrow's gushing tears subside?

Can these avail in that tremendous hour,

When death's cold hand congeals the purple
tide?

Ah no! — the mighty names are heard no more,

Pride's thought sublime, and beauty's kindling
bloom,

Serve but to sport one flying moment o'er,

And swell with pompous verse the 'scutcheon'd
tomb.

For me, — may passion ne'er my soul invade,

Nor be the whims of tow'ring frenzy giv'n;

Let wealth ne'er court me from the peaceful
shade,

Where contemplation wings the soul to
heav'n.

O guard

O guard me safe from joy's enticing snare !
With each extreme that pleasure tries to hide,
The poison'd breath of slow consuming care,
The noise of folly, and the dreams of pride.
But oft when midnight's sadly solemn knell,
Sounds long and distant from the sky-top't-
tow'r,
Calm let me sit in *Prosp'ro*'s lonely cell *,
Or walk with *Milton* thro' the dark obscure.
Thus when the transient dream of life is fled,
May some sad friend recall the former years,
Then stretchd in silence o'er my dusty bed,
Pour the warm gush of sympathetick tears.

The Happy Life of a Country Parson.

by Dr. SWIFT.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the Bishop's blessing.
A *Wife* that makes conserves; a *Steed*
That carries double when there's need:
October store, and best *Virginia*,
Tythe-*Pig*, and mortuary *Guinea*:
Gazettes sent gratis down, and franck'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd:
A large *Concordance*, bound long since:
Sermons to *Charles* the First, when Prince;
A *Chronicle* of ancient standing;
A *Cbrysoftom* to smoothe thy band in.

The

* See Shakespear's *Tempest*, a Comedy.

The *Polyglott*—*three parts*, — my text,
Howbeit — *likewise* — now to my next,
 Lo here the *Septuagint* — and *Paul*,
 To sum the whole, — the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
 Drink with the 'Squire and kiss his wife;
 On *Sundays* preach, and eat his fill;
 And fast on *Fridays* — if he will;
 Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
 Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
 Pray heartily for some new Gift,
 And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

Mr. P O P E' S
 E S S A Y
 ON
 C R I T I C I S M.

'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
 'Tis

An Essay) The Poem is in one book, divided into three principal parts or members. The first (to ver. 201.) gives rules for the Study of the Art of Criticism: the second (from thence to ver. 560.) exposes the Causes of wrong Judgment; and the third (from thence to the end) prescribes the Morals of the Critick. When the Reader has well considered the whole, and has observed the regularity of the plan, the masterly conduct of the several parts, the pene-

But of the two, less dang'rous is th'offence
 To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
 A fool might once himself alone expose,
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
 In Poets as true genius is but rare,
 True Taste as seldom is the Critick's share;
 Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.
 Let such teach others who themselves excel,
 And censure freely who have written well.
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
 But are not Critick to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn
 right.

But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd, }
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd, }
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd: }
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but
 fools.

In

*tration into Nature, and the compass of Learning
 so conspicuous throughout, he should then be told
 that it was the work of an Author who had not at-
 tained the twentieth Year of his age,*

In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn Criticks in their own defence:
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
 Or with a rival's, or an Eunuch's spite.
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spight,
 There are, who judge still worse than he can
 write.

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,
 Turn'd Criticks next, and prov'd plain Fools
 at last.

Some neither can for Wits nor Criticks pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd Witlings num'rous in our isle,
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal:
 To tell'em, would a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a Critick's noble name,
 Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be
 discreet,
 And mark that point where sense and dulness
 meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;

Thus

Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
 The solid power of understanding fails;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.
 One science only will one genius fit;
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft' in those confin'd to single parts.
 Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more:
 Each might his sev'ral province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same:
 Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchang'd and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
 Art from that fund each just supply provides;
 Works without show, and without pomp pre-
 sides:

In some fair body thus th'informing soul
 With spirits feeds, and vigour fills the whole,
 Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
 Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,
 Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and
 wife.

'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;

The

The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shews most true mettle when you check his
course.

Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are nature still, but Nature methodiz'd;
Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same Laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules in-
dites,

When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she shew'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trode;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.

Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from
Heav'n.

The gen'rous Critick fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with Reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muses handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more be-
lov'd:

But following wits from that intention stray'd,
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they
learn'd.

So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
By Doctors bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.

Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as
they:

Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course
would steer,

Know well each ANCIENT's proper character;
His Fable, Subjects, scope in ev'ry page;
Religion, Country, genius of his Age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.

Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your max-
ims bring,

And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless
mind

A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the Criticks law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to
draw:

But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinc'd amaz'd, he checks the bold design: }
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine, }
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line. }

Learn

Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Musick resembles Poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach }
And which a master hand alone can reach. }
If, where the rules not far enough extend.
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky License answer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that License is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which without passing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes }
Which out of nature's common order rise, }
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice. }
Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true Criticks dare not mend.
But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have
made)

Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its End;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The Critick else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

340 THE SELECT MISCELLANIES.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous
thoughts

Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous, and mis-shap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or
place,

Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array.
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious lands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense
bring!

Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that wust not yet be
found!

O may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,

(That

(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your
flights;

Glow's while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a science little known,
T'admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

Of all the Causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is PRIDE, the nev'r-failing vice of fools.

Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with
wind:

Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty Void of sense.

If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.

Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend — and ev'ry foe.

A little learning is a dang'rous thing;

Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:

Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,

And drinking largely sobers us again.

Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,

In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,

While from the bounded level of our mind,

Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;

But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize

New distant scenes of endless science rise!

So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,

Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky.

Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect Judge will read each work of wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ:
 Survey the WHOLE, nor seek slight faults to find
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the
 mind;

Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
 But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
 We cannot blame indeed — but he may sleep,
 In wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd
 dome,

(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O
 Rome!)

No single parts unequally surprize,
 All comes united to th'admiring eyes;
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length
 appear;

The whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In

In ev'ry work regard the writer's End,
 Since none can compass more than they intend;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of faults, is due.
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 T'avoid great errors, must the less commit:
 Neglect the rules each verbal Critick lays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
 Most Criticks, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the whole depend upon a Part:
 They talk of principles, but notions prize,
 And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
 A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage;
 Concluding all were desp'rate fots and fools,
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
 Our Author happy in a judge so nice,
 Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's ad-
 vice;

Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
 The manners, passions, unities: what not?
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a combat in the lists left out.
 "What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims the
 Knight.

Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.

"Not so by Heav'n" (he answers in a rage)

"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the
 stage,"

False eloquence, like the prismatick glass,
 Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;
 The face of Nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike, without distinction gay:
 But true Expression, like th' unchanging Sun,
 Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent, as more suitable;
 A vile conceit in pompous words express'd
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
 For different styles with different subjects sort,
 As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
 Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned
 smile.

Unlucky, as Fungoso in the Play, *
 These sparks with aukward vanity display
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
 And but so mimick ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandsires, in their doublets drest.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
 Alike fantastick, if too new or old:
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by Numbers judge a poet's song;
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or
 wrong:

Y S

In

* Of Ben Johnson, called Every Man in his Humour.

In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
Her Voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to Church
 repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the musick there,
These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line, it "whispers thro' the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threat'n'd (not in vain) with
 "sleep:"
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its flow
 length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhimes, and
 know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly flow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweet-
 ness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance,
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an Echo to the sense:

Soft

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers
flows;

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent
roar.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to
throw,

The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along
the main.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprize,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!

While, at each change, the son of Libyan
Jove

Now burns with glory, and then melts with
love;

Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdu'd by Sound!
The pow'r of Musick all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

Avoid Extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.

At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shews great pride, or little sense;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.

Yet let not each gay Turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:

As

As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize;
Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimed,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Tho' each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if Wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the Town:
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and
then

Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men,
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with Quality.
A constant Critick at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me?
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!

Befo-

Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault.
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The Vulgar thus thro' Imitation err:
As oft the Learn'd by being singular;
So much they scorn the croud, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
So Schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
This hour he's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
And still to morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools; so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once School divines this zealous isle o'er-spread,
Who knew most Sentences was deepest read:
Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted:
Scotists and Thomists, now, in peace remain,
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.*
If Faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
What wonder modes in Wit should take their
turn?

Oft', leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;

And

* *Duck-lane*, a place at London, where old and second hand books were formerly sold.

And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in Wit attend on those of State,
And publick faction doubles private hate.
Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of Parsons, Criticks, Beaus;
But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.

Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue:
But like a shadow, proves the substance true:
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays 'till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch wits surviv'd a thousand years:
Now length of Fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;

Our

Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright Idea of the master's mind,
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
 When mellowing years their full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live,
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings.
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:
 Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
 That gaily blooms, but ev'n' in blooming dies.
 What is this Wit, which must our cares employ?
 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
 Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
 And still the more we give, the more requir'd;
 Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with
 ease,

Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If Wit so much from Ign'rance undergo,
 Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
 Of old, those met rewards, who could excell,
 And such were prai'sd, who but endeavour'd
 well:

Tho

Tho' triumphs were to gen'als only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill Author is as bad a Friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!
Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the Critick let the man be lost.
Good-nature and good sense must ever join:
To err is human, to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile Obscenity should find,
Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But Dulness with Obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large
increase:
When love was all an easy Monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces
writ;
Nay wits had pensions, and young Lords had
wit:

The

The Fair sat panting at a Courtier's play,
 And not a Mask went unimprov'd away :
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
 The following license of a Foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain ;
 Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation ;
 Where Heav'n's free subjects might their right
 dispute,

Left God himself should seem too absolute :
 Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
 And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there !
 Encourag'd thus , Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
 And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
 These monsters , Criticks ! with your darts en-
 gage,

Here point your thunder, and exhaust your
 rage !

Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice ;
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

LEARN then what MORALS Criticks ought to
 show

For 'tis but half a Judge's task to know.
 'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning join ;
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine :
 That not alone what to your sense is due
 All may allow, but seek your friendship too.
 Be silent always, when you doubt your sense ;
 And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence :

Some positive, persisting fops we know,
 Who if once wrong, will needs be always so;
 But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
 And make each day a Critick on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true:
 Blunt truths more milchief than nice falsehoods do;
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
 Without Good-Breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
 That only makes superior sense, belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
 For the worst advance is that of sense.
 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
 Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might Critics still this freedom
 But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
 And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning
 eye,

Like some fierce Tyrant in old tapestry.
 Fear most to tax an Honourable fool,
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd to be dull;
 Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
 As without learning they can take Degrees.
 Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful Satires,
 And flattery to fulsome Dedicators,
 Whom, when they praise, the World believes
 no more,

Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
 'Tis

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
and charitably let the dull be vain:
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drouzy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, Jades will mend their pace.
What crouds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on Poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.

Such shameless Bards we have: and yet, 'tis
true,

There are as mad, abandon'd Criticks too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Dufey's Tales.
With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
Name a new Play, and he's the Poets friend,
Nay show'd his faults -- but when would Poets
mend?

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-
yard:

Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead;
 For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks, }
 It still looks home and short excursions makes; }
 But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.
 But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to
 know?

Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite;
 Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
 Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred,
 sincere;

Modestly bold, and humanly severe:
 Who to a friend his faults can freely shew,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe!
 Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
 A knowledge both of books and human kind;
 Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were Criticks; such the happy few,
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
 The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the Light of the Mæonian star.
 Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
 Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
 Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er wit.

Horace

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.

He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;
His Precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our Criticks take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with
fe'me:

Nor suffers Horace more in wrong Translations
By wits, than Criticks in as wrong Quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The justest rules, and clearest method join'd:
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their Critick with a Poet's fire.
An ardent Judge, who zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great Sublime he draws.
Thus long succeeding Criticks justly reign'd,
License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.

Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome.
With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little understood,
And to be dull was constru'd to be good;
A second deluge Learning thus o'er'run.
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each Muse, in LEO's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd
bays,

Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread.
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive:
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida; on whose honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critick's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd;
Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But Critick-learning flourish'd most in France;

The

The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
 And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
 But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
 And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd;
 Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
 We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
 Yet some there were, among the sounder few
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
 And here restor'd wit's fundamental laws.
 Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
 "Nature's chief Master piece is writing well."
 Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than
 good,

With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And ev'ry author's merit but his own.
 Such late was Walsh — the Muse's judge and
 friend,

Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
 To failings mild, but zealons for desert;
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
 This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
 This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:
 The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing.
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender
 wing,

(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
 But in low numbers short excursions tries;
 Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may
 view,

The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:

Careless of Censure, nor too fond of fame;
 Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
 Averse alike, to flatter or offend;
 Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

PART
 OF DR. AKENSIDE'S
 PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

III. Book.

Where the genera' sources of ridicule in the minds
 and characters of men are enumerated.

- - - - - Lo! thus far
 With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre
 I sing of nature's charms, and touch well-
 pleas'd

A stricter note: now haply must my song
 Unbend her serious measure, and reveal
 In lighter strains, how Folly's awkward arts
 Excite impetuous Laughter's gay rebuke;
 The sportive province of the comick Muse.

See! in what crouds the uncouth forms ad-
 vance,

Each would outstrip the other, each prevent
 Our careful search, and offer to your gaze,
 Unask'd, his motly features. Wait awhile,
 My curious friends! and let us first arrange
 In proper order your promiscuous throng.

Behold

Behold the foremost band ; of slender thought,
 And easy faith ; whom flatt'ring fancy sooths
 With lying spectres , in themselves to view
 Illustrious forms of excellence and good,
 That scorn the mansion. With exulting hearts
 They spread their spurious treasures to the sun,
 And bid the world admire ! but chief the
 glance

Of wishful envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
 And lifts with self-applause each lordly brow.
 In number boundless as the blooms of spring,
 Behold their glaring idols , empty shades
 By fancy gilded o'er, and then set up
 For adoration. Some in learning's garb,
 With formal band , and fable-cinctur'd gown,
 And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
 With martial splendor , steely pikes and swords
 Of costly frame , and gay Phœnician robes
 Inwrought with flow'ry gold , assume the port
 Of stately valour : list'ning by his side
 There stands a female form ; to her, with looks
 Of earnest import , pregnant with amaze,
 He talks of deadly deeds , of breaches, storms,
 And sulph'rous mines , and ambush : then once
 Breaks off , and smiles to see her look so pale,
 And asks some wond'ring question of her fears.
 Others of graver mien ; behold , adorn'd
 With holy ensigns , how sublime they move,
 And bending of their sanctimonious eyes,
 Take homage of the simple-minded throng ;
 Ambassadors of heav'n ! Nor much unlike
 Is he whose visage , in the lazy mist

That mantles every feature, hides a brood
 Of politick conceits; of whispers, nods,
 And hints deep omen'd with unwieldy schemes,
 And dark portents of state. Ten thousand more,
 Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
 Pour dauntless in and swell the boastful band.

Then comes the second order; all who seek
 The debt of praise, where watchful unbelief
 Darts thro' the thin pretence her squinting eye
 On some retir'd appearance which belies
 The boasted virtue, or annuls th' applause
 That justice else would pay. Here side by side
 I see two leaders of the solemn train
 Approaching: one a female old and grey,
 With eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
 Pale as the cheeks of death; yet still she stuns
 The sick'ning audience with a nauseous tale;
 How many youths her myrtle chains have worn,
 How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd!
 Yet how resolv'd she guards her cautious heart;
 Such is her terror at the risques of love,
 And man's seducing tongue! The other seems
 A bearded sage, ungentle in his mien,
 And sordid all his habit; peevish want
 Grins at his heels, while down the gazing
 throng

He stalks, resounding in magnifick phrase
 The vanity of riches, the contempt
 Of pomp and pow'r. Be prudent in your zeal,
 Ye grave associates! let the silent grace
 Of her who blushes at the fond regard

Her

Her charms inspire, more eloquent unfold
The praise of spotless honour: let the man
Whose eye regards not his illustrious pomp
And ample store, but as indulgent streams
To chear the barren soil and spread the fruits
Of joy, let him by juster measures fix
The price of riches and the end of pow'r.

Another tribe succeeds; deluded long
By Fancy's dazzling opticks, these behold
The images of some peculiar things
With brighter hues resplendent, and portray'd
With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
Their genuine objects. Hence the fever'd heart
Pants with delirious hope for tinsel charms;
Hence oft obtrusive on the eye of scorn,
Untimely zeal her witless pride betrays!
And serious manhood from the tow'ring aim.
Of wisdom, stoops to emulate the boast
Of childish toil. Behold yon mystick form,
Bedeck'd with feathers, insects, weeds and
shells!

Not with intenser view the Samian sage
Bent his fixt eye on heav'n's intenser fires,
When first the order of that radiant scene
Swell'd his exulting thought, than his surveys
A muckworm's entrails or a spider's fang.
Next him a youth, with flow'rs and myrtles
crown'd,

Attends that virgin form, and blushing kneels,
With fondest gesture and a suppliant's tongue,
To win her coy regard: adieu, for him,

The

The dull engagements of the bustling world!
Adieu the sick impertinence of praise!
And hope, and action! for with her alone,
By streams and shades, to steal the sighing
hours,

Is all he asks, and all that fate can give!
Thee too, facetious Momion, wandring here,
Thee, dreaded censor, oft have I beheld
Bewilder'd unawares: alas! too long
Flush'd with thy comick triumphs and the spoils
Oft fly Derision! till on every side
Hurling thy random bolts, offended truth
Assign'd thee here thy station with the slaves
Of Folly. Thy once formidable name
Shall grace her humble records, and be heard
In scoffs and mock'ry bandied from the lips
Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,
So oft the patient victims of thy scorn.

But now, ye gay! to whom indulgent fate,
Of all the Muse's empire hath assign'd
The fields of folly, hither each advance
Your sickles; here the teeming soil affords
Its richest growth. A fav'rite brood appears;
In whom the dæmon, with a mother's joy,
Views all her charms reflected, all her cares
At full repay'd. Ye most illustrious band!
Who, scorning reason's plain, pedantick rules,
And order's vulgar bondage, never meant
For souls sublime as yours, with generous zeal
Pay vice the rev'rence virtue long usurp'd,
And yield deformity the fond applause

Which beauty wont to claim; forgive my song,
That for the blushing diffidence of youth,
It shuns th' unequal province of your praise.

Thus far triumphant in the pleasing guile
Of bland imagination, folly's train
Have dar'd our search: but now a dastard-
kind

Advance reluctant, and with fault'ring feet
Shrink from the gazer's eye: infeebled hearts
Whom fancy chills with visionary fears,
Or bends to servile tameness with conceits
Of shame, of evil, or of base defect,
Fantastick and delusive. Here the slave
Who droops abash'd when sullen pomp surveys
His humbler habit; here the trembling wretch
Unnerv'd and struck with terror's icy bolts,
Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in shameful
tears,

At every dream of danger: here subdued
By frontless laughter and the hardy scorn
Of old, unfeeling vice, the abject soul,
Who blushing half resigns the candid praise
Of temperance and honour; half disowns
A freeman's hatred of tyrannick pride;
And hears with sickly smiles the venal mouth
With foulest licence mock the patriot's name.

Last of the motley bands on whom the
pow'r
Of gay derision bends her hostile aim,
Is that where shameful ignorance presides.

Beneath

Beneath her sordid banners, lo! they march,
Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful
hands

Attempt, confusion straight appears behind,
And troubles all the work. Thro' many a
maze,

Perplex'd they struggle, changing every path,
O'erturning every purpose; then at last
Sit down dismay'd, and leave th' entangled
scene

For scorn to sport with. Such then is
th'abode

Of Folly in the mind; and such the shapes
In which she governs her obsequious train.



PART
OF THE LIFE
OF
KING HENRY VIII.

A
TRAGICOMEDY
BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING Henry the Eighth.

Cardinal Wolsey, his first Minister and Favourite.

Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Duke of Norfolk.

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Suffolk.

Earl of Surrey.

Lord Chamberlain.

Cardinal Campeius, the Pope's Legat.

Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.

Lord Abergavenny.

Lord

Lord Sands.

Sir Henry Guildford.

Sir Thomas Lovell.

Sir Anthony Denny.

Sir Nicholas Vaux.

Cromwell, first Servant to Wolsey, afterwards to the King.

Griffith, Gentleman Usher to Queen Katharine.

Three Gentlemen.

Dr. Butts, Physician to the King.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

Porter and his Man.

Queen Katharine, first Wife to King Henry, afterwards Divorc'd.

Anne Bullen, belov'd by the King, and afterwards married to him.

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

Patience, Woman of the Bed Chamber to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb Shews. Women attending upon the Queen. Spirits which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies mostly in LONDON.

HENRY

H E N R Y V I I I.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door: at the other the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.

B U C K I N G H A M.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you done
Since last we saw y'in *France*?

Nor. I thank your Grace:
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague.
Staid me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those * suns of glory, those two lights of men
Met in the vale of *Arde*.

Nor. 'Twixt *Guynes* and *Arde*:
I was then present, saw 'em salute on horse-back,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could
have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor.

* *Sons.*

A a

Nor. Then you lost
 The view of earthly glory: men might say
 'Till this time pomp was single, but now marry'd
 To one above it self. Each following day
 Became the next day's master, 'till the last
 Made former wonders its. To-day the *French*,
 All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods
 Shone down the *English*, and to morrow they
 Made *Britain*, *India*: every man that stood,
 Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
 As Cherubins, all gilt; the Madams too,
 Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
 The pride upon them, that their very labour
 Was to them as a painting. Now this mask
 Was cry'd incomparable; and th'ensuing night
 Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst
 As presence did present them; him in eye,
 Still him in praise; and being present both,
 'Twas said they saw but one, and no discerners
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns,
 (For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds, challeng'd
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass, that old fabulous story
 (Being now seen possible enough) got credit;
 That * *Bevis* was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
 In honour, honesty; the tract of every thing
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,
 Which

* *The old romantick legend of Bevis of Southampton.*

Which action's self was tongue to,

Buck. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The office did
Distinctly his full function. Who did guide,
I mean who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One sure, that promises no * element
In such a business.

Buck. Pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of *York*.

Burck. The devil speed him: no man's pye
is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a ** ketch can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o'th' beneficial sun,
And keep in from the earth,

Nor. Yet surely, Sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends.
For being not propt by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' crown, neither ally'd
To eminent assistants; but spider like
Out of his self drawn web; this gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way,

A a 2

A gift

* no rudiment or beginning.

** ketch, from the Italian *Caicchio*, signifying a
Tub, Barrel, or Hogthead.

A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heav'n hath giv'n him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that: but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him; whence has he
that,

If not from hell? the devil is a niggard,
Or has giv'n all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this *French* going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o'th' King, t'appoint
Who should attend him? he makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: And his own letter
(The honourable board of council out:)
Must fetch in him he * papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O many
Have broke their backs with laying mannors
on'em

For this great journey. What did this great vanity
But

* *he papers, a verb; His own letter, by his own single
authority and without the concurrence of the Coun-
cil, must fetch in Him whom he papers down. I
don't understand it, unless this be the meaning*

But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the *French* and us, not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and not consulting, broke
Into a general prophesie; that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboarded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out:
For *France* hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants goods at *Bordeaux*.

Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why all this business
Our rev'rend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes you
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his pow'r. You know his nature.
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: It's long, and't may be said,

It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
 Thither he darts it. Bolom up my counsel,
 You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes
 That I advise your thunning.

S C E N E II.

Enter Cardinal Wolley, the purse born before him, certain of the guard, and two secretaries with papers; the Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
 Where's his examination?

Secr. Here, so please you,

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Secr. Ay an't please your Grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more,
 And Buckingham shall lessen this big look.

(Exeunt Cardinal and his train.)

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,
 and I

Have not the pow'r to muzzle him, therefore best
 Not wake him in his slumber. A beggars book
 Out worths a noble's blood.

Nor What, are you chaf'd?
 Ask God for temp'rance that's th' appliance only
 Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks
 Matter against me, and his eye revil'd
 Me as his abject object; at this instant
 He bores me with some trick, he's gone to
 th' King:

I'll

I'll follow and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him: not a man in *England*
Can advise me, like you: be to your self
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the King,
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This *Ipswich* fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe your self. We may out-run
By violent swiftness, that which we run at;
And lose by over-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor 'till't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it: be
Advis'd I say again, there is no *English*
Soul stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription; but this top proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions; by intelligence
And proofs as clear as founts in *July*, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To th' King I'll say't, and make my
vouch as strong,

As shore of rock — attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf; or both (for he is equal rav'nous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't) his mind and place
Infecting one another; yea reciprocally,
Only to shew his pomp, as well in *France*
As here at home, suggests the King our master
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i'th' rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray give me favour, Sir — this cun-
ning Cardinal

The articles o'th' combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd
As he cry'd, let it be — to as much end,
As give a crutch to th' dead, But our * Court-
Cardinal

Has done this, and 'tis well — for worthy *Wolsey*,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, treason) *Charles* the Emperor,
Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt,
(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper *Wolsey*) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and *France*, might through their amity
Breed

* count.

Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and as I trow;
Which I do well — for I am sure the Emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was
granted

Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,
And pay'd with gold; the Emp'ror thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the King's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the King
know,

(As soon he shall by me) that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him! and could wish you were
Something mistaken in't

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

SCENE III.

*Enter Brandon, a serjeant at arms before him, and
two or three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, Serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
My lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earl
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford*, and *Northampton*, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most Sov'reign King.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,

A a 5

The

The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present. 'Tis his Highness pleasure
You shall to th' *Tower*.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'ft part black. The will
of heav'n

Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my lord *Aberganny*, fare ye well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The
King
Is pleas'd you shall to th' *Tower*, 'till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The will of heav'n be done, and the King's
pleasure

By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach lord *Montague*, and the bodies
Of the Duke's confessor, *John de la Car*,
And *Gilbert Peck*, his chancellor.

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' th' plot: no more, I hope?

Bran. A monk o' th' *Chartreux*.

Buck. *Nicholas Hopkins*?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false, the o'er-great
Cardinal

Hath

Hath shew'd him gold ; my life is spann'd already :
I am the shadow of poor *Buckingham*,
Whose figure ev'n this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. My lord, farewell. (*Exe.*)

SCENE IV.

Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's
shoulder ; the Nobles and Sir Thomas Lovel ; the
Cardinal places himself under the King's feet ; on his
right side.

King. My life it self, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care. I stood i'th'
level

Of a full charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of *Buckingham's* in person,
I'll hear him his confessions justify,
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise, with crying, Room for the Queen. Usber'd by
the Duke of Norfolk, Enter the Queen, Norfolk and
Suffolk ; she kneels. The King riseth from his state.
takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel ; I am
a suitor

King. Arise, and take place by us ; half
your suit

Never name to us ; you have half our power :
The other moiety ere you ask is given ;
Repeat your will and take it.

Queen.

Queen. Thank your Majesty.
That you would love your self, and in that love
Not unconfider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am sollicitated, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been com-
missions

Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the
heart

Of all their loyalties; wherein although

(*To Wolsey.*

(My good lord Cardinal) they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you as putter on

Of these exactions, yet the King our master
(Whose honour heav'n shield from foil)
escapes not

Language unmannerly; yea such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who
Unfit for other life: compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desp'rate manner
Daring th'event to th'teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation?

Where-

Wherein? and what taxation? my lord Cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please, you, Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertains to th' state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not
wholsome

To those which would not know them, and
yet must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Sov'reign would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to th' load; they say,
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it, in what kind let's know
In this exaction!

Queen. I am much too vent'rous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd your wars in *France*. This makes
bold mouths,

Tongues

Tongues split their duties out, and cold hearts
freeze

Allegiance in them; All their curses now
Live where their pray'rs did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your Highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer baseness.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice, and that not past me but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing; let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place and the rough brake
That virtue must go through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censures; which ever,
As rav'nous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd: what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act: if we stand still, in fear
Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
We should take root here were we sit:
Or sit state statues only.

King. Things done well,

And

And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe not any.

We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will, Sixth part of each!
A trembling contribution! — why we take
From ev'ry tree, lop, bark, and part o'th' timber:
And though we leave it with a root thus hackt,
The air will drink the sap. To ev'ry country
Where this is question'd, sent our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commission; pray look to't,
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. *(To the Secretary.)*
Let there be letters writ to ev'ry thire
Of the King's grace and pardon: The griev'd
commons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. *(Exit. Secretary.)*

S C E N E V.

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I'm sorry that the Duke of *Buckingham*
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many ;
The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound, his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And

And never seek for aid out of himself.
 Yet see, when noble benefits shall prove
 Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. This man so compleat,
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and
 when we

Almost with list'ning ravish'd could not find
 His hour of speech, a minute; he, my lady,
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his, and is become as black
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit, you shall hear
 (This was his gentleman intrust) of him
 Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
 To-fore-recited practices, whereof
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth and with bold spirit relate,
 what you,

Most like a careful Subject, have collected
 Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, ev'ry day
 It would infect his speech, that if the King
 Should without issue die, he'd carry't so
 To make the scepter his. These very words
 I've heard him utter to his son-in law,
 Lord *Aberganny*, to whom by oath he menac'd
 Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please your Highness, note
 His dangerous conception in this point:
 Not friended by his wish to your high person,

His

His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on;
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak ought?

Surv. He was brought to this,
By a vain prophesie of *Nicolas Hopkins*.

King. What was that *Hopkins*?

Surv. Sir, a *Chartreux* Friar,
His confessor, who fed him ev'ry minute
With words of Sov'reignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your Highness sped to
France,

The Duke being at the *Rose*, within the parish
St. *Lawrence Poultry*, did of me demand
What was the speech among the *Londoners*
Concerning the *French* journey? I reply'd,
Men fear'd the *French* would prove perfidious
To the King's danger: presently the Duke
Said, t'was the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy Monk, that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Who (after under the commission's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but

About Sir *William Blomer* —

King. I remember
Of such a time, he being my sworn servant.
The Duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

Serv. If, quoth he, I for this had been com-
mitted

As to the *Tower*, I thought; I would have plaid
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' usurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
Made suit to come in's preience; which, if
granted,

(As he made semblance of his duty) would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highness live
in freedom,
And this man out of prilon?

Queen God mend all.

King. There's something more would out
of thee; what say'st?

Serv. After the Duke his father with the
knife,
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his
dagger,

Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour
Was, were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance.
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us: he is attach'd,
Call him to present tryal; if he may

Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
 Let him not seek't of us: by day and night
 He's traitor to the height. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of *France* should
 juggle
 Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs.
 Though they be never so ridiculous,
 Nay let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our
English
 Have got by the last voyage, is but meerly
 A fit or two o'th' face, but they are shrewd
 ones;

For when they hold 'em, you would swear
 directly

Their very noses had been counsellors
 To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keep state so.

Sands. They're all new legs, and lame ones;
 one would take it.

(That never saw 'em pace before) the spavin
 And spring-halt reign among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
 Their cloaths are after such a pagan cut too,
 That sure they've worn out Christendom:
 how now?

What news, Sir *Thomas Lovell*?

Enter

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clap'd upon the court gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk and tailors.

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there; now I would pray
our Monfieurs
To think an *English* courtier may be wise,
And never see the *Louvre*.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in *France*;
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as figths and fire-works;
Abusing better men than they can be
Out of foreign wisdom, clean renouncing
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short bolster'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men—
Or pack to their old-fellows; there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to giye them physick, their
diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons

390 THE SELECT MISCELLANIES.

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies :
A *French* song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em ; I'm glad they're
going,

For sure there's no converting 'em : now Sirs,
An honest country Lord , as I am , beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
And have an hour of hearing , and by'r lady
Held currant musick too.

Cham. Well said , lord *Sands*,
Your col'ts tooth is not cast yet ?

Sands. No , my lord,
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither are you going ?

Lov. To the Cardinal's :
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true ;
This night he makes a supper , and a great one,
To many lords and ladies : there will be
The beauty of this kingdom , I'll assure you.

Lov. The churchman bears a bounteous mind
indeed ;
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us,
His dew falls ev'ry where.

Cham. No doubt he's noble ;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may , my lord , h'as wherewithal
in him ;

Sparing would shew a worse than ill doctrine,
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They're set here for examples.

Cham.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones: my barge stays;
Your lordship shall along: come, good Sir
Thomas,

We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I'm your lordship's. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E VII.

Hautboys. *A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other Ladies and gentlemen, as guests at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guilford.*

Guil. Ladies, a gen'ral welcome from his
grace
Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry,
As, first, good company, good wine, good
welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands and Lovell.
O my lord, y'are tardy;
The very thoughts of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.

Camp. You're young. Sir *Harry Guilford*.

Sands. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, had the Cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these

Should find a running banquet ere they rested;
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O that your lordship were but now
confessor
To one or two of these.

Sands. I would I were,
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit:
Sir *Harry*,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring; nay you must not freeze:
Two women plac'd together make cold weather:
My lord *Sands*, you are one will keep 'em
waking;

Pray sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave,
sweet ladies;
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me:
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O very mad, exceeding mad, in
love too;

But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He'd kiss you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said, my lord:
So now y'are fairly seated: gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass

Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cue,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes
his state.

Wol. Y' are welcome, my fair guests; that
noble lady,
Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This to confirm my welcome,
And to you all good health.

Sands. Your Grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord *Sands*.
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour:
Ladies, you are not merry; gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord, then we shall
have 'em

Talk us to silence.

Anne. You 're a merry gamester,
My lord *Sands*.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play:
Here's to your ladyship, and pledge it, madam:
For 'tis to such a thing —

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your Grace that they would
talk anon.

(Drum and trumpets, chambers discharged.)

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

B b 5

Wol.

Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view these ladies, and intreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace : for which
I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their
pleasures.

(Chuse Ladiee, King and Anne Bullen.

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd ! O
Beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee. *(Musick. Dance.*

Wol. My lord.

Cham. Your Grace?

Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much from me :
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place than my self, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it. *(Whisper.*

Cham. I will, my lord.

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed, which they would have your
Grace

Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then :

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You've found him, Cardinal :
You hold a fair assembly : you do well, lord.
You are a church-man, I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should

I should judge you unhappily.

Wol. I'm glad

Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord Chamberlain,

Pr'ythee come hither, what fair lay's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir *Thomas Bullen's* daughter,
(The Viscount *Rockford*,) one of her Highness'
women.

King. By heaven she's a dainty one: sweet
heart,

I were unmannerly to take you out,

(*To Anne Bullen.*

And not to kiss you. A health, gentleman,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, is the Banquet ready
I' th' privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies every one: sweet
partner,

I must not yet forsake you; let's be merry,
Good my lord Cardinal: I have a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again, and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the musick knock it.

(*Exeunt with trumpets:*

ACT II.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.

1. Gen. Whiter away so fast?

2. Gen. O Sir, God save ye:
Ev'n to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of *Buckingham*.

1. Gen. I'll save you
That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the
ceremony
Of bringing back the pris'ner.

2. Gen. Were you there

1. Gen. Yes indeed was I.

2. Gen. Pray speak what has happen'd?

1. Gen. You may guess quickly what.

2. Gen. Is he found guilty?

1. Gen. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd
upon't.

2. Gen. I'm sorry for't.

1. Gen. So are a number more.

2. Gen. But pray how past it?

1. Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his Accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The King's Attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
To have brought *viva voce* to his Face;
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor,

Sir

Sir *Gilbert Pecke* his chancellor, and *John Carr* Confessor to him, with that devil monk *Hopkins*, that made this mischief.

2. *Gen.* That was he
That fed him with his prophecies.

1. *Gen.* The same.

All these accus'd him strongly, which he fain
Would have flung from him; but indeed he
could not

And so his peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2. *Gen.* After all this, how did he bear
himself?

1. *Gen.* When he was brought again to
th' Bar, to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extreamly,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty;
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2. *Gen.* I do not think he fears death.

1. Sure he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2. *Gen.* Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first *Kildare's* attainder,
Then deputy of *Ireland*; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Left

Left he should help his father.

2. *Gen.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1. *Gen.* At his return,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted,
And gen'rally, whoever the King favours,
The Cardinal instantly will find employment for,
And far enough from court too.

2. *Gen.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and o' my conscience
With him ten fathom deep: this Duke as much
They love and doat on, call him bounteous
Buckingham,
The Mirror of all courtesy.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment. Tipstaves
before him, the Axe with the edge towards him. Hal-
berds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas
Lovel, Sir Nicolas Vaux, Walther Sands, and
common People, &c.*

1. *Gen.* Stay there, Sir,
And see the noble ruin'd Man you speak of.

2. *Gen.* Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck. All good People,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me:
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet heav'n bear
witness

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me

Even

Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
 To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
 'T has done, upon the Premises, but Justice:
 But those that fought it, I could wish more
 christians;

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
 Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
 For then, my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
 More than I dare make faults. You few that
 lov'd me,

And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,
 His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying;
 Go with me like good Angels to my end,
 And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to heav'n. Lead on a God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your Grace for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart
 Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you
 As I would be forgiven: I forgive all,
 There cannot be those numberless offences
 'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
 Shall make my grave — Commend me to his
 Grace:

And if he speak of *Buckingham*, pray tell him,
 You met him half in heaven: my vows and pray'rs
 Yet are the King's; and 'till my soul forsake me,
 Shall

Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years;
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be;
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument.

Lov. To th' water side I must conduct your
Grace,
Then give my charge up to *Sir Nicholas Vaux*,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, *Sir Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord high constable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*; now, poor *Edward*
Bohun,

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant; I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan
for't.

My noble father, *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
Who first rais'd head against usurping *Richard*,
Flying for succour to his servant *Banister*,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without tryal fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal Prince
Restor'd to me my honours, and from ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son

Henry the Eighth, * name, honour, life, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroak has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my tryal,
 And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father:
 Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd.
 A most unnatural and faithless service!
 Heav'n has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain:
 Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,
 Be sure you be not loose; those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again,
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people
 Pray for me! I must leave ye; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me:
 Farewel; and when you would say something sad,
 Speak how I fell — I've done; and God forgive
 me. (*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*)

1. *Gen.* O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 That where the authors.

2. *Gen.* If the Duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this,

1. *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us:
 What may it be? you do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2. *Gen.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require

A

* life, honour, name, and all.

A strong faith to conceal it.

1. *Gen.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2. *Gen.* I am confident;
You shall, Sir; did you not of late day hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the King and *Kath'rine*?

1. *Gen.* Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor strait
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2. *Gen.* But that slander, Sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him near, have (out of malice
To the good Queen) possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think for this business,

1. *Gen.* 'Tis the Cardinal;
And meerly, to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking.
The Arch-bishoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.

2. *Gen.* I think you've hit the mark; but is't
not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? the Cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this:
Let's think in private more.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

My lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power took 'em from me, with this reason; his master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the King; which stopp'd our mouths, Sir.

I fear he will indeed; well, let him have them; he will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suf. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's
wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;

This is the Cardinal's doing; the King Cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The King will know him one
day.

Suf. Pray God he do; he'll never know himself
else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business,
And

And with what zeal? for now he has crackt the
league

'Tween us and th'Emperor, the Queen's great
nephew:

He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,
Fears and despair, and all these for his marriage;
And out of all these to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce, a loss of her
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King; and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heav'n keep me from such counsel!

'tis most true,
These news are ev'ry where, ev'ry tongue
speaks'em,

And every true heart weeps for't. All that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end,
The *French* King's sister. Heav'n will one day open
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold, bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray, and heartily for de-
liv'rance;

Or this imperious man will work us all
From Princes into pages; all mens honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,

I love him not, nor fear him, there's my creed:
 As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
 If the King please; his curses and his blessings
 Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.
 I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
 To him, that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in;

And with some other business, put the King
 From these sad thoughts that work too much
 upon him;

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me,

The King hath sent me other-where: besides
 You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
 Health to your lordships. *Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Thanks my good Lord Chamberlain.

*The Scene draws, and discovers the King sitting and
 reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there? ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who's there I say? how dare you
 thrust your selves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
 Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way,
 Is business of estate; in which we come
 To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold:

Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
 Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

Enter

*Enter Wolsey, and Campeius the Pope's Legat,
with a Commission.*

Who's there? my good lord Cardinal? O my *Wolsey*,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for the King. You're welcome,
Most learned rev'rend Sir, into our kingdom,
Use us, and it; my good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot:
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conf'rence.

King. We are busy; go.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of:

I would not be so sick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another. (*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*)

Wol. Your Grace has given a precedent of
wisdom

Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The *Spaniard*, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The tryal just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices. *Rome*, the nurse of
judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One gen'ral tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, Cardinal *Campejus*,
Whom once more I present unto your Highness,
King. And once more in my arms, I bid him
welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves,
They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd
for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers loves,
You are so noble: to your Highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of *Rome* commanding) you, my lord
Cardinal of *York*, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men: the Queen shall be
acquainted

Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner*?

Wol. I know your Majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her what
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my
favour

To him that does best, God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and fa-
vour to you;

You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King.

King. Come hither, *Gardiner*.
(Walks and whispers.

Cam. My lord of *York*, was not one doctor *Pace*
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread
then

Ev'n of your self, lord Cardinal.

Wol. How? of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envy'd him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him
That he ran mad and dy'd.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living mur-
murers,

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good
fellow,

If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to th'Queen.
(Exit *Gardiner*,

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is *Black-fryars*:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My *Wolsey* see it furnish'd. O my lord.
Would it not grieve an able man to leave

So sweet a bedfellow? but conscience, conscience —

O'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.

Enter Anne Bullen. and an old Lady.

Ann. NOT for that neither — here's the pang
that pinches.

His Highness liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing: oh, now after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,
The which to leave, a thousand fold more bitter
Than sweet at first t'acquire. After this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. In God's will, better
She ne'er had known pomp; though't be temporal.
Yet if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a suff'rance panging
As soul and body sev'ring.

Old L. Ah poor lady,
She's stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her; verily
I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,

And

And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.

Old L. Bethrew me I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you
For all this spice of your hypocrisy;
You that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have to a woman's heart, which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft* cheveril conscience would receive
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth —

Old L. Yes, troth and troth; you would not be
a Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heav'n.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it; but I pray you,
What think you of a Dutchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of tittle?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off
a little:

I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak

Ever

* i. e. *Tender*, from Caprellus, *Laz.* Ciaverello, *It.*
Cheversul, *Fr.* a young Goat or Kid.

Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How do you talk!

I swear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith for little *England*
You'll venture an emballing: I my self
Would for *Carnarvanshire*, though there belong'd
No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes
here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, ladies; what were't
worth to know
The secret of your conf'rence?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking;
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen.

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly
blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes
Ta'en of your many virtues; the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of *Pembrook*; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know

What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More

More than my all, is nothing: for my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than vanities; yet pray'rs and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Befeech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his Highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t'approve the fair conceir
The King hath of you. -- I've perus'd her well
Beauty and hononr in her are so mingled (*Aside.*
That they have caught the King; and who
knows yet,

But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this Isle? I'll to the King,
And say I spoke with you. (*Exit Chamberlain.*

Anne. My honour'd lord.

Old L. Why this it is: see, see.
I have been begging sixteen years in court
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,
For any suit of pounds: And you, oh fate!
(A very fresh fish here; fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune) have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no:
There was a lady once ('tis an old story)
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in *Egypt*; have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could

O'er-

O'er-mount the lark. The marchioness of
Pembroke!

A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!
No other obligation? By my life
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a Dutches. Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make your self mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence; pray do not deliver
What here y'ave heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me? — (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E V.

Trumpets, Sonnet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them two Scribes in the habits of Doctors: after them, the Bishop of Canterbury, alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a gentleman bearing the purse with the great seal, and the Cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a serjeant at arms, bearing a mace; then two gentlemen, bearing two silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, two noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The bishops place themselves on each side the court in manner of a consistory: below them,

them, the scribes. The lords sit next the bishops. The rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from *Rome* is read.
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so, proceed.

Scribe, Say, *Henry King of England*, come
into the court.

Cryer. *Henry King of England, &c.*

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, *Katherine Queen of England*,
Come into the court.

Cryer. *Katherine, Queen of England, &c.*
(*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet, then speaks;*)

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger.
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indiff'rent, and no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour giv'n to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven
witness,

I've been to you a true and humble wife,

At

At all times to your will conformable :
 Ever in fear to kindle your count'nance ; glad
 or sorry,

As I saw it inclin'd : when was the hour
 I ever contradicted your desire ?
 Or made it not mine too ? which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love , although I knew
 He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine,
 That had to him deriv'd your anger , did I
 Continue in my liking ? nay , give notice
 He was from thence discharg'd ? Sir , call to mind,
 That I have been your wife , in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years , and have been blest
 With many children by you . If in the course
 And process of the time you can report,
 And prove it too , against mine honour ought,
 My bond of wedlock , or my love and duty
 Against your sacred person ; in Gods name
 Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me , and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice . Please you , Sir,
 The King your father was reputed for
 A Prince most prudent , of an excellent
 And unmatch'd wit and judgment . *Ferdinand*
 My father , King of *Spain* , was reckon'd one
 The wisest Prince that there had reign'd , by many
 A year before . It is not to be question'd,
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of ev'ry realm , that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful . Wherefore
 humbly,

Sir , I beseech you , spare me , 'till I may

Be

Be by my friends in *Spain* advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God
Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice) these rev'rend fathers, men
Of singular integrity and learning:
Yea, the elect o'th' land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore boot-
less

That longer you defer the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectifie
What is unsettled in the King.

Cam. His Grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam.

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd so,
certain

The daughter of a King, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. patient yet —

Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay
before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge,
D d You

You shall not be my judge. For it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
 Which God's dew quench! therefore I say again,
 I utterly abhor, yea from my soul
 Refuse you for my judge, whom yet once more
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
 At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
 You speak not like your self, who ever yet
 Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
 O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you
 wrong me.

I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
 For you, or any; how far I've proceeded,
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the consistory,
 Yea, the whole consist'ry of *Rome*. You charge me,
 That I have blown this coal; I do deny it.
 The King is present; if't be known to him
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. But if he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lyes to cure me, and the cure is to
 Remove these thoughts from you. The which
 before

His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
 And say no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord, I am

A sim-

A simple woman, much too weak t'oppose
Your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogance, with spleen and
pride.

You have by fortune and his Highness' favours
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are
mounted

Where pow'rs are your retainers; and your
words,

Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
Your self pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual. That again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here
Before you all appeal unto the pope
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

(She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.)

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt t'accuse it, and
Dispainful to be try'd by't; tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Cryer. Katherine, Queen of England, come into
the court.

Usber. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you
keep your way.

When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,

They vex me past my patience — pray pass on;
I will not tarry ; no , nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

(Exeunt Queen and her attendants.

S C E N E VI.

King. Go thy ways, *Kate*,
That man i'th' world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness faint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious, could but speak thee out)
The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble born
And like her true nobility, she has
Carried her self tow'ards me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highness
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears (for where I'm robb'd and
bound,
There must I be unloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfy'd) if I
Did broach this business to your Highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't; or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word,
That might be prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King.

King. My lord Cardinal,
 I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,
 I free you from't: you are not to be taught,
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 Why they are so, but like the village curs,
 Barck when their fellows do. By some of these
 The Queen is put in anger; y're; excus'd:
 But will you be more justify'd? you ever
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hindred
 The passages made tow'rds it: on my honour
 I speak, my good lord Cardinal, to this point;
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me
 to't,

I will be bold with time and your attention:
 Then mark th'inducement. Thus it came; give
 heed to't.

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
 By th'bishop of *Bayon*, then *French* ambassador,
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleans* and
 Our daughter *Mary*: I'th' progress of this business,
 Ere a determinate resolution, he
 (I mean the bishop) did require a respite,
 Wherein he might the King his lord advertise,
 Whether our daughter were legitimate;
 Respecting this our marriage with the Dowager,
 Sometime our Brother's wife. This respite shook
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
 Yea with a splitting power; and made to tremble
 The region of my breast, which forc'd such way,

That many maz'd considerings did throng
 And prest it with this caution. First methought
 I stood not in the smile of heav'n, which had
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb
 (If it conceiv'd a male child by me) should
 Do no more offices of life to't, than
 The grave does to the dead, for her male issue,
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought
 This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom
 (Well worthy the best heir o'th' world) should not
 Be glad in one by me. Then follows, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail, and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe: thus hulling in
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
 Towards this remedy, whereon we are
 Now present here together: that's to say,
 I meant to rectifie my conscience, (which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well)
 By all the rev'rend fathers of the land
 And doctors learn'd. First I began in private
 With you my lord of *Lincoln*; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reel,
 When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd your self
 to say

How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. Please your Highness,

The question did at first so stagger me,
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,

And

And consequence of dread; that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt:
And did intreat your Highness to this course
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you
My lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leave
To make this present summons unsolicited.
I left no rev'rend person in this court,
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals. Therefore go on;
For no dislike i'th' world against the person
Of our good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alledged reasons drive this forward,
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contended
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
(*Katherine* our Queen) before the prime creature
That's paragon'd i'th' world.

Cam. So please your Highness,
The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court to further day;
Mean While must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends to his Holiness.

King. I may perceive
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of *Rome*.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant *Cranmer*,
Pr'ythee return; with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on. (*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*)

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter Queen and her Women, as at work.

QUEEN.

TAKE thy lute, wench, my soul grows sad
with troubles:
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leave
working.

SONG.

Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his musick, plants and flowers
Ever rose, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.
Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and them lay by.
In sweet musick is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or bearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great
Cardinals

Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speak with me?

Gent. Pray their Graces

To come near; what can be their business

With

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from
favour?

I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They should be good men, their affairs are
righteous,

But *all hoods make not monks.*

Enter the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highness.

Queen. Your Grace find me here part of a
house-wife,

(I would be all) against the worst may happen:
What are your pleasures, with me, rev'rend
lords?

Wol. May't please you, noble Madam, to
withdraw

Into your private chamber; we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-
science,

Deserves a corner; would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

My lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions

Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em;

I know my life so even. If your business
Do seek me out, and that way I am wise in;

Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas,*
Regina Serenissima.

Queen. Good my lord, no *Latin*;

Dd 5

I am

I am not such a truant since my coming,
 As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
 suspicious :

Pray speak in *English* ; here are some will
 thank you

If you speak truth, for their poor mistrefs' sake.
 Believe me she has had much wrong. Lord Car-
 dinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
 May be absolv'd in *English*.

Wol. Noble lady,

I'm sorry my integrity should breed
 (And service to his Majesty and you)
 So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
 We come not by the way of accusation,
 To taint that honour every good tongue
 blesses ;

Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;
 You have too much, good lady ; but to know
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference
 Between the King and you ? and do deliver,
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions
 And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
 My lord of *York*, out of his noble nature,
 Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,
 Forgetting like a good man your late censure
 Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace
 His service and his counsel.—

Queen. To betray me.

My

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
 Ye speak like honest men, pray God ye prove so.
 But how to make ye suddenly an answer
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
 (More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
 And to such men of gravity and learning,
 In truth I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men, or such business.
 For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness) good your Graces,
 Let me have time and council for my cause:
 Alas, I am a woman, friendless, helpless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love
 with those fears,
 Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
 But little for my profit; can you think, lords,
 That any *English* man dare give me counsel?
 Or be a known friend 'gainst his Highness pleasure,
 Though he be grown so desp'rate to be honest,
 And live a subject? nay forsooth, my friends
 They, that must weigh out my afflictions,
 They, that my trust must grow to, live not here;
 They are, as all my comforts are, far hence
 In my own country, lords.

Cam. I would your Grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's pro-
 tection,

He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
 Both

Both for your honour better, and your cause:
For if the tryal of the law o'er-take ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,
my ruin:

Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye.
Heav'n is above ail yet; there sits a Judge,
That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men
I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two rev'rend Cardinal virtues;
But Cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend'em for shame, my lords: is this your
comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not with ye half my miseries,
I have more charity. But say I warn'd ye,
Take heed, take heed for heav'n's sake, lest at once
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a meer distraction,
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would you have me
(If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing, but churchmens habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, h'as banish'd me his bed already,
His love too, long ago. I'm old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him

Is

Is only by obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse, like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse—

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak
my self,

Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I, with all my full affections
Still met the King? lov'd him next heaven, obey'd
him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour; a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we
aim at.

Queen. My lord, I dare not make my self so
guilty,

To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray hear me—

Queen. Would I had never trod this *English*
earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels faces, but heav'n knows your
hearts.

What

What shall become of me now! wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.

Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
(*To her women.*)

Ship wrack'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for me!
Almost no grave allow'd me! like the lilly,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are
honest,

You'll feel more comfort Why should we good
lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way our profession is against it:

We are to cure such sorrows not to sow 'em.
For goodness sake consider what you do,
How you may hurt your self, nay utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this
carriage.

The hearts of Princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits,
They swell and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; pray think us
Those we profess, peace makers, friends and
servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so: you wrong
your virtues

With these weak womens fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts

Such

Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King
loves you;

Beware you lose it not; for us (if you please
To trust us in your business) we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Queen. Do what you will, my lords; and
pray forgive me,

If I have us'd my self unmannerly.

You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his Majesty.

He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, rev'rend
fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me. She now begs,
That little thought when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

(Exeunt.)

S C E N E II.

*Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord
Surrey, and Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal
Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful,
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my Father-in-law the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf.

Suf. Which of the Peers
Have unctemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him (though now the time
Give way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to th' King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O fear him not,
His spell in that is out; the King hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in this most high displeasure.

Sur. I should be glad to hear such news as
this

Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. How?

Suf. The Cardinal's letters to the Pope mis-
carried,

And came to th' eye o' th' King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his holiness

To

To stay the judgment o'th' divorce ; for if
It did take place , I do , quoth he , perceive
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's , lady *Anne Bullen*.

Sur. Has the King this ?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work ?

Cham. The King in this perceives him , how he
coasts

And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder ; and he brings his physick
After his patient's death ; the King already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Wou'd he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish , my lord,
For I profess you have it.

Sur. Now all joy.
Trace the conjunction.

Suf. My Amen to't.

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation :
Marry this is but young , and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But , my lord,
She is a gallant creature , and compleat
In mind and feature. I persuade me from her
Will fall some blessing to this land , which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King.
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's ?
The lord forbid.

Nor. Marry , Amen.

Suf. No , no :

E e

There

There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal
Campeius.

Is stoln away to Rome, has ta'en no leave and
Hath left the cause to th' King unhandled,
Is posted as the agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'd ha! at this.

Cham. Now God incense him;
And let him cry ha, louder.

Nor. But my lord,
When returns *Cranmer*?

Suf. He is return'd with his opinions, which
Have satisfy'd the King for divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almost in Christendom; soon, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princess dowager,
A widow to Prince *Arthur*.

Nor. This same *Cranmer's*
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's business.

Suf. He has, and we shall see him
For it an Archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so,

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinal.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, *Cromwell*,

Gave it you the King?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bed chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'th'inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance. You he bad

Attend him here this morning

Wol. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I think by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while. (*Exit. Cromwell.*)

It shall be to the Dutchess of *Alençon*, (*Aside.*)

The *French* King's sister; he shall marry her.

Anne Bullen! — no, I'll no *Anne Bullen* for him. —

There's more in't than fair visage — *Bullen!* —

No, we'll no *Bullens!* — speedily I wish

To hear from *Rome* — the marchioness of *Pembroke!* —

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be he hears the King

Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,

Lord for thy justice!

Wol. (*Aside*) The late Queen's gentlewoman!
a Knight's daughter!

To be her mistress's mistress! the Queen's
Queen? —

This candle burns not clear, 'tis I must snuff it,
Then out it goes — what though I know her
virtuous

And well-deserving? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
 Our cause! — that she should lye i'th' bosom of
 Our hard-rul'd King! — again, there is sprung up
 An heretick, an arch one, *Cranmer*, one
 Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
 And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something.

SCENE III.

Enter King, reading of a schedule.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would
 fret the string
 The master cord of's heart.

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accu-
 mulated

To his own portion; what expence by th'hour
 Seems to flow from him! how i'th' name of
 thrift

Does he rake this together! Now, my lords,
 Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
 Stood here observing him. Some strange com-
 motion

Is in his brain; he bites his lips and starts,
 Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
 Then lays his finger on his temple; strait
 Springs out into fast gate, then stops again,
 Strikes his breast hard, and then anon he casts
 His eye against the moon, in most strange
 postures

We've seen him set himself.

King.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd ; and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience put unwittingly?
Forsooth an inventory , thus importing
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which
I find at such a proud rate, it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heav'ns will,
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings ; but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth
His serious considering.

*He takes his seat, whispers Lovel, who goes to
Wolsey.*

Wol. Heav'n forgive me —
Ever God bless your Highness—

King. Good my Lord;
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the
inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit; sure in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
 For holy offices I have a time;
 A time to think upon the part of business
 I bear i'th' state; and nature does require
 Her times of preservation, which perforce
 I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
 Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke to-
 gether,
 As I will lend you cause, my doing well
 With my well saying.

King. 'Tis well said again,
 And 'tis a kind good deed to say well!
 And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd
 you,
 He said he did, and with this deed did crown
 His worth upon you. Since I had my office
 I've kept you next my heart, have not alone
 Employ'd you, where high profits might come
 home,
 But par'd my present havings to bestow
 My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean? (*Aside.*

Sur The lord increase this business. (*Aside.*

King. Have I not made you
 The prime man of the state? I pray you tell me,
 If what I now pronounce you have found true:
 And if you may confess it, say withal
 If you are bound to us? what say you?

Wol. My Sovereign, I confess your royal
 graces

Showr'd

Showr'd on me daily have been more than could
My studied purposes require, which went
Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fill'd with my abilities, mine own
Ends have been such that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state: For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heav'n for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
'Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd :

A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the hour of it
Does pay the act of it, i' th' contrary
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart tropp'd love, my pow'r rain'd
honour, more
On you, than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I profess,

That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am I, have been,
will be:

Though all the world should crack their duty
to you,

E e 4

And

And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
 Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em and
 Appear in forms more horrid ; yet, my duty,
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
 Should the approach of this wild river break,
 And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken ;
 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal brest,
 For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this,
(*Giving him Papers.*)
 And after this ; and then to breakfast, with
 What appetite you may.

*(Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey,
 the Nobles throng after him whispering and
 smiling.)*

SCENE IV.

Wol. What should this mean ?
 'What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd it ?
 'He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 'Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
 'Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
 'Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper :
 I fear, the story of his anger — 'tis so —
 This paper has undone me — 'tis th' account
 Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
 For mine own ends, indeed to gain the Popedom,
 And fee my friends in *Rome*. O negligence !
 Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the King : is there no way to cure this ?
 No new device to beat this from his brains ?

I know

I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if I take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this — *To
the Pope?*

The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to's holiness. Nay, then farewell;
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
'Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
'And no man see me more.

S C E N E V.

*Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk,
the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal, who
 commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands , and to confine your self
To *Asher-house*, my lord of *Winchester's*,
'Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay :

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot
carry

Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words to
do it,

I mean your malice, know officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are molded — Envy:

E e f

How

How eagerly ye follow my disgrace
 As if it fed ye, and how sleek and wanton
 Y' appear in every thing may bring my ruin.
 Follow your envious courses men of malice;
 You have a christian warrant for 'em, and
 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
 You ask with such a violence, the King
 (Mine and your master) with his own hand
 gave me;

Bad me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
 During my life; and to confirm his goodness,
 Ty'd it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:

Within these forty hours *Surrey* durst better
 Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
 Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
 Of noble *Buckingham*, my father-in-law:
 The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,
 With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your
 policy,
 You sent me deputy for *Ireland*,
 Far from his succour; from the King, from all
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st
 him:

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 Absolv'd him with an ax.

Wol. This, and all else

This

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer, is most false. The Duke by law
 Found his deserts. How innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end.
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
 If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little honesty as honour;
 That in the way of loyalty and truth
 Toward the King, my ever royal master,
 Dare mate a founder man than *Surrey* can be,
 And all that love his follies.

Sur By my soul,
 Your long coat, priest, protects you, thou shoul'st
 feel

My sword i'th' life blood of thee else. My lords,
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
 And from this fellow? if we live thus tamely,
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
 Farewel nobility, let his grace go forward,
 And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
 Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
 Of gleaning all the lands wealth into one,
 Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortion:
 The goodness of your intercepted packets
 You writ to th' Pope, against the King; your
 goodness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
 My lord of *Norfolk*, as you're truly noble,
 As you respect the common good, the state
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,

Who

Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I'll startle you
Worse than the scaring bell, when the brown
wench

Lay kissing in your arms , lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much methinks I could despise this
man,

But that I'm bound in charity against it.

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in th' King's hand:

But thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, yet I remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can, blush, and cry guilty,
Cardinal,
You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir.
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those than my head;
have at you.

First, that without the King's assent or know-
ledge

You wrought to be a legat, by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome,
or else

To

To foreign Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd, in which you brought the
King

To be your servant.

Suf. That without the knowledge
Either of King or council, when you went
Ambassador to th' Emperor, you made bold
To carry into *Flanders* the great seal.

Sur. Item, You sent a large commission
To *Gregory de Cassalis*, to conclude,
Without the King's will or the State's allowance,
A league between his Highness and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of meer ambition, you have
made
Your holy hat be stamp't on the King's coin.

Sur. That you have sent innumerable sub-
stance.
(By what means got I leave to your own con-
science)

To furnish *Rome*, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lye open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to
see him

So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
 (Because all those things you have done of late,
 By your pow'r legatine within this kingdom,
 Fall in the compass of a præmunire)
 That therefore such a writ be sued against you,
 To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
 Castles, and whatsoever, and to be
 Out of the King's protection. This is my
 charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
 How to live better. For your stubborn answer
 About the giving back the great seal to us,
 The King shall know it, and no doubt, shall
 thank you.

So fare you well, my little good lord Cardinal.
(Exeunt all but Wolley.)

S C E N E VI.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
 'Farewel, a long farewell to all my greatneis !
 'This is the state of man; to day he puts forth
 'The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
 'And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
 'The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 'And when he thinks, good easie man, full surely
 'His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
 'And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 'Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
 'These many summers in a sea of glory :
 'But far beyond my depth : my high blown pride
 'At

'At length broke under me, and now has left me
 'Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 'Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 'Vain pomp and glory of the world! I hate ye,
 'I feel my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
 'Is that poor man that hangs on Princes favours!
 'There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 'That sweet aspect of Princes, and* our ruin,
 'More pangs and fears than war or women have.
 'And when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
 'Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell standing amaz'd.

Why how now *Cromwell*?

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? nay, if You weep,
I'm fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*.
I know my self now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities:
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd
me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoul-
ders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O 'tis a burden, *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n.

Crom.

• *their.*

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that
right use of it.

Woll. I hope I have : I'm able now methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
T' endure more miseries , and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moor* is
chosen

Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden —
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour' and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans tears wept on him.
What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with wel-
come,
Install'd lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady *Anne*.
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his Queen,
Going to chappel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me
down. O *Cromwell*,
The King has gone beyond me : all my glories
In

In that one woman I have lost for ever.

No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go get thee from me, *Cromwell*,
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King,
(That sun, I pray may never set) I've told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance
thee:

Some little memory of me will stir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good *Cromwell*,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow *Cromwell* leaves his lord.
The King shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. *Cromwell*, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, *Cromwell*,
'And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
'And sleep in dull cold marble, where no men-
tion

'Of me must more be heard: say then I taught thee;
'Say, *Wolsey*, that once trod the ways of glory,
'And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,
'Found thee a way out of his wrack to rise in:

'A sure and safe one, though my master miss'd it.
 'Mark but my fall and that which ruin'd me:
 'Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
 'By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
 '(The image of his maker) hope to win it?
 'Love thy self last, cherish those hearts that hate thee:
 'Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 'Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
 'To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 'Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 'Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st,

O Cromwell,

'Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;
 And pr'ythee lead me in —
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
 And my integrity to heav'n, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewel

The hopes of court! my hopes in heav'n do dwell.

(*Exeunt.*)

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter Two Gentlemen meeting one another.

1 *Gen.* **Y**OU'RE well met once again.

2 *Gen.* And so are you.

1 *Gen.*

1 *Gen.* You come to take your stand here, and
behold

The lady *Anne* pass from her coronation.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of *Buckingham* came from his tryal.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,
This, gen'ral joy.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis well; the citizens
I'm sure have shewn at full their loyal minds.
And let 'em have their rights, they're ever forward
In celebration of this day with shews,
Pageants, and lights of honour.

1 *Gen.* Never greater,
Nor I'll assure you better taken, Sir.

2 *Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
The paper in your hands?

1 *Gen.* Yes 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation
The Duke of *Suffolk* is the first, and claims
To be High Steward; next the Duke of *Norfolk*,
To be Earl Marshal; you may read the rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, Sir; had I not known
those customs

I should have been beholden to your paper.
But I beseech you what's become of *Katharine*,
The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gen.* That I can tell you too; the Archbishop
Of *Canterbury*, accompanied with other
Learned and rev'rend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at *Dunstable*, six miles
From *Amptill*, where the Princess lay; to which

She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
 And to be short, for not appearance and
 The King's late scruple, by the main assent
 Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
 And the late marriage made of none effect:
 Since which, she was remov'd to *Kimbolton*,
 Where she remains now sick.

2 *Gen.* Alas good lady!
 The trumpets sound, stand close, the Queen
 is coming. (Hautboys.)

The Order of the Coronation.

1. *A lively flourish of trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before
 him, (Musick.*
4. *Choristers singing.*
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then
 Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a
 gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquess of Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold,
 on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With
 him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of
 silver with the dove, crown'd with an Earl's
 coronet. Collars of SS*.*
7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his co-
 ronet on his head, bearing a long white wand,
 as High Steward. With him the Duke of Nor-
 folk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet
 on his head. Collars of SS.*

8. *A*

* Collar of SS. is an ornament for the neck, belong-
 ing to the Knights of the Garter.

8. *A canopy born by four of the Cinque-ports* under it the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her the bishops of London and Winchester.*

9. *The old Dutcheſs of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*

10. *Certain ladies or Counteſſes, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

They paſs over the ſtage in order and ſtate, and then Exeunt, with a great flouriſh of trumpets.

2 Gen. *A royal train, believe me; theſe I know; Who's that who bears the ſcepter?*

1 Gen. *Marqueſs Dorſet.*

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gen. *A bold brave gentleman. That ſhould be The Duke of Suffolk.*

1 Gen. *'Tis the ſame: high Steward.*

2 Gen. *And that my lord of Norfolk?*

1 Gen. *Yes.*

2 Gen. *Heav'n bleſs thee,*

Ff 3

Thou

* Cinque Ports, five remarkable Havens, which lie towards France on the Eaſt Part of England: they are under the jurisdiction of the Conſtable of Dover-Caſtle, and were firſt eſtabliſhed by K. William the Conqueror, for the better ſecurity of the coaſt. The inhabitants of theſe Ports have many privileges and immunities abode others; they pay no ſubſidies, ſuits at law are commenc'd and answer'd within their own liberties; their Mayors and Barons carry the Canopy over the King and Queen at the Coronation; and for their greater dignity, they are plac'd at a table on the King's right hand.

454 THE SELECT MISCELLANIES.

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on
 Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
 Our King has all the *Indies* in his arms,
 And more and richer, when he strains that lady:
 I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gen.* They that bear
 The cloth of state above her, are four barons
 Of the *Cinque - Ports*.

2 *Gen.* Those men are happy, so are all near
 her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,
 Is that old noble lady, the Dutchess of *Norfolk*.

1 *Gent.* It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2 *Gen.* Their coronets say so. These are stars
 indeed,

And sometimes falling ones.

1 *Gen.* No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you Sir. Where have you been broiling?

3 *Gen.* Among the crowd i'th' abby, where
 a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled,
 With the meer rankness of their joy.

2 *Gen.* You saw the ceremony?

3 *Gen.* I did.

1 *Gen.* How was it?

3 *Gen.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gen.* Good Sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
 Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen
 To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
 A distance from her; while her Grace sat down
 To

To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man; which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrowds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, this is my wife there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But pray what follow'd?

3 *Gen.* At length her Grace rose, and with modest paces

Came to the altar, where she kneel'd, and faint-like

Cast her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly,
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people;
When by the Arch-bishop of *Canterbury*.

Sh'had all the royal makings of a Queen;
As holy oil, *Edward* confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir
With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To *York-Place*, where the feast is held.

1 *Gen.* You must no more call it *York-Place*,
that's past.

For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost,
'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall*.

3 *Gen.* I know it:
But 'tis so lately alter'd, the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gen.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the Queen?

3 *Gen.* *Stokesly* and *Gardiner*, the one of
Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the King's Secretary:
The other, *London*.

2 *Gen.* He of *Winchester*
Is held no great good lover of th' Arch-bishop,
The virtuous *Cranmer*.

3 *Gen.* All the land knows that:
However yet there's no great breach; when't
comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from
him.

2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gen.* *Thomas Cromwell*,
A man in much esteem with th' King, and truly
A worthy friend. The King has made him
Master o'th' jewel house,
And one already of the privy-council.

2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, you shall go my way,
Which is to th' court, and there shall be my guests:
Something I can command; as I walk thither
I'll

I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, Sir. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E II.

Enter Katharine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith her gentleman Usber, and Patience her woman.

Grif. How does your Grace?

Kath. O *Griffith*, sick to death:

My legs like loaded branches bow to th' earth,
Willing to leave their burthen: reach a chair —
So — now methinks I feel a little ease. (*Sitting down.*)

Didst thou not tell me, *Griffith*, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal *Wolsey*,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes Madam; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good *Griffith*, tell me how he
dy'd.

If well, he slept before me happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
For after the stout Earl of *Northumberland*
Arrested him at *York*, and brought him forward
(As a man forely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easie roads he came to
Leicester,

Lodg'd in the abby; where the rev'rend abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
 To whom he gave these words. 'O father abbot,
 'An old man broken with the storms of state,
 'Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
 'Give him a little earth for charity!

So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
 Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, which he himself
 Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
 He gave his Honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace

Kath. So may he rest, his faults lie bury'd
 with him!

Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity; he was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with Princes: one that by suggestion
 Ty'd all the kingdom; simony was fair play:
 His one opinion was his law. I'th' presence
 He would say untruths, and be ever double
 Both in his words and meaning, He was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
 But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam.

Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your Highness
 To hear me speak his good now?

Kath,

Kath. Yes, good *Griffith*,
I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin; yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely; Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you
Ipswich and *Oxford*! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good he did it:
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing
God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as *Griffith*.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still, and set me lower.

I have

I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell; whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Musick.

Grif. She is asleep: good wench let's sit down
quiet,

For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

The Vision. Enter solemnly one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces, branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and at certain changes the first two hold a spare garland over her head, at which the other four make reverend curtsies. Then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order. At which as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye
gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we're here.

Kath. It is not you I call for.

Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? saw you not ev'n now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?

They

They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, *Griffith*, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good
dreams

Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the musick leave,
'Tis harsh and heavy to me, (*Musick ceases.*

Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? observe her eyes.

Grif. She is going, wench, Pray, pray, —

Pat. Heav'n comfort her,

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace —

Kath. You are a saucy fellow,
Deserve we no more rev'rence?

Grif. You're to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do intreat your Highness' pardon:
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman sent from the King to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, *Griffith*. But this
fellow

Let me ne'er see again (*Exit Messenger.*

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name *Capucius*.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath.

Kath. O my lord.

The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First mine own service to your Grace, the next
The King's request that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his Princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too
late,

'Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle physick giv'n in time had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor
name

Banish'd the Kingdom. *Patience*, in that letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

Kath. Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the King.

Cap. Most willingly, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his
goodness

The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter.
(The dews of heav'n fall thick in blessings on her!)
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She's young and of a noble modest nature,
I hope

I hope she will deserve well) and a little
 To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him
 Heav'n knows how dearly! my next poor petition
 Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
 Upon my wretched women, that so long
 Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
 Of which there is not one, I dare avow
 (And now I should not lye) but well deserve,
 For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
 For honesty and decent carriage,
 A right good husband, let him be a noble:
 And sure those men are happy that shall have'em.
 The last is for my men; they are the poorest,
 But poverty could never draw'em from me;
 That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
 And something over to remember me.
 If heav'n had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life
 And able means, we had not parted thus.
 These are the whole contents. And good my lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor peoples friend, and urge the King
 To do me this last right.

Cap. By heav'n I will,
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
 In all humility unto his Highness;
 And tell him his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world. Tell him, in death I blest him,
 For so I will — mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,
 My lord — *Griffith* farewel — nay, *Patience*,
 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed —

Call

Call in more women — when I'm dead, good
wench,

Let me be us'd with honour, strew me over
With maiden flow'rs, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like
A Queen and daughter to a King, inter me.
I can no more — *(Exeunt, leading Katherine.*

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovel.

Gard. **I**t's one a clock, boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for Delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night,
Sir Thomas,
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my lord?

Gard. J did, *sir Thomas*, left him at *Primer*
With the Duke of *Suffolk*.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, *Sir Thomas Lovel*; what's
the matter?

It seems you are in haste: and if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk
(As

(As they say spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you:
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this word. The Queen's
in labour,
They say in great extremity, 'tis fear'd
She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the stock, Sir
Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and (sweet lady) does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir—
Hear me, Sir Thomas — y'are a gentleman
Of mine own way, I know you wise, religious,
And let me tell you it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
'Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'th' kingdom; as for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel-house, is made master
O'th' Rolls and the King's Secretary. Further,
Stands in the gap and trade for more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' Arch-
bishop

Is the King's hand, or tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, Sir *Thomas*,
There are that dare; and I my self have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him; indeed this day,
Sir I may tell it you, I think I have
Incens'd the lords o'th' council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch-heretick, a pestilence
That does infect the land; with which they mov'd
Have broken with the King, who hath so far
Giv'n ear to our complaint of his great Grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, he hath commanded
To morrow morning to the council board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir *Thomas*,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir *Thomas*,
(*Exeunt Gardiner and page.*)

Lov. Many good nights, my lord, I rest your
servant.

S C E N E II.

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. *Charles*, I will play no more to night,
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me,

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, *Charles*,
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.
Now *Lovel*, from the Queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent

I sent your message, who return'd her thanks
In greatest humbleness and begg'd your Highness,
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What sai'st thou! ha!
To pray for! what! is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman, and that her suff'rance
made
Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your Highness with an heir.

King. 'Tis midnight, *Charles*;
Pr'ythee to bed, and in thy prayers remember
Th'estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your Highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. *Charles*, a good night: (*Exit Suffolk.*
Well, Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my lord the
Archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! *Canterbury*! —

Denny. Yea, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true — where is he, *Denny*?

Denny. He attends your Highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. (*Exit Denny.*

Lov. This is about that which the bilhop spake.

I am happily come hither.

Aside.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoid the gallery. (Lovel *seemeth to stay.*
Ha! — I have said — be gone.

(*Exeunt Lovel and Denny.*

S C E N E III.

Cran. I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord! you do desire to
know

Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
T'attend your Highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you rise,
My good and gracious lord of *Canterbury*,
Come, you and I must walk a turn together:
I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand,
Ah my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which being
consider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us, where I know
You cannot with such freedom purge your self,
But that 'till further tryal; in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our *Tower*; you, a brother
of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness

Would

Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder. For I know
There's none stands under more calumnious
tongues

Than I my self, poor man.

King. Stand up, good *Canterbury*;
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand; stand up,
Pr'ythee let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? my lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Your self and your accusers, and have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fall, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' th' world, with the whole
world?

Your foes are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' th' question carries
The due o' th' verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you; such things have been done

You're potently oppos'd; and with a malice
 Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
 I mean in perjur'd witness, than your master,
 Whose minister you are, while here he liv'd
 Upon this naughty earth? go to, go to,
 You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
 And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your Majesty
 Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
 The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheer,
 They shall no more prevail than we give way to:
 Keep comfort to you, and this morning see
 You do appear before them. It they chance,
 In charging you with matter, to commit you;
 The best persuasions to the contrary
 Fail not to use; and with what vehemency
 Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
 Will render you no remedy, this Ring
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us
 There make before them. Look, the good man
 weeps!

He's honest on mine honour. God's blest mother!
 I swear he is true hearted, and a soul
 None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you. (*Exit Cranmer.*)
 He's strangled all his language in his tears.

Enters an old Lady.

Gent. Witbin. Come back; what mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring
 Will make my boldness manners. Now good
 angels

Ply

Ply o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say ay, and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege;
And of a lovely boy; the God of heav'n
Both now and ever blefs her! — 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks, I'll to the
Queen. *(Exit King.*

Lady. An hundred marks! by this light I'll
ha'more.

An ordinary groom is for such a payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll
Have more, or else unsay't: now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the issue. *(Exit Lady.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cranmer.

Cran. I Hope I'm not too late, and yet the gen-
tleman

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? ho?
Who waits there? sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace must wait 'till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice: I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall understand it presently. (*Exit Butts.*)

Cran. 'Tis Butts,
The King's physician; as he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heav'n he found not my disgrace: for certain
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts, I never fought their malice)
To quench mine honour! they would shame to
make me

Wait else at door: a fellow counsellor
'Mong boys and grooms and lackeys! but their
pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I'll shew your Grace the strangest
fight —

King. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your Highness saw this many a
day.

King. Body o' me: where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his state at door 'mongst pursevants,
Pages

Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'tis he indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I thought
They'd parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour
To dance attendance on their lordships pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy *Mary*, *Butts* there's knavery;

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close,

We shall hear more anon. —

S C E N E V.

A council table brought in with chairs and stools, and placed under the state. Enter Lord-chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand. A seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury, Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord-chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, Mr. Secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your Honours,
The cause concerns his Grace of *Canterbury*.

Card. Has he knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My lord Arch-bishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

(*Cranmer approaches the council table*)

Chan. My good lord Arch-bishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, few are angels; from which frailty
And want of wisdom, you that best should teach
us,

Have mildemean'd your self, and not a little:
Tow'rd the King first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your
chaplains,

(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions
Divers and dang'rous, which are heresies;
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and
spur'em

'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physick: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a gen'ral taint
Of the whole state: as of late days our neigh-
bours

The upper *Germany* can dearly witness,

Yet

Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd
(And with no little study) that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man that more detests, more stirs against
(Both in his private conscience and his place)
Defacers of the publick peace, than I do.
Pray heav'n the King may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My lord, because we've business of
more moment,
We will be short wi' you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better tryal of you,
From hence you be committed to the *Tower*;
Where being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than I fear you are provided for.

Cran. Ay, my good lord of *Winchester*, I
thank you,

You're

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;
Forbear for shame, my lords,

Gard. I've done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands
agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' *Tower* a prisoner;
There to remain till the King's further pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' *Tower*, my lords?

Gard. What other
Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome:
Let some o' th' guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor then?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i' th' *Tower*.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, lords,
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the King my master

Cham. This is the King's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf.

Suf. 'Tis his right ring, by heav'n. I told ye all,
When we first put this dang'rous stone a rowling,
'Twould fall upon our selves.

Nor. D'you think, my lords,
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain.
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye; now have at ye.

SCENE VI.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his seat.

Gard. Dread Sov'reign, how much are we
bound to heav'n
In daily thanks, that gave us such a Prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour, and to strengthen
That holy duty of our dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You're ever good at sudden commen-
dations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatt'ries now; and in my presence
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,
And

And think with wagging of your tongue to
win me.

But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.

Good man, sit down: now let me see the
proudest (To Gran.

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May 't please your Grace --

King. No, Sir, it does not please me.

I thought I had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
This honest man, wait like a lowly foot-boy
At chamber door, and one as great as you are?
Why what a shame was this? did my commission
Bid ye so far forget your selves? I gave ye
Pow'r, as he was a counsellor, to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye means;
Which ye shall never have, while I do live.

Cham. My most dread Sovereign, may it like
your Grace

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his tryal,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I'm sure in me.

King. Well, well, my lords respect him:

Take

Take him , and use him well, he's worthy of it,
 I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
 May be beholden to a subject, I
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
 Be friends for thame, my lords. My lord of
Canterbury

I have a suit which you must not deny me.
 There is a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may
 glory

In such an honour; how may I deserve it,
 That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare
 your spoons:

You shall have
 Two noble partners with you: the old Dutches
 Of *Norfolk*, and the lady Marquess *Dorset* —
 Once more my lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
 Embrace and love his man.

Gard. With a true heart
 And brother's love I do it.

Cran. And let heav'n
 Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man those joyful tears shew thy
 true heart;

The common voice I see is verify'd
 Of thee, which says thus: do my lord of *Canterbury*
 But one threwd turn and he's your friend for ever.
 Come, lords, we trifle time away: I long
 To have this young one made a christian.

As

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain:
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. (*Exe.*)

S C E N E VII.

Noise and tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals;
do you take the court for *Paris Garden*? ye
rude slaves, leave your gaping,

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows and be hang'd,
ye rogue: is this a place to roar in? fetch me a
dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these
are but switches to 'em: I'll scratch your heads;
you must be seeing christenings? do you look
for ale and cakes here you rude rascals?

Man. Pray Sir, be patient; 'tis as much im-
possible (unless we swept them from the door
with cannons)

To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make them sleep
On *May-day* morning, which will never be:
We may as well push against *Pauls*, as stir
'em

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute
I made no spare, Sir,

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not *Samson*, nor Sir *Guy*; nor *Cole-
brand*, to mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd
any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he

Hh

or

or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good Mr. Puppy. Keep the door close, firrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? is this *Morefields* to muster in? or have we some strange *Indian* with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? bless me! what a fry of fornication is at the door? on my christian conscience, this one christning will beget a thousand, here will be father, god father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brasier by his face, for o' my conscience twenty of the dog days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance; that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there like a mortar-piece to blow us up. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pinck'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a cumbustion in the state. I mist the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out Clubs, when I might see some forty truncheons draw to her succour, which were the hope of the strand where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made
good

good my place ; at length they came to th' broom-staff with me, I defy'd 'em still ; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em deliver'd such a shower of pibbles, loose shot, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work ; the devil was amongst 'em, I think surrely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples ; that no audience but the tribulation of *Tower-Hill* or the limbs of *Limehouse*, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo-Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days ; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Ender Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me ; what a multitude are here ? They grow still too ; from all parts they are coming,

As if we kept a fair. Where are these porters, These lazy knaves ? ye've made a fine hand, fellows,

There's a trim rabble let in ; are all these Your faithful friends o' th' suburbs ? we shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from th' christning ?

Port. Please your honour,

We are but men, and what so many may do, Not being torn in pieces, we have done. An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
 If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
 By th' heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
 Clap round fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves,
 And here ye lve baiting of bombards, when
 Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound,
 Th' are come already from the christening;
 Go break among the press, and find a way out
 To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
 A *Mar/bal/sea* * shall hold ye play these two
 months.

Port. Make way there for the Princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or
 I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i' th' camblet, get up o' th' rail,
 I'll peck you o'er the pales else.

(*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E VIII.

Enter trumpets sounding; then two Aldermen. Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk two noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christning gifts; then four noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutcheß of Norfolk, god mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, etc. Train born by a lady, then follows the marchioness of Dorset, the other god mother, and ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heav'n, from thy endless goodness send
 long life,

And

* *The name of a Prison.*

And ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princess of *England*, fair *Elizabeth*.

Flourish. Enter King and Guards.

Cran. And to your royal Grace, and the good
Queen

My noble partners and my self thus pray;
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord Arch-bishop:
What is her name?

Cran. *Elizabeth*.

King. Stand up, lord.

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee,
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. *Amen.*

King. My noble gossips, y' have been too
prodigal,

I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady.

When she has so much *English*.

Cran. Let me speak, Sir,

(For heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter,
Let none think flatt'ry, for they'll find 'em truth,
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time will bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed. *Sheba* was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,

Than this blest soul shall. All Princely graces
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse
 her:

Holy and heav'nly thoughts still counsel her:
 She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall
 bless her;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows
 with her.

In her days ev'ry man shall eat in safety
 Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
 God shall be truly known, and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And claim by those their greatness, not by
 blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her, but as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden Phœnix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as her self;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When heav'n shall call her from this cloud of
 darkness)

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth,
 terrour,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to
 him;

Where-

Where - ever the bright sun of heav'n shall
shine,

His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,

And like a mountain cedar reach his branches
To all the plains about him : children's children
Shall see this , and bless heav'n.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be to the happiness of *England*,
An aged Princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more : but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a
virgin,

A most unspotted lilly shall she pass
To th' ground, and all the world shall mourn
her.

King. O lord Arch-bishop,

Thou'lt made me now a man ; never, before
This happy child , did I yet any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heav'n , I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my
maker.

I thank ye all — to you , my good Lord-
mayor,

And your good brethren, I am much beholden:
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
lords.

Ye

Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,
 She will be sick else. This day no man think
 H'as business at his house, for all shall stay,
 This little one shall make it holy-day.

(*Exeunt.*)

Faults of the press.

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 l. 24. *in*, is. p. 173. l. 4. *nor*, not. p. 175. l. 1. *conce*,
 once. p. 188. l. 30. *where*, were. p. 212. l. 2. *to*, too.
 p. 218. l. 8. *it*, is. p. 395. l. 10. *Ladiee*, Ladies.
 p. 402. l. 24. *where*, were. p. 413. l. 9. *conceir*,
 conceit. p. 446. l. 8. *whusoever*, whatsoever.





Tanner, Barth.

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